SEPTEMBER 1964

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-EIGHT, NUMBER THREE

THE NEGRO & THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS

A Commentary Report

MIDGE DECTER

Hans J. Morgenthau on Goldwater

THE TRIAL OF JESUS: Paul Winter

GERMAN DIARY: George Lichtheim

THE WORLD OF WILHELM REICH: Philip Rieff

ROME & JERUSALEM: Milton Himmelfarb

IS CONGRESS OBSOLETE?: Ronald Steel

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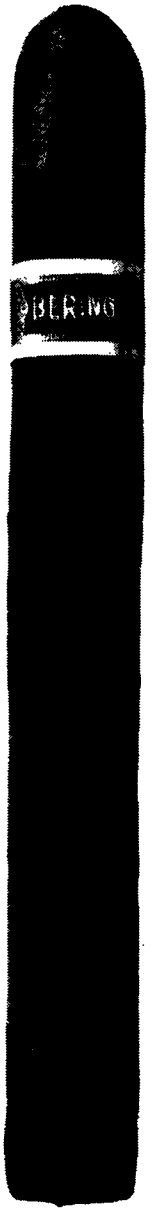

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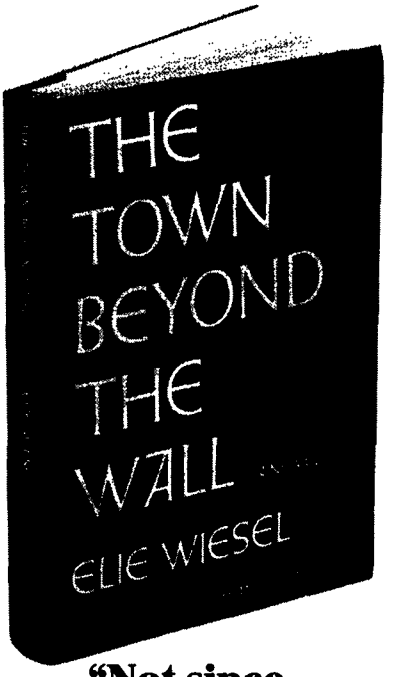

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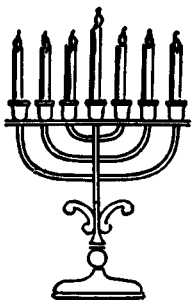

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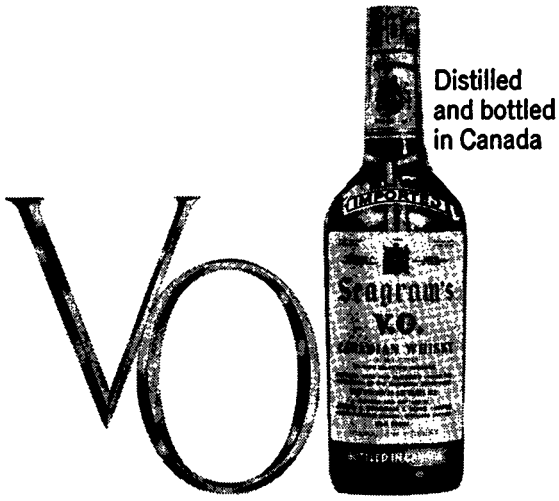

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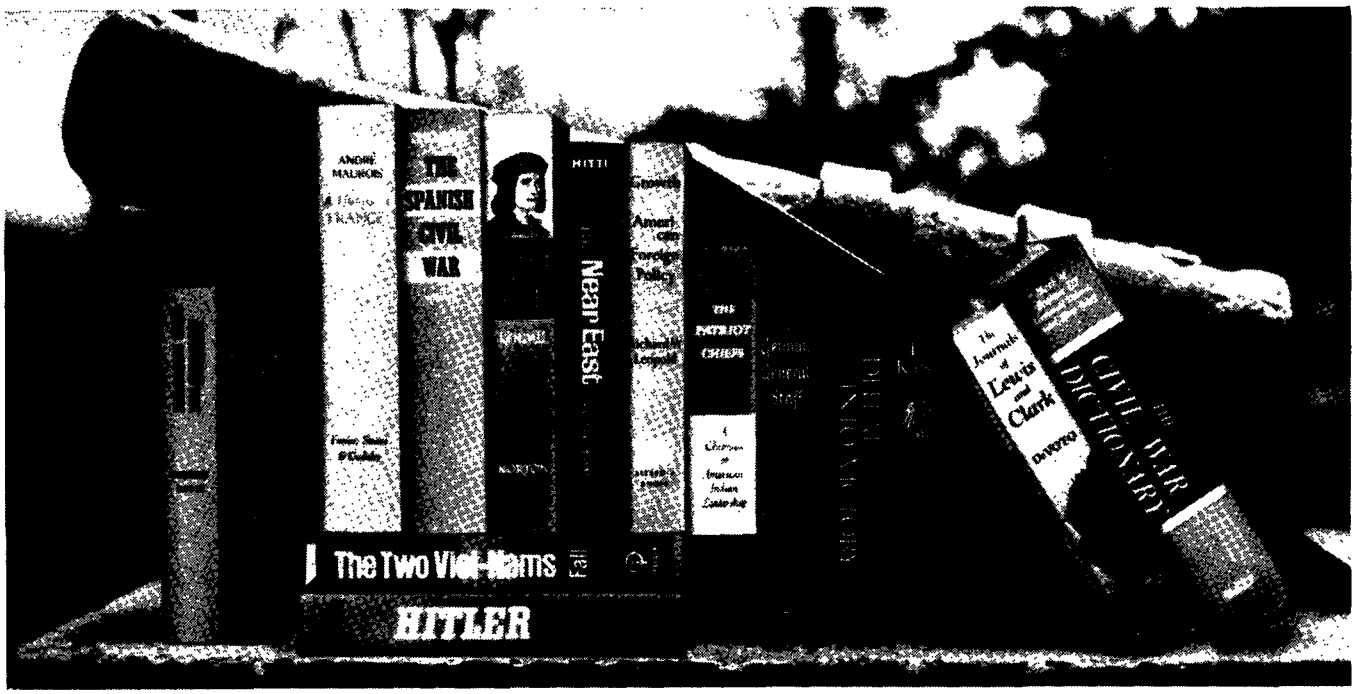

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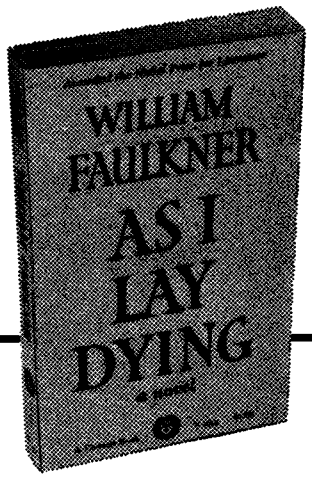

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Vietnam Background

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While not, like Oscar Gass, an expert on everything from China to Vietnam and Russia, I may stake out a modest claim to being—in spite of my "generally disappointing book" (in its fourth printing in six months)—something of a student of Vietnamese affairs. As such, allow me to point out to you several items in Mr. Gass's article ["Vietnam—Resistance or Withdrawal?" May] which appear to be contrary to the facts, or at least would bear additional explanation.

(1) Mr. Gass states that the "Vietnamese comrades" (whose?) dissolved the Indochinese Communist Party "early in 1951" in order to court Laotian and Cambodian national susceptibilities.

In actual fact, the ICP was dissolved on November 11, 1946. (For a full text of the dissolution proclamation, see I. Milton Sacks's very thorough "Marxism in Vietnam," in F. N. Trager's *Marxism in Southeast Asia.*) And it was dissolved then to assuage the justified worries of the *Vietnamese* nationalists that the ICP would take over the Hanoi regime, as it eventually did.

(2) Mr. Gass cites my French compatriot Devillers (who had not been to Vietnam since 1946 until he returned there for four days a month ago) to support an assertion of "spontaneous generation" of the South Vietnamese rebellion in 1958 "provoked by the aggravated brutal terrorism of Ngo Dinh Diem."

It has been my particular merit in this field to have demonstrated as early as 1957 the centralized attack patterns of Communist subversion in South Vietnam (cf. *Pacific Affairs,* September 1958). While I fully agree with Mr. Gass on his characterization of Diem's regime, I must also say that his explanation of the origin of the South Vietnamese insurgency is too facile to be correct.

(3) Mr. Gass criticizes my colleague Scigliano for his "penchant for knowing the unknowable" and cites as an example Scigliano's quotation of a figure of 25,000 Communist guerrillas for 1962.

That statistic is an *official* American figure, quoted repeatedly by such responsible authorities as Secretary of Defense McNamara. I have available a long list (unclassified) of fully identified Viet-Cong units operating inside South Vietnam, which permits a pretty accurate estimate of Communist numerical strength as far as regular units are concerned. Rather than to chide Scigliano, Mr. Gass should instead have congratulated him on his penchant for thorough research.

The same goes for Mr. Gass's criticism of Scigliano's use of a highly competent older source. First of all, the source dates not, as Mr. Gass says, from 1947 but from 1949. Secondly, it involves behavioral patterns which do not change overnight. Unlike automobiles, research models of 1949 may just be as good as 1963 models—or all American research on Red China might as well close up shop, for there has been no American doing research in mainland China since 1949.

(4) To assert, as Mr. Gass does, that the U.S. in Vietnam has "no associates but Vietnamese" is contrary to fact. An Australian army mission under Colonel Serong has been operating in Quang-Tri Province since 1962 side-by-side with U.S. advisers; and a British advisory mission under Mr. R. K. G. Thompson did the key planning on the strategic hamlet program since late 1961. A British colonel was recently killed while flying in a U.S. helicopter in Vietnam. Right now there are Filipino trainers with various U.S. missions in Vietnam, and at least a half-dozen countries (Britain, France, West Germany, Japan, etc.) operate civilian aid programs to help the Saigon regime.

I could go on like this throughout the remainder of Mr. Gass's article: the French did not lose "all" the Vietnamese provinces along China's border in 1950; the South Vietnamese may be "numerous," as Mr. Gass suggests, but does he know that it is officially admitted that about 5 million are outside of government control (and thus cannot be mobilized), and that the Viet Cong did not lose 25,000 guerrillas last year but 23,-

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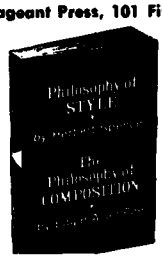

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500 (cf. MAAG's *The Observer*, Saigon, March 21, 1964)?

Surely, there is some merit to Mr. Gass's central point that China cannot be left out of any accommodation on Vietnam—although I wonder whether it would then not be more advantageous to the West to deal with weaker Hanoi than with obstreperous Peking, precisely as General de Gaulle suggests.

And since Mr. Gass is no Vietnam specialist, it would have behooved him to state his case without engaging in oratorical jousts with the authors whose materials he uses so freely.

BERNARD B. FALL.
Howard University
Washington, D.C.

More on Intermarriage

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read Marshall Sklare's article ["Intermarriage & the Jewish Future," April] with special interest, for both my husband and I are third-generation Jews from Iowa, and Mr. Sklare makes use of the Rosenthal Study, which cites statistical data on the Jews of that state.

I would like to add some personal observations that differ a bit from the author's conclusions. . . . At one point, he states that the traditional view that Jews may marry Gentiles to better themselves socially is no longer valid, based on Rosenthal's findings that Jewish men from Iowa married predominantly Lutherans, Methodists, and Presbyterians, and more frequently into the "plainspun society of the Baptist" than the "prestigious milieu of the Episcopalians." In drawing this conclusion, Mr. Sklare asumes first of all that the Episcopalians were accepted as the socially prestigious class in Iowa at this time; and secondly that Jewish men had the opportunity and/or choice of marrying girls from Iowa's socially elite class (whether or not it was Episcopalian). I cannot quite go along with either assumption. In Des Moines, . . . at least during the late 1940's and 1950's, social status was not determined by affiliation with any particular Protestant sect. Here in the capital city of a conservative, Protestant, Bible-belt region . . . with strong rural roots, the Episcopalians were if anything a slightly alien, urban element. . . . (Most of the Episcopalian families of note were "newcomers" from Chicago or the East.) Social prominence had its roots rather, I think, in Iowa pioneer family ancestry or ties to Eastern pioneer families. Families also achieved social standing through professional or business success.

There was, of course, an elite social class, but whether or not a Jewish boy had the opportunity to marry into it is another question. Mr. Sklare optimistically assumes that he could. My husband and I, however, do not know of a single "mixed" marriage in Des Moines during these years in which a girl from the socially elite set did marry a Jew. . . . There was a certain amount of dating and even going "steady," but that was all. Gentile parents from this class exerted tremendous pressures and succeeded in breaking off anything hinting at marriage. The Gentile girls who show up in Rosenthal's statistics were rather from the lower social and economic classes in Des Moines—often from one of the "less elite" high schools in town, the daughters of non-white-collar workers. If it was an Iowa college romance, the girl often came from a farm or village or from another state. . . . Mr. Sklare states further that Jews no longer intermarry in order to escape anti-Semitism, as evidenced . . . by those Iowa Jews who lived in a state "remote from scenes and memories of Jewish persecution." In this assumption, however, he shows a shocking ignorance about . . . what it means to be one of a handful of Jews in a Protestant community in the American midlands! Suffice it to say there is anti-Semitism everywhere, and very possibly more of it in conservative, provincial areas. The "scenes and memories of Jewish persecution" from World War II, at least, were all too close at hand—what Jewish family in Iowa did not have some relative trapped in Europe . . . or a refugee cousin or uncle living in the spare room in the middle of Iowa in the middle of the war?

. . . Unfortunately, Iowa is neither as remote, immune, nor uncontaminated as Mr. Sklare imagines!

SHIRLEY MEZVINSKY
Ann Arbor, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marshall Sklare's otherwise fine article . . . is marred by his assumption that if Jews marry outside the faith, they and their offspring are lost to Judaism. This is often the case, but it is not inconceivable

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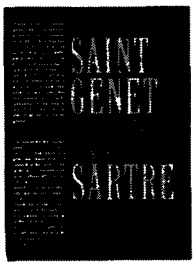

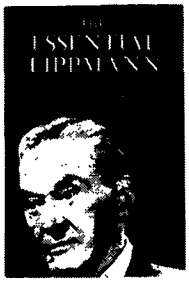

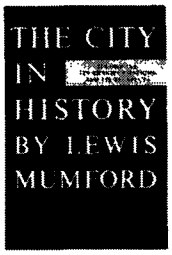

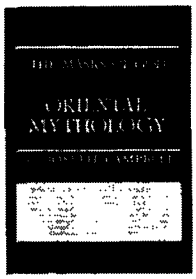

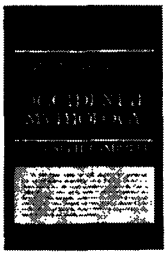

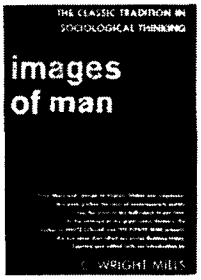

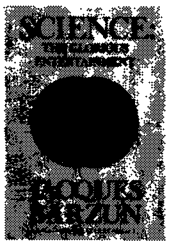

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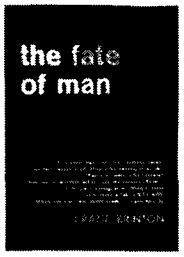

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that exogamy could enlarge the Jewish community, rather than decrease it. . . .

Marrying outside the faith does not necessarily mean a lack of Jewish identification. Many Zionists married non-Jews. The younger Jewish intellectuals who have married Gentiles may not be regular synagogue-goers or believers in Jewish cooking, . . . or great joiners of organizations, but they are likely to believe in the secular values of Judaism, its ethics, love of learning, and ideas. . . . Increasingly the non-Jewish marriage partner is converted, as it were, ethnically. . . .

The article makes me wonder whether synagogues and community centers could perhaps do more to give Jewish intellectuals a home, in the way in which the Hillel Foundation, for example, is serving college students. . . .

JOHN NEUFELD
East Lansing, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have always considered COMMENTARY a scholarly, non-sentimental, "liberal" journal, but Marshall Sklare's article made me wonder. Has any social scientist ever presented evidence that Jewish intermarriage is actually a problem? I have yet to see such evidence. . . .

I am tired of the chauvinistic, almost racist attitudes found among a few Jews [which] undermine the great strengths of the Jewish religion, and are certainly not "Jewish," in the classical sense. . . .

In any given group there is a far greater range of differences among its members than there are differences between one group and another. So in a sense, every marriage is an "inter-marriage." No two individuals within any given family have identical needs or motives. In many cases ethnic and religious differences serve to strengthen the bond between husband and wife.

(MRS.) JANE KELLER
San Antonio, Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a partner in a Jewish-Gentile marriage, it is my opinion that since one member of the couple usually has little religious conviction, there is almost no such thing as an "interfaith" marriage. The marriage will be dominated . . . by the partner with the positive conviction because he, consciously or unconsciously, is the less capable of compromise.

As for the concern over the "survival" of Judaism, even if 90 per cent of Jews intermarry, Judaism will still be there, albeit in a transmuted form. I can't for the life of me understand why anyone should feel that a religion or culture will suffer if it changes. Religion and culture are ways of getting along in the world. As the world changes, so must our ways of adapting to it. Hence Judaism, like Christianity, *must* change. . . .

(MRS.) LOUISE GOTTLIEB
Wilmette, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Sklare asks the wrong question in his article on intermarriage. . . . He should ask what is wrong with the Jewish girl. What Mr. Sklare ignores in his discussion of the high rate of intermarriage on the University of Illinois faculty is that no "properly" reared Jewish girl would consider a professor for a husband when she might have a lawyer or a doctor—or even a dentist! Where is that politically liberal, intellectual . . . avant-garde Jewish student to find his mate? Among the potential officers of suburban Hadassah?

JUDITH GUTTMAN
Waltham, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marshall Sklare's article . . . is, on the whole, lucid and convincing, but there *are* a few points I would question. Mr. Sklare implies that the children born of intermarriage are *never* raised as Jews; has he any evidence to support this? He suggests that Jews who intermarry . . . fall away from Judaism entirely. I would be interested in seeing statistics proving, for example, that substantially fewer intermarried Jews go to *shul*, and less often, than Jews who marry other Jews. No such figures appeared in the article. . .

NICHOLAS D. HUMEZ
Lexington, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Sklare follows the trend of all too many sociologists who have forgotten that sociology can meaningfully investigate only that which is capable of rational demonstration. The "Jewish value" of an individual is not thus demonstrable. Its presence is not necessarily indicated by membership in a congregation, nor is its absence shown even by conversion, as witness Heine, Mendelssohn, Werfel, Bergson, Mahler. There may be strength in numbers elsewhere, but

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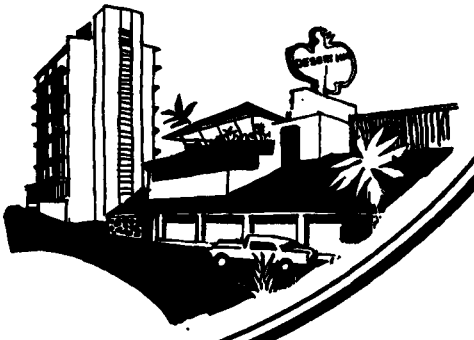

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not in the realm of ideas. As an ideological force, Judaism would continue even if there were only a few Jews left. . . .

EDWIN M. SEARS
Denver, Colorado

Family Feud

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am disturbed by Erica Mann's comments ["Letters from Readers," May] on Irving Howe's article ["Hannah Arendt & the *New Yorker*," October '63], particularly her agreement with what she calls Hannah Arendt's "implied view that human character is largely socially determined." I reject the implication that we can forfeit personal responsibility for our actions by blaming them on . . . society, upon which it is practically impossible to enforce accountability. Her eagerness to establish the point that man's nature is "malleable" also bothers me . . . Miss Mann (Mrs. Michael Werthman) will one day be the mother of some of my grandchildren. It will be her responsibility, not society's, to shape their character. I would hate to think that this "molding" process is reversible, that under certain social conditions ordinary humans could bring themselves to perform the "most monstrous acts." I would rather hope that if the mold is true the clay will harden into an endurable integrity, which is what Mr. Howe must have meant when he stated that neither he, nor Hannah Arendt, nor Rachelle Marshall could ever be an Eichmann. . . .

The crimes of the German people cannot be explained by asserting that any people could have committed them. *Any people* did not commit them. The Germans did. Eichmann cannot be acquitted because our natures are so "malleable" that any of us could have been socially shaped or misshaped to perform similar acts of barbarism. . .

We cannot withhold condemnation of a murderer just because all of us are capable of murder, no more than we can withhold homage from an Einstein or a Tolstoy just because we all have within us the divine sparks of genius that *might* have enabled us to do the things they did. . . . Even though we are all subject to emotions, instincts, and impulses which make these crimes entirely possible, and, more remarkably, even though compelled to exercise these same

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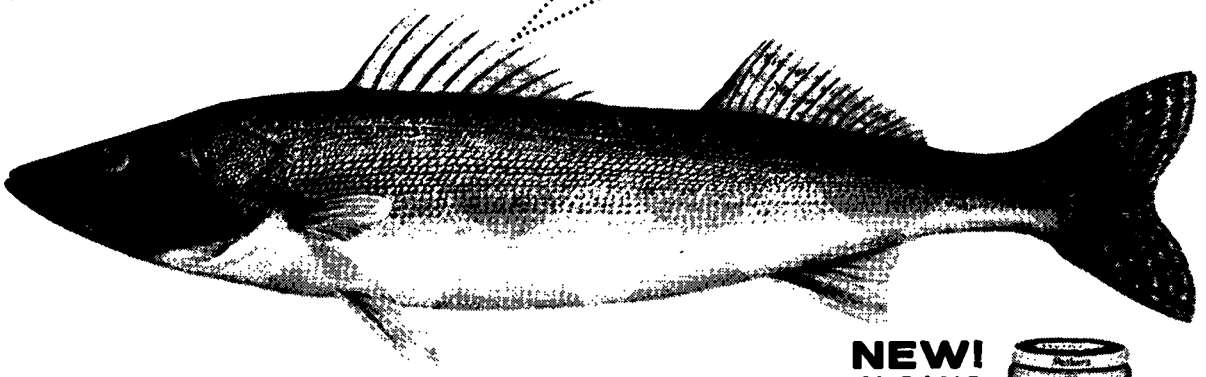

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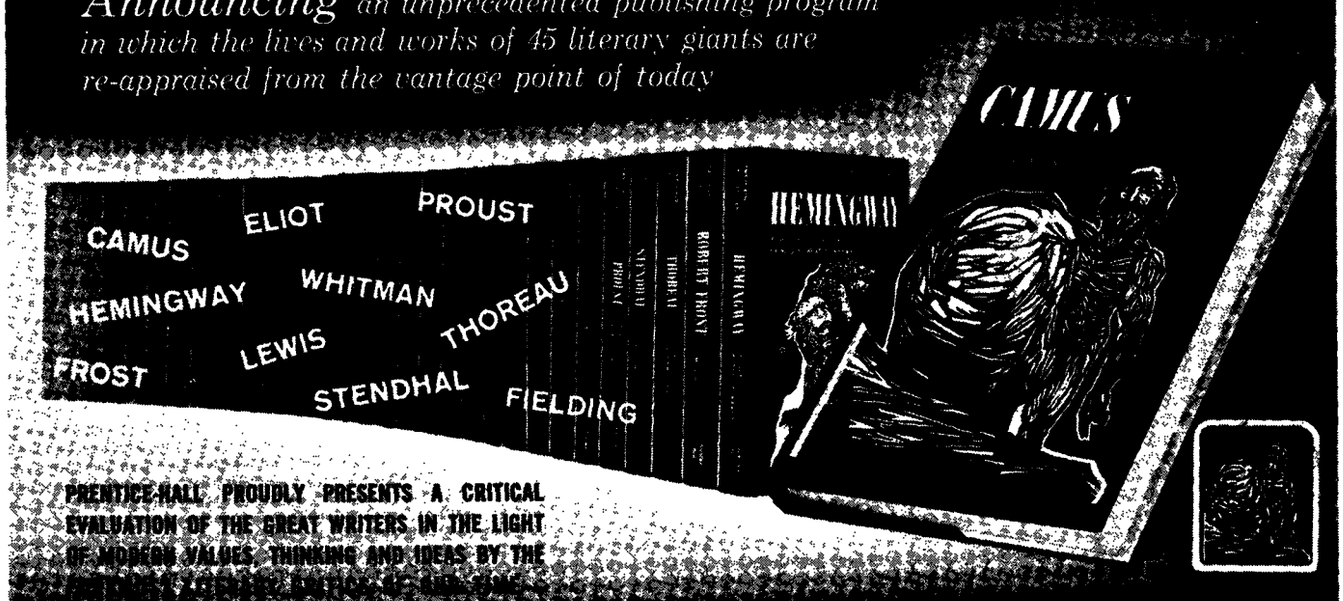

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impulses and instincts to stay emotionally healthy, man is still able to eschew violence, to make the choice against it. . . .

BEN WERTHMAN
San Diego, California

The Role of Ideology

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I emphatically disagree with Henry David Aiken's contention ["The Revolt Against Ideology," April] that "free enterprise is everywhere a dead issue save in the mythology of fundamentalist Republicanism" and that "the welfare state is accepted by all as an irremovable reality." . . . I do not believe there are so few individuals in America unconcerned about the *progressing socialistic trend*, possibly anticipated by Samuel Adams when he warned that "the Utopian schemes of leveling and a community of goods, are as visionary and impracticable as those which vest all property in the Crown, are arbitrary, despotic, and in our government, unconstitutional."

SHARON KELLY
San Gabriel, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Marx argued that since knowledge is dependent on the means of production, only the outcast . . . can acquire true knowledge under systems of private property. It is not possible to rise from opinion to knowledge. The most radical opposition to such a view would seem to be found in the political philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, for contrary to Mr. Aiken, Plato does understand the pragmatic necessity of ideology (if not, what then is the "noble lie"?). Plato thought that the content of knowledge might be personally discovered within the form of opinion. . . . He did not, however, see all opinion as commensurate with truth.

Here an anti-nihilist understanding of the revolt against ideology emerges. Objections to a specific ideology, or false opinion, are not necessarily objections to opinion qua opinion. But during a period of drastic historical change, opinion may lose even the form of knowledge. . . . In such a case it may be that one must become anti-ideological, even to the point of martyrdom, to adhere to a concern about the most important things.

Our condition, to conclude, is much more critical than the ancients knew. For technology gives to opinion the power to create the universal and homogeneous state; the serious possibility of a perpetual tyranny would seem to call into question the ancient (and Judeo-Christian) counsels to suffer injustice. And if this ruling opinion happens to be false, or ideological, whereas the classical philosopher found himself a stranger in his own country, the modern one may truly find himself an outcast. Thus Marx would be right, but for the wrong reasons.

CARL MITCHAM
San Francisco, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Aiken's call for a refurbishing of American ideology could have very dangerous domestic results. Even if the leaders of American thought could, and would, keep up the pose of affirming faith where there is none, it is becoming more and more obvious that policies deduced logically from 18th-century notions of the nature of man, society, and government won't work. Take, for example, the traditional American system of criminal law which presupposes a reasonable man, responsible for his acts, deliberately choosing to break rules and accepting as a fair retribution the punishment previously prescribed for his infraction. Does any reasonable man today (let alone a philosopher) believe that this theory is realistic and that implementing it will solve the problems of crime and delinquency? It is significant that the theoretical basis for current attacks on mental health programs and psychiatry in general is exactly the unrealistic 18th-century view of man embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. . . .

Mr. Aiken uses the drive for Negro equality as an example of an ideology and fears lest it be weakened by the pervasive anti-ideological bias of current philosophy. But he has the issue turned about—it is segregation that is based on elaborate ideological theories (innate inferiority, race purity, etc). Skepticism on these points, plus the pragmatic conviction that only a non-racist society is worthy of man, is quite adequate intellectual support for the dedicated anti-segregationist. Though there are ideologists among the opponents of white supremacy (religious groups, doc-

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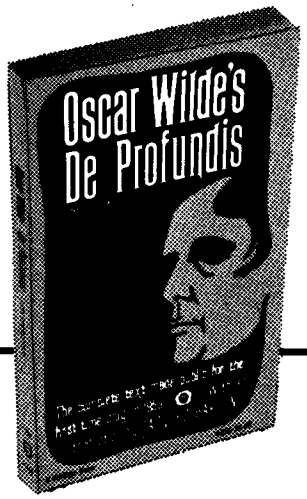

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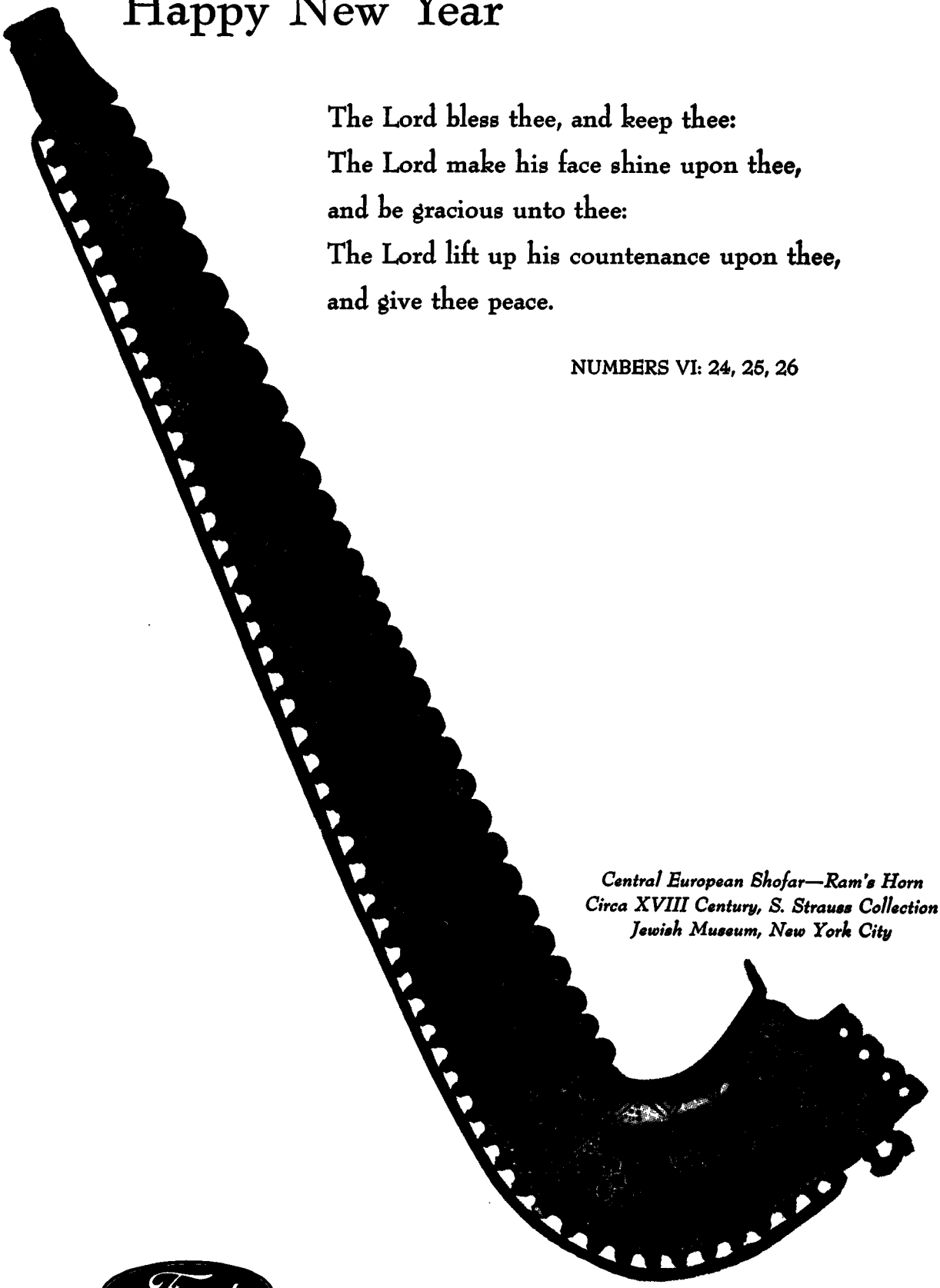

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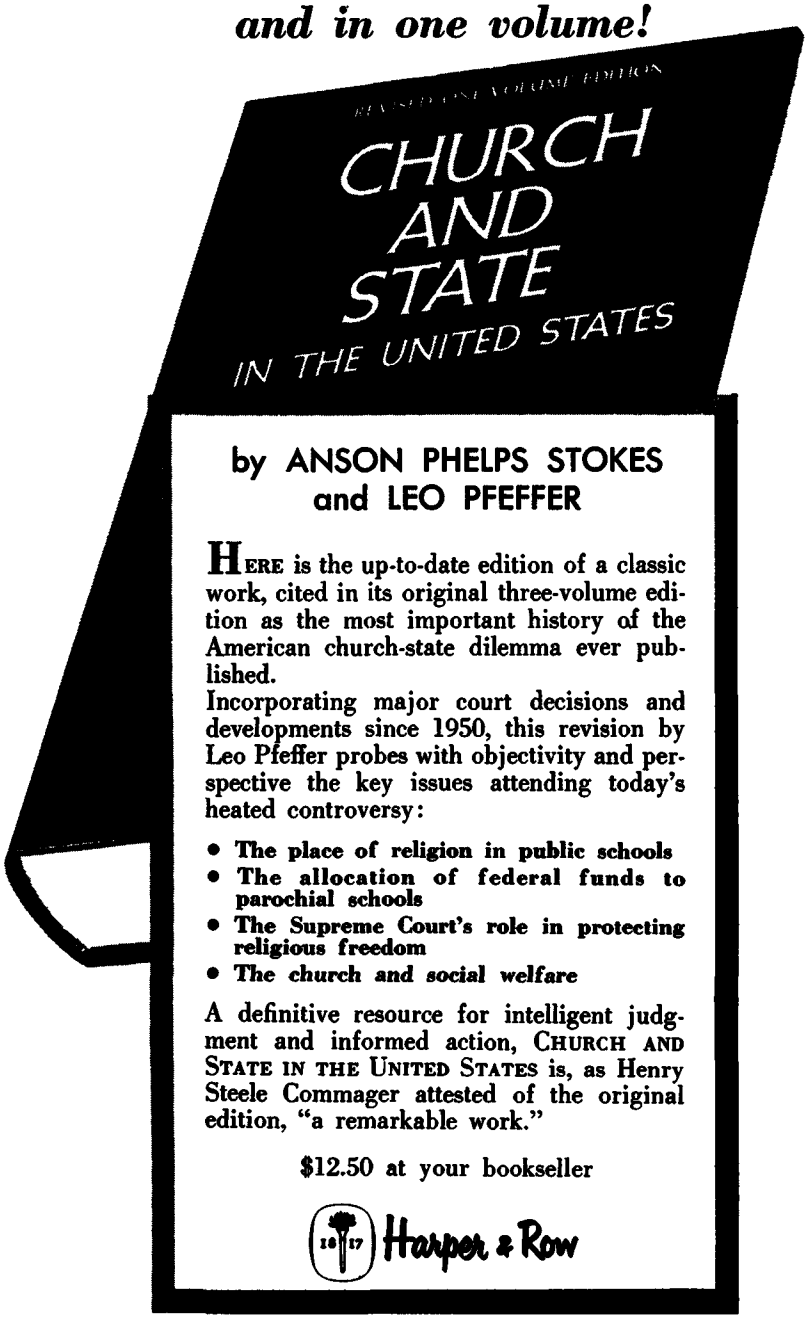

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trinaire civil libertarians, and Black Muslims), the skeptic need not jettison his reason as he takes part. All of which disqualifies Mr. Aiken's conclusion that only ideology can combat ideology.

ELEANOR GREENWALD
Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

MR. AIKEN *writes:*

I am obliged to Miss Greenwald for providing an occasion for further clarification of some points made in my essay. I may add, I hope without offense, that her letter exhibits in one form precisely the mentality which I there called in question. I shall try once more to indicate why.

Let me begin by saying that I did not conceive it as my primary aim to "refurbish American ideology"; nor do I suppose that there is but one "American" ideology or that it is all of a piece. But I am indeed "doctrinaire," if you like, in my advocacy of the ideological principles that animate our constitutional bill of rights. Nor am I prepared to compromise the demands, moral as well as political and legal, which they uncomfortably make upon us all. Time runs out, and anti-ideological tokenism, no less than anti-ideological gradualism, must finally be denounced for the cynical, immoral attitude it has become.

I assure Miss Greenwald that, if I ever did, I no longer inhabit the 18th century, much as I admire many things about it, including the ideological commitments so splendidly and unqualifiedly articulated in "our" Declaration of Independence. Like everyone else, I am for the full use of our 20th-century wits and our 20th-century knowledge in order to bring about a fuller realization of the major ideas and practices that form the main ideological legacy of the founding fathers in the Declaration and in the Constitution. I am also, it should go without saying, for the deepening and broadening of those ideals and for the modification of those practices in accordance with such relevant new experience, understanding, and sympathy as we in our time may have acquired. For example, I think we have reason to know, as our forebearers could not, that the dream of American autonomy, as a nation-state, must now be given up, just as the doctrine of states' rights has been obliged to give way to the more exigent demands of the national welfare. It is ap-

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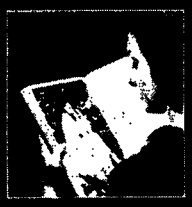

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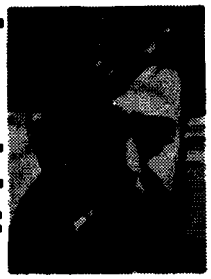

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palling to think that the American government, whether with or without "the consent of the people," still has the legal and political authority to decide when and if "we" should employ the hydrogen bomb. And so on, and so on. But this doesn't in the least mean that I must give up my ideological civil libertarianism. That point of view is quite as "reasonable" as the equally ideological gospel of "democratic" compromise—I call it "stalling"—which the anti-ideologists avow.

Surely the drive for Negro equality is "an example of an ideology," or at least a part or application thereof. Why should Miss Greenwald suppose that the doctrines of innate inferiority and race purity are ideological, yet their antitheses are not so? Could it be that she thinks that a good ideology is no ideology? But this is just the sort of intellectual and moral blindness that I was trying to expose and to correct in my essay. And why in the world is "the . . . conviction that only a non-racist society is worthy of man" ideological when affirmed by a non-pragmatist and non-ideological when affirmed by a pragmatist? How very odd. Anyway, as my own interstitial remarks in the essay should have made clear, my own ideological convictions are in large part pragmatically conceived and pragmatically interpreted. But this fact doesn't make them any the less ideological; it only helps me to understand a bit better what their true "practical bearings" are, what their logical and semantical function is, and in what terms and on what grounds a defense of them can be made.

As for skepticism, Miss Greenwald is welcome to it. In the present context, it, like compromise, merely means inaction.

[An exchange on this subject between Mr. Aiken and Daniel Bell will appear in a future issue.]

Anglo-Jewish Writing

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

If proof were needed that it is almost impossible for anyone who was not brought up in it to understand the nuances of the English social system, Mr. Dan Jacobson provided it in his article, "Jewish Writing in England" [May]. Mr. Jacobson, a little disingenuously, perhaps, asks "if someone who has lived in England, on and off, for only ten years can speak of 'us'?" His own subtle misapprehensions implicitly give the answer.

First, however, one must question the article's premise; that Anglo-Jewish writing has been disappointing. . . . By way of justification, Mr. Jacobson beats the dog with the old stick of American-Jewish writing, but the comparison, for reasons which I hope to show, is misleading and superficial. Most Anglo-Jewish writers of my own generation willingly defer to the superior achievement of American-Jewish writing, just as most English writers would defer to the general superiority, over the last twenty years, of the Americans. But the Anglo-Jewish writer, in effect, is only beginning to emerge, and should still have his best work in front of him. . . . Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, Bernard Kops, Gerda Charles, Frederic Raphael, Bernice Rubens, Gillian Freeman, Peter Shaffer, Jon Silkin, Dannie Abse, are for the most part under the age of thirty-five; and it is certainly arguable that some of the playwrights among them are currently doing better work than any of their American equivalents. . . .

In England, as Mr. Jacobson points out, the cultural tradition has been long and solidly established. This has created special problems for the Anglo-Jewish writer, just as the nature of American experience has given special opportunities to the American-Jewish writer; but they are not quite the problems Mr. Jacobson suggests. Above all, the difficulty has been that of adjusting to an alien culture, and it is this, in turn, which has produced the long latency period which has only just come to an end. The sheer size of the American-Jewish population—interacting with the special character of the United States—*did* make a difference, though Mr. Jacobson may discount it, but it made it in a complex and oblique way. Through their very numbers, and the heterogeneity of a melting pot which never melted, the American Jews were able to retain their identity. Thus, the work of writers such as Bellow and Malamud, however "American," has been informed by the rich tradition of the East-European Jewish culture. A further effect of the size of the American-Jewish community—especially in New York—is that it has created the possibility for diversity and, with it, the phenomenon of the American-Jewish intel-

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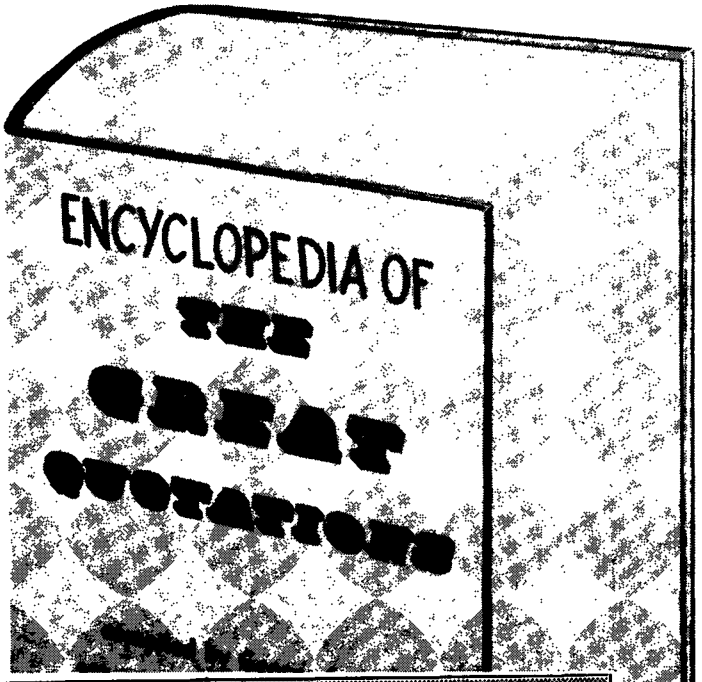

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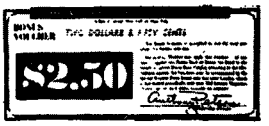

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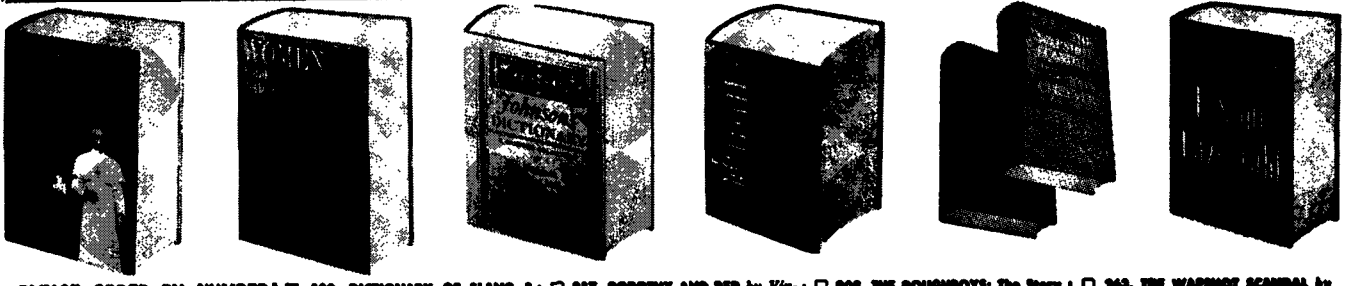

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lectual, who has done so much to fructify the imaginative life of his country. . . . Contrary to Mr. Jacobson, the American-Jewish community has been given no license to "test within its own experience" the nature and assumptions of its society. It is able to do so for two reasons: partly because that society is still composed largely of ethnic groups, partly because the . . . phenomenon of America is still one of passionate immediacy. . . .

Where Mr. Jacobson is right is to infer that the Anglo-Jewish community is peripheral to the English experience, but this, rather than disqualifying the Anglo-Jewish writer from taking his place in English letters, has merely given him a different place, and made his travail longer.

Mr. Jacobson is quite wrong when he says that English society "resists the attempt of anyone outside it to re-order its affairs or even to share quietly in them." Certainly it is the nature of a well-established tradition to resist alien interference, but the English have always been perfectly happy to let other people "share," though as individuals, rather than as groups. Perhaps the best example was provided, several hundred years ago, by the Huguenots, but ever since then, England has provided generous opportunity to the foreign "immigrant." It is a country without racial myths, in whose affairs, besides, the Scots and the Irish have played a salient part.

Not the least of the difficulties of the Anglo-Jewish writer is the very openness of English society, together with the closed, hermetic nature of his own. . . .

Clearly this must, in Mr. Jacobson's words, "have inhibited a strong, distinctive literary exploration of Anglo-Jewish experience," but the nature of the Anglo-Jewish community has had as much to do with it, if not more. As Mr. Jacobson wrote, it is an audience in perpetual need of comfort and reassurance. I would think that in its uneasy materialism, there is little to distinguish it from American-Jewish society, but for the fact—as I have said—that the American-Jewish community is large enough and heterogeneous enough to provide its intellectuals with a group and a life of their own.

Within the Anglo-Jewish community, no such life exists, a fact determined not only by its size, but by the impact of the surrounding dominant culture, and its availability to Jewish writers and intellectuals. They know one another, they meet one another, but they do so in a context which is not specifically Jewish. Within the community, cultural activity is inevitably marginal, trivial, and evanescent. . . .

Of contemporary Anglo-Jewish writers, only one, Gerda Charles, has remained within the community, and both her novels and her occasional public statements testify to her extreme difficulties. An Orthodox Jew, she has complained that she finds nothing better than casual tolerance for her beliefs among other Jewish writers, yet no recognition of her possible use within the Orthodox community itself. Yet even Miss Charles's most successful and best-realized novel, *The True Voice*, is largely set in a non-Jewish ambience. . . .

Harold Pinter has solved this problem with heartening success, because his work is essentially symbolic. Manifestly informed by Jewish experience, clearly owing much to Kafka, it still makes brilliant use of English speech rhythms for its purpose. . . . Arnold Wesker, though he began, in his first full-length play, *Chicken Soup with Barley*, with an East End Jewish family, has since gone much farther afield. *Roots*, critically his most successful play, is set in a community of Norfolk peasants. . . . Alexander Baron's *The Human Kind*, probably the best English stories to come out of World War II, has no overt "Jewish" content at all—though again, those in search of a Jewish detachment, a certain Jewish way of looking, can find it.

All this suggests that there *is* a function for the Anglo-Jewish writer in English letters, however difficult it may be. . . . The Anglo-Jewish writers who have emerged since the war benefit from a certain vigor, a certain lively detachment, at a time when English society has set fast in outmoded patterns. The very tension between their Englishness and their Jewishness provides their best hope of creative activity, whether they write about Norfolk farmers, professional footballers, Welsh tramps, or British infantrymen.

It will be time enough in twenty years to pronounce on the validity of their work. Meanwhile, their problems are more complex, their opportunities greater, than Mr. Jacobson has suggested. . . .

BRIAN GLANVILLE
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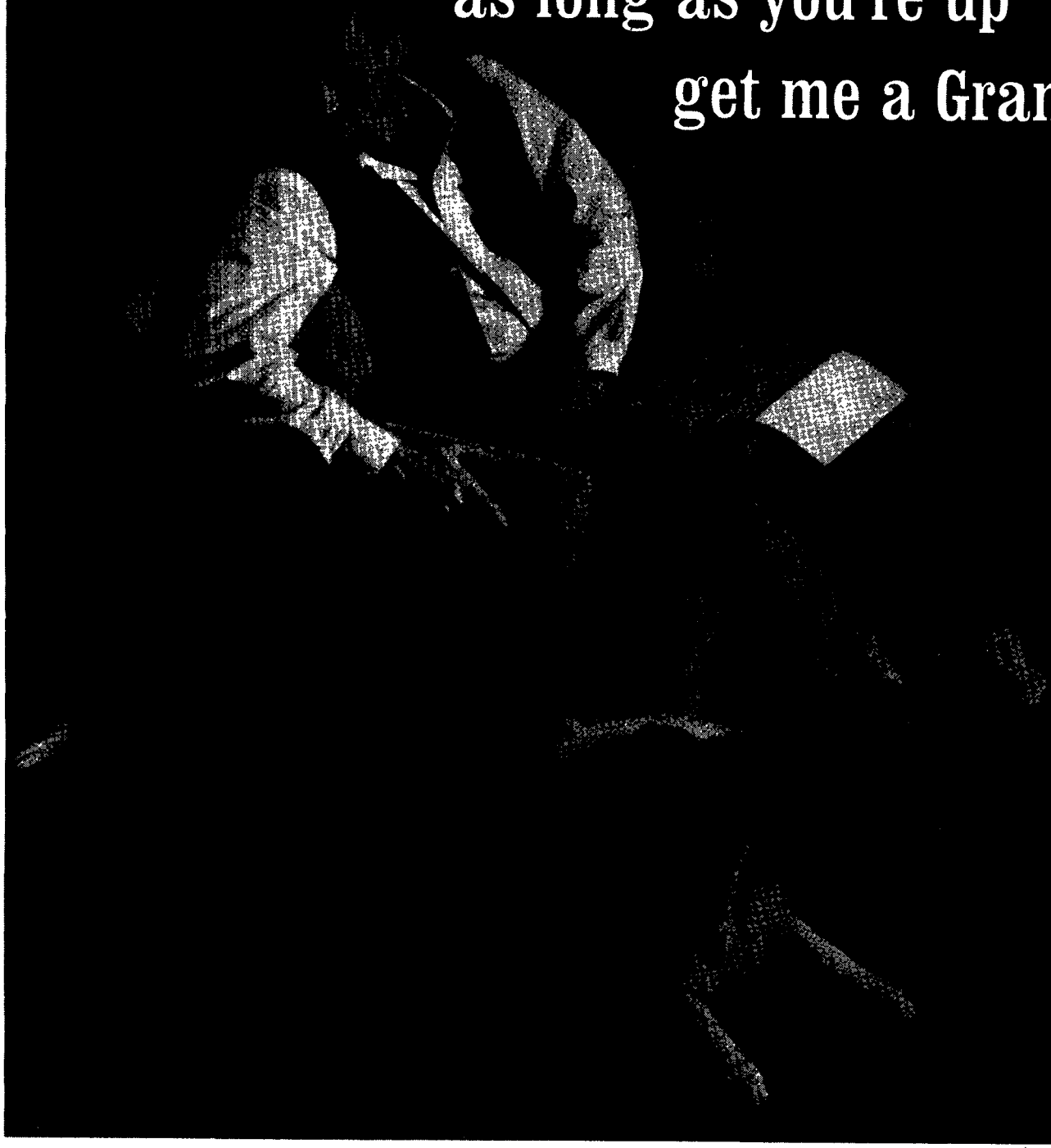
as long as you're up get me a Grant's



Would you please. That's right. The bottle with the 8 on it. Because it's 8 years old. And that's how long I think it takes to smooth out a Scotch. As long as you're at it why not join me? Thanks. Cheers love.

The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York. ©1964

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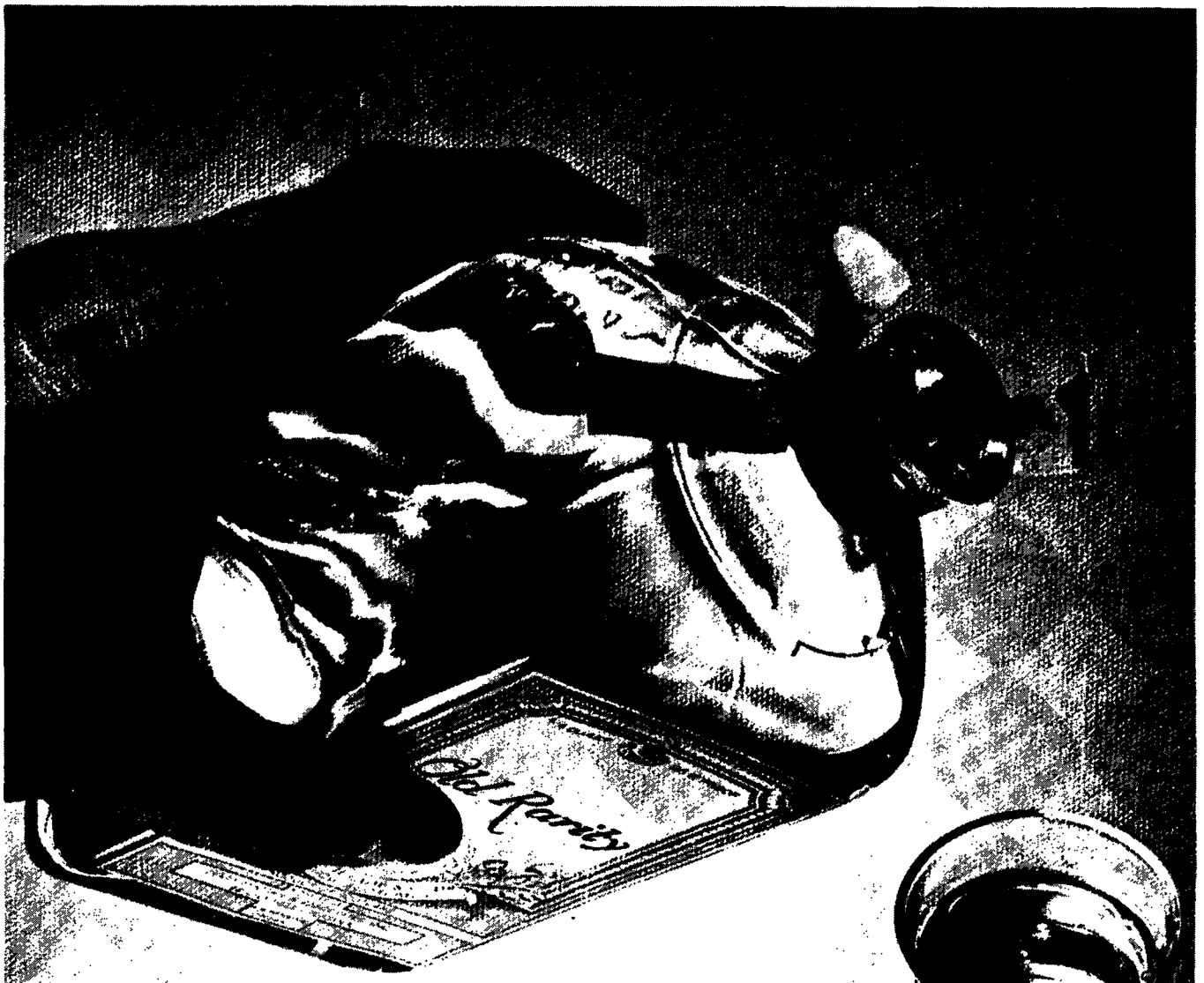
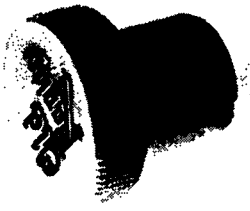


Not so light you don't know what you're drinking. Not so heavy you'd think of giving up scotch.



We planned it that way.

Regardless of time and cost, we planned to make the finest scotch whisky possible.

We built our distillery off the west coast of Scotland, on the tiny isle of Islay. Here our plant is favored by Nature—and time itself.

Over slow peat fires, we roast the best scotch barley and allow it to combine with the brisk sea air.

Then we call on the art of the Master Blender (all the finest scotch whiskies are blends of malts and spirit whiskies). For our scotch whisky we choose a masterfully subtle blend of ancient whiskies (for bouquet and body) and slightly younger ones (for lightness and flavor).

The result is a remarkably distinctive flavor. Not too smoky, not too peaty. Not too heavy, not too light.

This perfect taste balance is indeed rare. This perfect taste balance is indeed Old Rarity, the scotch whisky we planned to make.

We hope you'll try Old Rarity soon. We're sure you'll find it a flawlessly made (and sensibily priced) scotch whisky.

Imported by Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif., Sole Distributor for U.S.A., Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof

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THE NEGRO & THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS

MIDGE DECTER

DURING THE school year 1963-64, there were 1,038,516 children attending public school in New York City, of whom 264,616 —or a fraction more than 25 per cent—were Negro, and 177,544—or about 17 per cent—were Puerto Rican. If one considers Puerto Rican children to be non-white*—and despite the fact that the United States Census Bureau does not, there are good reasons for so considering them in discussing the New York City school system—then that school system must be judged to be suffering from an extremely high rate of racial segregation. Of the 581 elementary schools (kindergarten through sixth grade) operated by the Board of Education in 1963-64, 134 had a student body at least 90 per cent Negro and/or Puerto Rican, and 186 had a student body at least 90 per cent white; and of 136 junior high schools (seventh through ninth grades), 31 were at least 85 per cent Negro and/or Puerto Rican, while 39 were at least 85 per cent white.† In other words, more than half of the elementary schools and half the junior high schools in New York can be said to be segregated.

Moreover, while the number of predominantly white schools has declined, both the number and proportion of the predominantly Negro/Puerto Rican schools have been steadily growing. Seven years ago, in the school year 1957-58, only 64 out of 565 elementary schools, and only 16 out of 123 junior high schools, were at least 90 per cent Negro/Puerto Rican (as compared with 134 and 31 respectively for 1963-4). Three factors are responsible for this deteriorating situation. First of all, there are now simply more Negro and Puerto Rican children in the schools—a number, in fact, considerably out of proportion to the percentage represented by these groups in the population of the city as a whole. Thus, while Negroes and Puerto Ricans combined constitute roughly 22 per cent of the city's population, they provide something over 42 per cent of the public-school population. This is not, as many people think, because they have a much higher birth rate than whites (it is only insignificantly higher), but because the majority of their recent immigrants have come to the city just as they were reaching the peak of their childbearing years. The second factor, of course, is the famous flight of the white middle class to the suburbs; and the third is the enormous increase in private- and parochial-school enrollment during the same period, which has further depleted the number of white children in the public schools. According to an informal survey conducted by the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*, in the area of Manhattan that extends on the West Side from Greenwich Village to 114th Street and on the East Side from 14th to 96th Streets alone, some 19,000 white children from kindergarten to the eighth grade are now enrolled in either private or parochial schools, as compared with 15,092 white children in the area's public schools.

These figures cannot wholly be interpreted as meaning that white parents have been pulling their children out of the public schools to keep them from contact with non-whites—although this has clearly been the motivation in some cases. The truth is that Manhattan, in the wake of a disastrous course of real-estate development and credit policy, has come more and more exclusively to be the home of the very rich on the one hand and the very poor on the other. The middle-class people currently missing from its precincts and from its schools did not so much flee to the suburbs as they were pushed out to them. In any event, from 1957 to 1963, almost exactly as many white children—about 54,000—disappeared from the public-school system as Negro children were added to it. And unless this process can be interrupted, it has been predicted that by 1980, from 70 to 75 per cent of the New York public-

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* Out of deference to the fact that children who are neither Negro nor Puerto Rican nevertheless represent a wide variety of racial backgrounds—e.g., Oriental, American Indian, etc.—they are usually referred to as "Others." However, both for convenience and clarity they will here be called "white" since that is what, in the particular context of school integration, they are indisputably taken to be.

† For various reasons, having mainly to do with zoning, the senior high schools have not been a crucial object of contention in the dispute over integration.

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school population will be Negro and Puerto Rican.

Thus, more than a decade after the Supreme Court pronounced segregated education to be "inherently unequal," here is not only the largest and most cosmopolitan, but also most officially liberal city in America—with half its schools still segregated. It does not seem at all surprising, then, that this city's school system, and the Board of Education which administers it, should within the past three years have become the targets of an all-out drive for school integration. This drive has been conducted by a group of organizations, most of them Negro organizations, that have worked and responded enough in concert to merit being called a movement—the NAACP, CORE, the Urban League, Harlem Parents Workshop, Parents Workshop for Equality, and the Citywide Committee for Integrated Schools.* Essentially what the integration movement has been demanding is that the Board of Education adopt some citywide program or combination of programs—involving the transfer of children out of their immediate neighborhoods and neighborhood schools—to achieve a significantly better racial balance in the schools, and that furthermore, the Board, as a mark of the seriousness of its intentions, set a more or less precise timetable for doing so. The operative word here is "citywide," for it is felt, and no doubt rightly, that any tendency by the Board to concentrate on specific problems of redistribution from district to district must defeat the possibility of genuine integration: any real solution of a problem affecting as many as half the schools is bound to affect all the rest.

BUT IF THERE was nothing surprising about the fact of the drive itself, what did at first seem surprising to many New Yorkers, and certainly to the Board of Education, were the bitterness, anger, and obduracy of the protests that attended the drive. Indeed, so bitter and angry did the representatives of the Negro community grow that by winter and early spring of 1964 the school problem had succeeded in destroying, probably for years to come, whatever illusion of civic harmony New York City still entertained. Each succeeding summer the Board has prepared for the opening of school under an ever-darkening cloud of threatened demonstrations, school strikes, and general administrative upheaval. It has been publicly charged with everything from incompetence to outright malingering. Its offices have been "sat in" on, and its officials denounced. And on February 3, 1964, in a stunning one-day demonstration of force—organized by the Citywide Committee for Integrated Schools and finally, if somewhat reluctantly, supported by the rest of the movement—a quarter of a million children stayed out of school.

Now, however reasonable the raw statistics of school segregation make such an exertion of pressure appear to be, it is also the case that the issue between the integrationists and the Board of Education has never been one of principle. New York is after all not Little Rock; nor is it, as the figures show, even Chicago, Detroit, or Philadelphia. The truth is that the determination of New York's Negro community to integrate the schools was a determination arrived at several years after the Board's own. On December 23, 1954, seven months after the Supreme Court's desegregation decision and in explicit response to it, the New York City Board of Education unanimously affirmed its commitment to a policy of integration. This resolution was the first such statement of policy to be issued anywhere, and is to this day one of the very few to have been issued entirely voluntarily.

In the years from 1955 to 1961 the Board accordingly instituted several programs to improve the status and condition of the Negro schoolchild—most of them related directly or indirectly to the eventual promotion of integration. The two most directly related were the creation (in 1957) of a Central Zoning Unit—whose function was to rezone existing schools, and to locate sites for new ones, with an eye to achieving maximum racial balance—and the institution (in 1961) of Open Enrollment. Open Enrollment, which began on a rather limited scale and was later considerably liberalized, enables children from schools designated as overcrowded to transfer (transportation paid by the city) to one of the schools designated as "underutilized." Under the Central Zoning Unit, one hundred changes were made in district and school zones from 1959 to 1963; and as of February 1964, some 16,000 Negro children had elected to participate in the Open Enrollment program, 10,000 of them at the elementary school level.

To be sure, these programs, as the figures so dismally reveal, have failed even to scratch the surface. Nevertheless, they were set in motion by the Board after no very great pressure—and they represent a goal that integrationists in other Northern cities are willing even now to conduct their own angry and bitter demonstrations to achieve.† Why then should the push to integrate the schools in New York have assumed the proportions of a struggle which can without exaggeration be characterized as "life-and-death"?

Part of the answer has to do with the striking reversal that took place in American Negro life

* This committee was organized in August 1963 to serve as a coordinating council for the other five groups but, as so often happens in intra-community politics, soon became an autonomous group in its own right.

† The Chicago Board of Education—which because of the geographic peculiarity of Negro setttlement in Chicago could from a purely administrative point of view rather easily achieve a great measure of integration—just last year announced a limited program of open enrollment, *with transportation to be paid by the students.*

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in the 1960's, when the Northern urban Negro ceased pitying the Southern Negro and began instead to envy him his new-found vigor and dignity. The result was that some of the energies, all of the rhetoric, and, wherever they could be made to apply, the issues of the Southern battle for civil rights began to be imported into Northern cities. And the issue which proved most readily transportable was the issue of segregated schools.

PERHAPS another generation will decide that it was strategically unwise for the Negroes to have made the schools their first objective in the struggle to achieve full equality. Schools are after all the symbol rather than the source of Negro suffering. And while an action against a board of education brought to the Negro Revolution its first enduring victory, this victory is the one whose fruits may be the last to be tasted: of all civic institutions, the schools are the most vulnerable to public pressure and yet the most difficult to shape and influence. But questions of strategy aside, the primacy of education in the Negro struggle was psychologically inevitable, particularly in the North. On the one hand, the school is a place to which the Negro is forced to go; and society, acting through this coercive institution, is enabled there each day to proclaim his separate and inferior condition. On the other hand, as Joseph Lyford of the Fund for the Republic has pointed out, Negroes have no faith in any of the institutions of society *except* the school —the only institution involved, by its very nature, in a daily effort to bring those it serves along, to give them something and make them something they did not have or were not before.

Even without the benefit of Jim Crow statutes, Northern communities have always had extremely effective ways of keeping Negro childern out of white classrooms,* so that only through legalistic quibbling could one deny the implicit applicability to Northern schools of the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *the Board of Education* declaring segregated education unconstitutional. Within a few years after the decision, officials of the civil rights movement and of the intergroup relations agencies began speaking about "de facto segregation," and around the same time, assorted individuals and organizations began agitating for desegregation in half a dozen Northern communities. In 1961, an important lawsuit was won against the New Rochelle (New York) Board of Education, which by gerrymandering had kept the town's Negro children confined to a single school; and in 1962, the NAACP officially adopted a national program to fight de facto segregation. Since then some eighty cities have been served notice—by means ranging from lawsuits to sit-ins—that their school systems are being rung in on the Negro Revolution.

And wherever the issue goes, the new rhetoric goes with it—no matter how ill-fitting it may prove —because in the rhetoric is concealed the trigger for mass action. The language of the Southern civil rights movement is the language of simple manly assertion and simple straightforward demand—the language of a movement with just, and justly attainable, goals. Translated to the streets of New York, where what Negroes must wrest for themselves is far more entailed and socially "advanced" than constitutional rights—jobs, decent housing, good schools, and social rather than legal equality—civil rights rhetoric tends to sound rather more bitter and disruptive than direct and firm. Occasionally it has even seemed, in a far from comic time, even a little comic; as when, on May 18 last, several thousand demonstrators for school integration—half of them white—marched across the Brooklyn Bridge chanting "FREEDOM!" and "Jim Crow MUST GO."

But possibly a more important contributing factor to the recent short temper of the school integration movement than the spreading mood of militancy has been the discovery of how very difficult a task it has taken upon itself in the City of New York.† The difficulty begins with the concept of integration itself: is it a particular proportion of race to race that is to be achieved in each and every school; or is it some general over-all balance which must correspond to the balance of the population as a whole? While it is reasonable for integrationists to insist that the Board devise some comprehensive plan for the entire city, the fact is that New York is not really one city but five, separated, all but two of them, by bodies of water. And the ratio of whites to non-whites in the schools is by no means everywhere the same. In Manhattan, for instance, in 1963-64 there were about 76,000 Negro/Puerto Rican elementary-school pupils out of a total of about 99,000; in Brooklyn, 111,000 out of 223,000; in the Bronx, 66,000 out of 114,000; but in Queens, only 29,000 out of 130,000; and in Richmond, only 2,000 out of 20,000. In June of 1963, James E. Allen, Jr., State Commissioner of Education, who has been something of a penniless Dutch uncle to the integration movement, issued a memorandum in which he defined a racially balanced school as one having a student body no more than 50 per cent non-white. By Allen's definition Manhattan, unless it were to be miraculously lifted from its granite underpinnings and superimposed on the borough of

* Like many Northeastern cities, New York maintained a separate school system until somewhere around 1900, and the state law under which this was done was actually not repealed until 1938! See the excellent historical summary in *Public School Segregation and Integration in the North,* prepared by the Commission on School Integration of the National Association of Intergroup Relations Officials.

† See Nathan Glazer's admirably cool and fair discussion of these problems, "Is 'Integration' Possible in the New York Schools?" which appeared in the September 1960 issue of this magazine.

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Queens, could never even approach an integrated school system. If, however, integration were to be defined as the balance which reflects the over-all ratio of Negro and Puerto Rican children to white, the schools in Manhattan would have to be a little more than 75 per cent, and those of Staten Island 10 per cent, non-white in their racial compositions. The question of what is numerically meant by integration may seem somewhat pettifogging in a situation where so many children are to be found in unquestionably segregated schools. But it has nonetheless remained in the background to haunt the calculations of the movement, which has never officially given a clear answer, preferring to leave the matter of numbers negotiable.

The question, moreover, has remained if only because it has inevitably opened up an even more difficult one. The majority of New York's Negroes live in seven segregated enclaves, or "ghettos," as they have come to be called. In 1953, many schools were found to have been deliberately zoned to keep whites and Negroes apart, but it seems fairly certain that racially motivated gerrymandering has by now been done away with.* This means that the problem of segregation is a problem of the seven Negro ghettos—and to desegregate the schools in those ghettos, either the schools must be moved out of them, or the children out of the schools, or both. But out to where? Extending beyond most of the ghettos are neighborhoods that are themselves in a state of sociological flux. Transferring children to, or building new schools for them in, these "fringe areas"—the simplest and most obvious step for the Central Zoning Unit to have taken—usually brings little or no improvement; the fringe-area schools become more and more heavily Negro, and the ghetto schools left behind, while relieved somewhat of overcrowding, remain as segregated as ever. One junior high school, for example, was opened only seven years ago in a fringe area in Brooklyn with a student body 80 per cent white and 20 per cent non-white, and by now the proportion has been reversed to 40 per cent white and 60 per cent non-white.

Given this difficulty, the next logical step would appear to be to by-pass fringe areas altogether and move ghetto children directly into all-white schools, which—because of the patterns of urban settlement—often means moving them a considerable distance. As for the ghetto schools themselves, in order to desegregate these, white children must be transferred in, again from a considerable distance, for the nearby fringe-area schools cannot afford to give up any of their already declining number of white students.

Apart from closing down all ghetto schools (an unimaginably expensive and, to ghetto residents, unpopular alternative), and apart from the long-range possibility of "educational parks"† there is one other immediate possibility: school pairings. School pairing—which was first used successfully in Princeton, New Jersey and is therefore called the Princeton Plan—operates by combining a predominantly white school district and a predominantly Negro one and dividing the schools horizontally rather than vertically: that is, all the children from the two districts attend kindergarten through third grade in one building, and fourth grade through sixth in the other. This device has worked well—at least so far as actual physical integration is concerned—in a small town like Princeton and in a few others, among them the Greenburgh school district of White Plains, New York, where distance and travel are minimal and entail no particular inconvenience or peril. Since New York City does not, except in a few cases, offer the same convenience of neatly divided neighborhoods and contiguous segregated school districts, any widespread application of Princeton Planning would once again involve transporting large numbers of children over considerable distances.

And so with the passage of time, and its attendant escalation of greater failure and greater demand, it has become ever more apparent that there can be no effective school desegregation in at least four of the five boroughs of New York City without the mass cross-transportation of children—what is popularly called "busing." No other issue has so roused the public passions on both sides of the tangled school problem nor lent itself so readily to polemical manipulation as this issue of busing children out of their neighborhood schools. It is around busing that white opposition to the integration movement has been galvanized, and it is in regard to busing that integrationists have at times seemed ready to take a stand of no return. Neither Negroes nor whites wish their children to be bused; yet this understandable reluctance has been cited triumphantly by whites as a proof of the Negro masses' indifference to the education of their children, and by Negroes as a proof of the white community's opposition to integrated schools.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to understand the issue of busing without tracing the course of the negotiations between the integration movement and the Board of Education. These negotiations have been far from amicable, but they have not been nearly so hostile as many people have chosen to

* Some members of the integration movement, particularly a few of the more zealous white liberals among them, insist that there are still "many" gerrymandered schools, but refuse to specify. What they really mean is that there are many districts they deem to need even further rezoning, which is quite a different matter.

† Not much is known about the "educational park," since it is still largely an idea in the minds of enthusiasts. Essentially, as I understand them, educational parks are visualized as huge central campuses containing several schools of all levels. All the children will converge on these campuses and there be integrated, rather than in individual neighborhood schools.

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make them appear. Seen with any detachment, the relations between the movement and the Board have been the relations between any pressure group and any public bureaucracy being pressured: the movement has advanced its full claims and the Board, however sympathetic, has responded by stalling, by pleading difficulties, by standing virtuously on its record, and by offering half measures with promises of more to come. Nor are the stalling, pleading, and promising typical bureaucratic maneuvers only: as the movement itself has been forced to discover, when it comes to a problem of the New York City school system, proposing is a far simpler activity than disposing. To the altogether just objection that the integration movement is no mere pressure group, it can with equal justice be countered that the Board is no mere bureaucracy either, but an agency carrying the twin burdens of the daily administration of hundreds of separate institutions and the daily safety and welfare of over a million children. And an agency, moreover, that even under the best of circumstances is forced to operate with insufficient funds, inadequate staff, and under the constant surveillance of people with all manner of special claims to make. It may be true, as several leaders of the movement have said, that every step taken by the Board toward greater integration in the past two years has been taken only under pressure, but this is a charge that to cooler minds or in cooler times would perhaps not seem so very damaging.

The negotiations became really intense beginning about July of 1963, after the New York State Board of Education, answering an appeal from the Malverne, L.I. chapter of the NAACP, ordered the Malverne Board of Education to institute a program of school pairing. This virtually unprecedented case of state intervention brought with it two consequences of immense significance. First, it sparked the formation of Parents and Taxpayers, an organization of white parents who claimed to be defending *their* constitutional right to freedom of decision over the welfare of their children and who began to campaign under the banner of "Save the Neighborhood School." Second, it placed school pairings squarely in the forefront of integrationist demands.

But the main reason school pairings became so important was not the action of the state; it was the failure of any significant number of Negro parents to take advantage in 1962-63 of the Open Enrollment Program. Open Enrollment —conceived as a means of permitting ghetto children to move out into unsegregated schools—began in an experimental way in the fall of 1960 and was expanded into a citywide program in 1961-62. At first, the program was somewhat restricted: 228 overcrowded Negro/Puerto Rican schools were pronounced "sending" schools, and 115 underutilized* white schools were designated as "receiving" schools; students in each sending school were given the option of enrolling in a particular receiving school. Subsequently, in August 1963, Open Enrollment was liberalized into what was then called Free Choice Transfer: students from a sending school were now allowed to enroll in any receiving school of their choice, provided that school had space for them, while receiving schools were organized to function at 110 per cent of capacity instead of 100 per cent. Even so, by 1963-64, as we have seen, fewer than 16,000 children throughout the city had taken up the option. With this unmistakable evidence that there was no real mass constituency behind the drive to take Negro children out of ghetto schools (and even less among Puerto Ricans, who made up only 4 per cent of the transferring children), the integrationists began to insist heatedly that integration was not a Negro but a white responsibility. The indifference of the mass of Negro parents, they said, was the result of precisely the centuries-long inequality that school integration must help to overcome.

Accordingly, in July the New York NAACP informed the Board of Education that measures which depended on the voluntary cooperation of parents would no longer be acceptable, and that the Board must produce a "meaningful" citywide plan immediately or the schools would be struck in September. By August, when the Citywide Committee for Integrated Schools was formed to give the five most active Negro organizations a single voice in negotiating with the Board, a "meaningful" plan was being described as one that would combine various techniques: zoning and site selection; regulating "feeder patterns" (that is, the zoning patterns by which students from elementary schools are "fed" into junior high schools, and then into high schools); enlarging the options under Open Enrollment; and primarily, of course, Princeton Planning.

On September 5, the Board promised to present a new plan in December, and the Citywide Committee held off the threatened demonstrations. But then, in a move which finally earned the Board the downright hostility of the integration movement, it requested its local boards of education† to hold public hearings to determine the feasibility of pairing schools in their districts. The Board maintained that such hearings were essential because nothing so radical as enforcing the transfer of large numbers of children from their accustomed schools could possibly succeed without public support and participation in the

* An underutilized school is one with a student body smaller than its full seating capacity. The classes in these schools, however, are generally as large as in others, since with their smaller enrollments they have usually been staffed with fewer teachers.

† These were set up several years ago for the purpose of decentralization and in order to maintain an otherwise very difficult direct contact between the Board and the individual school districts.

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planning. The integrationists, however, arguing that public acceptance of the school pairings could have been achieved a good deal sooner had the Board simply imposed them, charged that the hearings were a typical delaying and buck-passing maneuver, intended to seek public confirmation for the Board's own reluctance to do anything. And indeed, a good number of these hearings, though by no means all, opened a Pandora's box of confusion, hysteria, and demagogy on both sides, while also providing a rallying ground for Parents and Taxpayers.

Another objection to the hearings was that in being deliberated district by district, the problem was again being taken out of the realm of city-wide planning: possibly, for example, the districts themselves might have to be reorganized or combined to create a workable school-pairing program. But if, on the other hand, the integration movement itself had any specific large-scale recommendations to make—beyond the one that there *be* large-scale recommendations—or any *specific* school pairings to propose, there is no printed public record of them anywhere. Reverend Milton A. Galamison, chairman of the Citywide Committee for Integrated Schools, defended his own refusal to make any concrete recommendations by saying that a limited program of school pairings was unsound anyway—all it would do was make certain people feel they were being used as guinea pigs. Clearly, however, Galamison was acting from the impulse to leave the details, like the statistical definition, of integration open for negotiation.

In December, the Board issued its promised new plan in the form of a report of 44 pages, many of which were taken up with a self-gratulatory description of what it had already done to foster integration. As for what it intended to do in the immediate future, the report announced one school pairing in Queens, a serious study of the possibility of two school pairings involving five elementary schools in Manhattan, and early-stage discussions of five other pairings (unspecified). Not surprisingly, the Citywide Committee responded to this report by announcing a school boycott—for February 3; and the rest of the movement (though not without an internecine battle centering around Rev. Galamison) announced its support for the Committee's action. In an attempt to forestall the boycott, the Board on January 29 presented yet another plan, this time a concrete one involving twenty pairings, ten of them to be accomplished by September 1965 and the remaining ten by September 1966; further changes would also be made in feeder patterns as well as many individual changes in school assignments to eliminate overcrowding—with the provision that the travel time involved in such reassignments must not exceed forty-five minutes. But this, too, was rejected by the integration movement as being too little, too tentative and halting, and too late; and so the boycott was held.

IN THE MEANTIME, virtually the entire white population of the city was being roused at least to pay attention to the problem of school integration and to define an attitude toward it. A hasty glance at the continuously growing mandate of Parents and Taxpayers* might make it appear that the attitude was mostly negative, but PAT, like all loose confederations that lend themselves easily to various political uses, is a rather difficult group to classify. There is some evidence that it has enjoyed a certain amount of Conservative party backing, but there is no reason whatever for suspecting its leadership, or the huge bulk of its membership, of having any connection with racist groups. PAT is opposed to all enforced transfer of pupils; it is in favor of all measures taken to improve conditions and standards of education in Negro schools. With such a program, it is obviously a most convenient agency for white parents to express their determination not to have their children sent away from local schools—whatever the leanings, political or otherwise, of those who had a hand in its organization.

Nor are the attitudes of white parents in New York so easy to classify as some Negro spokesmen have lately claimed. Like all handy coinages in an age of mass communication, "white backlash" has hardened into reification long before acquiring a precise meaning. When Rev. Galamison, who has been the most colorfully blunt-speaking leader in the integration movement, says that "Anyone who is opposed to busing is opposed to integration," he is technically correct, for integration is impossible without busing. But when he (in common with many others) implies that *all* opposition to busing stems from the unwillingness of whites to have their children attend school with Negroes, he is standing on shaky and dangerous ground. In Maspeth, Queens (where, it might be said, PAT was born), Negro children from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant had been attending school peacefully for some time,† and whatever may have been in the hearts of the white parents of Maspeth about the influx of these children into their schools, there was no overt agitation on their part until the announcement of the Malverne school pairing aroused the fear that they might be next, and that their children might be sent in turn into Bedford-Stuyvesant. From all the evidence we have, the only thing it seems fair to say is that most members of PAT,

* As of last May it was estimated by Mr. Frederick Reuss, chairman for Eastern Queens, that PAT had 750,000 members and supporters—a figure difficult either to confirm or deny.

† The Board of Education has been busing children from overcrowded schools in Bedford-Stuyvesant to underutilized schools in Queens *since 1958*.

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and most white parents in New York generally, will, happily or unhappily, accept the busing of Negro children into their schools but draw a very firm line at having their children bused into Negro schools.

This probably has less to do with the phenomenon of "white backlash" than with the difficulties of middle-class life in New York. Queens, the "suburban" borough, for instance, is full of settlements and communities and projects built since the war to which hundreds of thousands of young families from Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Manhattan were driven by a combination of need for better housing and a new, child-centered vision of the good life. They settled into their new "grassy" and "spacious" world only to discover that it was not so spacious, that transportation was inadequate, that commuting to work was uncomfortable, that social conditions were hardly as advertised, and that even the much-touted "good schools" which had been such an important enticement were—before they opened, many of them—miserably overcrowded, with huge classes and split sessions. Small wonder, then, that they face the prospect of any added difficulty with great resentment. In Manhattan, on the other hand, middle-class family life is being squeezed out altogether: people with moderate incomes and young children have received practically nothing from a huge wave of low-investment, quick-profit housing construction; they pay high taxes for services they can take very little advantage of; and they suffer an almost complete lack of public championship, being too well off to receive special public consideration and not rich enough to constitute a special center of power. Therefore, just as it was inevitable that the Negro battle for civic equality should have come to center on the schools, it was also inevitable that white resistance—for reasons having nothing to do with racial feelings *per se*—should have come to center on the schools: for white middle-class families, too, the schools are virtually the only civic institutions over which they feel themselves to have any direct power.

Nor is opposition to busing exclusive to whites. Though they are naturally not inclined to join an organization like PAT, and thus cannot be counted, it is clear that most Negro parents are also reluctant to have their children transported any great distance to school. Many Negro mothers work to support their families and depend on older children or neighbors to look after the little ones. The anxieties of a working mother who must leave her children all day to look after themselves are enormous; they can become intolerable when exacerbated by the thought that each day the children, too, will be taken far away to school. Who is to see that they arrive safely home? What is to be done if they should take sick in that distant neighborhood?

PAT mothers, of course—for all their ardent championing of the neighborhood school—are not nearly so concerned as the Negroes have reason to be with keeping their children physically close to home. In a city in which 400,000 children attend private and parochial schools outside their immediate neighborhoods, the idea of traveling to school by bus, even for great distances, cannot in itself be either novel or shocking. The real problem of school pairing for white parents is not that their children might have to travel, but where they might have to travel *to*. To put the matter as bluntly as possible, white parents do not want their children sent daily and alone to face the dangers—many imagined, some perhaps real—in Negro and Puerto Rican slums. And many Negro parents, in addition to the practical burden busing places on them, do not want *their* children sent daily and alone to face the dangers —many imagined, some perhaps real—awaiting them in alien white neighborhoods.

In any case, whatever else the February 3 boycott did or did not mean, it did succeed in dramatizing absolutely the firm intention of the Negro community to have *something* happen to the schools. From that point on, and until some lasting settlement was reached, the problem called school integration was clearly going to be everybody's business. On March 12, in response to the boycott, some 15,000 PAT members, most of them women, marched in front of City Hall through a snowstorm to demonstrate a firm intention of their own: that there be no cross-busing of children in the City of New York.

In the middle of all this, of course, stood the Board of Education—now everybody's enemy. And the Board did exactly what public officials who do not know what further to do can always be expected to do. It dumped the problem for a while elsewhere. A few days after the boycott, it requested the State Commissioner of Education to prepare an evaluation of its program and to make recommendations for additional steps that might be taken to integrate the schools.

IF EVEN AS early as 1954—and *a fortiori* as late as 1964—the problem of integration had been merely one of creating a particular racial balance in all the schools, it would sooner or later have been brought to a political settlement through the usual American process of accommodating group interests that come into conflict. But the problem in New York City is not and never has been primarily one of achieving racial balance. Nor—as even those who make the most extreme political gestures on both sides know—is the struggle one in which victories can be won by strictly political means.

In essence, most white parents are desperate about the prospect of having their schools paired with predominantly Negro/Puerto Rican schools for exactly the same reason that the Negro community is desperate to do away with non-white

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schools—because they are bad schools. They are bad schools because they have failed, because overwhelming numbers of their students have failed. And in their failure these schools constitute a threat not only to the level and morale of all public education in New York City, but to the very structure of the common belief in democratic education. Even in terms of the coldest expediency, these schools involve the interest of all.

It is ordinarily not so easy to say what one means by a bad school: theorists, after all, have found sufficient material with which to debate this question for decades. In 1953, when a delegation headed by Professor Kenneth Clark met with the Board of Education to complain about the condition of the schools in the Negro ghettos, their complaints had largely to do with such things as antiquated and inadequate facilities, understaffing, overcrowding, and other manifestations of general neglect. By now, after the Board has devoted a great deal of attention and money to the ghetto schools, and replaced twenty-six of them, these conditions have measurably (though not completely) improved. And still the schools are bad. They are bad simply by virtue of the fact that large numbers of their students are permitted to reach high school without having become more than technically literate.

Harlem may not be absolutely typical of all the city's Negro ghettos, but there is little reason to suppose that its schools are much different from those of the others. There are twenty elementary schools and four junior high schools in Central Harlem. On an average, the record of academic achievement in these schools shows a marked inferiority in the attainment of grade level; and what is worse, the children suffer a progressive deterioration with the passage of years. In reading comprehension, for example, from 13.2 to 39.6 per cent of the pupils in third grade are below grade level, while from 10 to 36.7 per cent are above, but by the sixth grade, from *60.4* to *93.5* per cent score below grade level, while a maximum of only 26.7 per cent score above. The figures are much the same for word knowledge and arithmetic.

When a student completes junior high school, he may receive a diploma, a certificate, or nothing. A diploma means that he has passed four major subjects, three minors, and has a reading level of 7. A certificate means that he has passed two majors, two minors, and has a reading level of 6. If he is very much over-age, he may go on to high school with neither. Only about half the students leaving the four Central Harlem junior high schools receive diplomas. These children are then thrust into high school—there being nothing else for them to do. And in high school, if the attitude of the surrounding society has conceivably left the matter to any further clarification, they must finally and forever experience their intellectual, and with it social, inferiority. So they will drop out—into a society already despairing to know what to do with even its educated youth—or remain to suffer, languish, make trouble, or all three.

Thus, it is perfectly clear that under the present educational system, poor Negro children in New York City have been largely unable to master the most basic academic skills—and it is just as clear that this cannot be attributed to any innate or natural inferiority. But how, one might ask, will a sixth-grader who cannot read or properly use his own language be served by being transported into another school where there are many more children who can? One answer of the integrationists—based on the highly dubious belief that the public schools really know how to teach this boy, and have just been unwilling to do so—is that in a "better" school he will improve. Another answer is that if he attends school with white children, society will no longer allow him to be neglected as it has in the past. But the very existence of the integration movement has already insured against such neglect: whether or not the Board of Education ever succeeds in enforcing a massive program of integration, Negro education has attained a point of absolute priority in the New York's public concern. Indeed, several integration spokesmen themselves have repeatedly asserted, although with ironic intention, that the demand for integration has everywhere resulted in intensive new programs to improve Negro schools.

WE ARE, THEN, still left with the question of whether integrated schools can do better by the many children who are being failed so badly by their segregated ghetto schools. But the question cannot be settled without determining the causes of that failure. Integrationists tell us that the ghetto child's inability to learn is related to the fact that he has middle-class white teachers who, out of indifference or hostility, begin with low expectations of his ability which in turn give him low expectations for himself. Teachers or representatives of teachers, on the other hand, tell us that the school cannot begin to exert a counterforce against his chaotic family life, the indifference of his parents to his achievement, or the inimical values of his peer group. On both sides of the argument, the children themselves seem to be forgotten, abstracted into all but oblivion by polemic and rhetoric.

No one who has spent any time in an ordinary classroom in an ordinary slum school can have failed to see that only a rare teacher can cope sympathetically with children whose lives or behavior or even language are alien to her. (It is, after all, even a rare teacher who can cope imaginatively with bright children, or with physically restless ones.) Slum schools undoubtedly have their quota of rare teachers, but they have not—

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though the Board of Education is taking steps to remedy this—had anything like a normal quota of experienced ones: the average level of experience for teachers in Harlem is three years, as compared to an average for the city as a whole of seven years. How important experience is, especially to the qualities of sympathy and imaginativeness, one cannot know: teaching is a tiring profession. But the high degree of turnover among teachers in Harlem schools suggests a low degree of ambition for dealing with special problems.

And the special problems are very real indeed. Many Negro children have no fathers, being either illegitimate or members of families deserted by the husband. A huge number of them have working mothers. They live in desperately crowded households in which only a minimal amount of attention can be allotted to them. They play in streets where dirt, violence, petty criminality, and the widespread use of narcotics are apt to be all around them. Since kindergarten attendance is not mandatory, many of them arrive in school at the age of six having had none of that educational experience—toys, books, trips—that is built into the very foundations of middle-class infancy. If they are reasonably healthy and remain reasonably untroublesome within their own homes, little more is demanded of them.

Now it is silly, and one of the more glaring brutalities of sociological description, to imagine that this is the condition of all children in a Negro ghetto, or even to imagine that for those whose condition it in fact is, there is no wide range of psychological and intellectual response to it. But such a description nevertheless evokes what is the present and visible social horizon—the taken-for-granted social possibility—for children in a Negro ghetto. What defines this possibility is not so much being Negro (that is what makes it only more cruelly demanding of resourcefulness to escape) as being poor—urban poor. It is not in the least amazing that when they come to the public school, with its primers and small-town primness and turn-of-the-century American piety, they find themselves in a hostile atmosphere—and withdraw. Moreover, within this atmosphere they must be given the tools that other schools depend on the home to provide: from something so elementary as the recognition of colors all the way to something so complex as the abstract means to express oneself. Whatever natural high spirits and curiosity they bring as babies into the primary grades are very quickly damped under instruction that takes little account of their own experience and that cannot figure out how to provide them with another kind of experience as real. By adolescence, when to withdrawal and suspicion is added the social knowledge that there was not much hope for them to begin with, bewilderment turns to cynicism.

Somewhere there must be a key for the translation of what the Negro ghetto child sees and knows into what he can learn anew. Paul Goodman, for instance, would argue that the key is to be found in the streets of the city in which he lives. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is even to be found in his own anxiety and bewilderment. "To argue that no classroom can be good without a white child in it," says the introduction to the report finally prepared by Commissioner Allen's office, "is inaccurate and cruel." It is probably still more cruel to fantasy that public education as it is now constituted—in any school—can give the "culturally deprived" Negro child what he needs to bring hope into his life.

Yet that is precisely what democratic public education must do—or lose its *raison d'être*. The question of the function of the public school has been somewhat distorted and confused, particularly in the big cities, by the peculiar history of modern American society. Because of the arrival and subsequent acculturation of immigrant group after immigrant group, the public school has come to be regarded as the instrument *par excellence* for Americanization: from which it has been thought to follow that the public school is the main agency for creating new members of the middle class. Yet while it has indeed taught successive waves of immigrants the language and official manners of the country, there is no evidence that the public school has ever succeeded in making anyone middle-class who was not already quite intensely involved in making himself so. There are no more immigrants to Americanize, except for the Puerto Ricans, who show every sign of going the way of their predecessors—more slowly perhaps, in a society no longer so open. The Negro challenge to the schools is a different, more primal one, transcending the accidents of a particular history and going straight to the heart of the original belief in mass education. This belief is based on the idea—to put it rather crudely—that innate talent and value are distributed among the rich and the poor in about equal proportions. The rich have always managed to educate themselves—and, of course, to provide some comfortable alternative for the ineducable among them. American society committed itself to undertaking this obligation to the poor. Now, as a result of the Northern metropolitan struggle for school integration, American society is being forced to confront that commitment directly.

THIS, in effect, was the message sent to the New York City Board of Education on May 12, 1964, when the State Education Commissioner's Advisory Committee on Human Relations and Community Tensions submitted the evaluation the Board had requested in February.* The re-

* The members of the Committee are John H. Fischer, President of Columbia's Teachers College; Professor Kenneth Clark; and Rabbi Judah Cahn.

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port has come to be known as the Allen Plan, and is an exciting document, rather more for its implications than its practical possibilities. The integrationists were certainly excited by it and instantly joined together, after months of disunity, to support it, even though it very flatly states that: "Total desegregation of all schools . . . is simply not attainable in the foreseeable future and neither planning nor pressure can change that fact," and even though it defines desegregation as anything less than a 90 per cent-10 per cent ratio on either side. The Plan makes several proposals, of which the three most immediately relevant are: (1) the establishment of pre-primary classes; (2) abolition of the junior high school and a division of the grades instead into three four-year schools—the primary school, the middle school, and the high school; and (3) the establishment of educational complexes, visualized as a cluster of elementary schools and one or two middle schools under a single administrator and sharing among them special staff, facilities, and programs.

Like many givers of radical advice, neither the Committee nor Commissioner Allen has stated where the money for putting these proposals into effect is to come from. By even the sketchy calculations of its creators, the Allen Plan would increase the annual school budget one-third, and yet in his rather more prosaic incarnation as Albany go-between, Mr. Allen has been notably ineffective in getting New York City the increases previously requested for the Board's own far more limited programs. The Allen Plan is exciting, then, not because it promises a happy or easy solution to the city's school problem, but because it locates that solution where it belongs—in the educational *process*.

As a result of the Allen Plan and the integrationist enthusiasm for it, in 1964-65, 4,500 ninth-graders who would normally still be attending Negro junior high schools will this year be transferred into 36 integrated high schools. Their places in the junior high schools will be taken by 5,800 sixth-graders from 44 elementary schools. And these schools in turn will be able to reduce the size of classes, expand their kindergarten programs, and establish pre-kindergartens. (Even so unglamorous a beginning will be expensive. Apart from the additional special staff needed for shifts in arrangements, it costs the Board eighty-eight cents a day for the transportation of each child relocated, whether by Open Enrollment, school pairing, or any other kind of adjustment. The new arrangement for sixth- and ninth-graders alone, then, will cost $10,000 a day.)

This month—the first September of several—may find the integration movement and the Board of Education at peace, for on June 18, the seven organizations that make up the movement agreed to support the Board for the coming year, and the Board on its side agreed to keep negotiation for all future planning open. But the Board must still face the opposition of PAT, which has now announced a boycott of its own, and which threatens a long course of litigation over the Board's right to transfer children involuntarily from their neighborhood schools. And with the racial turbulence that has finally erupted over other matters—after the "long hot summer"—white parents can be expected to be more adamant than ever about controlling the future disposition of their children.

At the moment it is impossible to predict what will be the outcome of the Board's new struggle: it depends on court decisions yet unissued, accommodations and spiritual adjustments yet unmade, and perhaps on developments in the city's social life that have nothing to do with schools. But the question has been posed and will never again be dropped: can the American public-school system find the means to teach *all* American children, and can American society find the means to value all the children so taught for the particular kind of people they turn out to be? It is a question that, though framed for our time by integrationists, goes far beyond the demands most of them have had to make. It is a question that goes, too, beyond our shameful history of race relations; for this can be assuaged by laws and softened by time. But nothing will ever assuage or soften the shame of wasting lively and vital children who get no chance at life but what society gives them.

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PAUL WINTER

THE TRIAL OF JESUS

THERE MAY still be people who think, or pretend to think, that no such person as Jesus of Nazareth ever existed. One hears them saying that the story of Jesus was invented to account for the emergence of a strange salvation myth, intended by those who invented it to bring hope to the oppressed masses living under the sway of imperial Rome. No doubt, there are in the New Testament mythical features, but the persons who figure in the story, Jesus and his disciples, are not mythical characters; they are historical persons. Jesus of Nazareth lived, and he died. He died on the cross.

This much, at least, is confirmed by two ancient historians, Josephus and Tacitus, both of whom record that Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judaea, condemned Jesus. Josephus explicitly mentions the mode of execution—crucifixion; Tacitus does not say in what manner the execution was carried out. However, neither the reason for the execution of Jesus nor the character of the penal proceedings which preceded it, is disclosed by either of the two historians, who, moreover, show a marked difference in their manner of referring to Jesus. Josephus, the Jew, speaks rather respectfully of him, calling him "a wise man," "a teacher of people."[1] By contrast, Tacitus, the aristocratic Roman, is full of scorn for one whom he considers to have been "the originator of a pernicious superstition," an agitator among barbarian orientals, and an enemy of the law and order introduced and upheld by Rome in a distant province. (He seems to connect the teachings of Jesus and the activities of Jesus's disciples after their master's death with the outbreak of the great Jewish revolt in the year 66.)

What we also know for a fact is where Jesus was arrested. Visitors to the Arab part of Jerusalem will be shown a grove on the Mount of Olives called "the Garden of the Agony." There, or somewhere not far from that place, Jesus was apprehended. He was then taken to the house of the Jewish high-priest, and from there, according to the Gospel of Luke, to the meeting-place of the Sanhedrin, the Jewish Council, before being handed over for trial to Pilate. We do not know where the high-priest's house stood. The locality shown by Jerusalem cicerones as "The House of Caiaphas" is certainly not the spot; it is the ruin of a large building from Byzantine times. As for the location of the Sanhedrin's meeting-place, we have conflicting reports; it seems, however, to have been situated on the Temple Mount, in the area known today as the Haram-esh-Sherif. And the residence of Pilate, when the governor stayed in Jerusalem for official or for private reasons, was the Herodian Palace which was located in the southwestern sector of the present-day walled city, near the Jaffa Gate.

We do not know the exact year of Jesus's death; nor do we know the day. All that is certain is that he was crucified while Pontius Pilate held office as Prefect of Judaea—that is,

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[1] Josephus, *Jewish Antiquities*, 18:63,64. Scholars are divided in their opinions on the authenticity of this passage. The text in our editions of the *Antiquities* certainly contains insertions which do not come from Josephus's own hand. The passage appears to have been tampered with by a Christian copyist, probably in the 3rd century. Nevertheless, there are good reasons for assuming that Josephus did relate the death of Jesus. When writing about James the Just (*Jewish Antiquities* 20:199, 200), Josephus casually mentions that James was the brother of "Jesus who is called Christ." It thus seems that Josephus, before he referred to James, had already informed his readers about Jesus. Furthermore, the *testimonium* displays features which can scarcely be attributed to a Christian interpolator. Jesus is here called "a wise man," a designation not in keeping with 3rd-century Christian notions about who and what Jesus was. The immediately following words, "if it is permissible to call him a man," may have been added; they show that the copyist felt uneasy about an expression Josephus had used. The *testimonium* distinguishes between the roles which the Jews and which the Romans played in Jesus's trial. It refers to an indictment that was drawn up by Jewish nobles, yet states that the death sentence was passed by the Roman governor. It was not customary for Christians in the 3rd century to make such fine distinctions; they flatly charged the Jews with responsibility for everything—arrest, trial, sentencing, and crucifixion. Ultimately, the adherents of Jesus are in the *testimonium* called "the tribe of Christians," a phrase not used of Christians by people who were Christians themselves, but credible in the mouth of a 1st-century Jew who was steeped in the Old Testament and would be accustomed to describing internal divisions within the body politic of the Jewish nation by the word "tribe."

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some time between 26 and 36 of the current era—and that his crucifixion took place shortly before or on the feast of Passover. Since Jesus is popularly supposed to have been born in the year 1, since the Gospel of Luke reports that he was approximately 30 years old when he began to preach, and since the Gospel of John seems to lend some support to the assumption that his preaching activities lasted three years, the year of his death has widely been thought to be 33. But all the premises on which this calculation is based are wrong. In recent times, the year 30 has been suggested by an increasing number of scholars, notably continental Roman Catholic scholars, but I believe that we have to go still further back, to 29 or even 28.

Three arguments favor this earlier dating. First of all, a 2nd-century tradition, preserved by Clement of Alexandria, states that Jesus died forty-two years before the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus—that is, in 28. Secondly, Josephus places the crucifixion among those events which occurred close to the beginning of Pilate's governorship. The third reason, and in my opinion the decisive one, for dating the crucifixion before the year 30, lies in the chronology of the Apostle Paul's missionary travels. Fourteen years after his conversion, Paul attended what is traditionally called the "Council of Jerusalem," a meeting of the elders of the Church which is believed to have taken place during the reign of Agrippa I. If this Council met as late as the year of Agrippa's death, 44, Paul's conversion would fall somewhere around the year 30. Paul was not one of the original disciples of Jesus, but on the contrary an opponent of the messianist sect whose members he is said to have persecuted in the beginning. Hence, we must assume that some time elapsed between the death of Jesus and Paul's conversion. How long this time was, we do not know. But it pushes the year of Jesus's crucifixion back before 30.

We do not know the exact day. The fact that all four Gospels place the trial either on the eve of Passover or on the day of the actual festival, makes it virtually a certainty that Jesus was arrested and tried around that time, but it might well have been a few days earlier or later. It would appear that one group of his followers drew a comparison between the death of Jesus and he slaying of the paschal lamb, and therefore had the moment of the crucifixion coincide with that event. This tradition, mentioned already by the Apostle Paul, was preserved by John, who dates the crucifixion on the fourteenth of Nisan. Another early group of Christians connected the festive Passover meal, the *seder*, with the establishment of the New Covenant, the institution of the Eucharist, and to allow Jesus to partake of the *seder*, his crucifixion had to be dated after it. This tradition influenced the Marcan dating. Since both datings are inspired by religious motivation, there is little to choose between them from the historian's point of view. All we can say for sure is that the trial and subsequent crucifixion fell on a day close to the Passover.

ALL FOUR Gospels report that Jesus was arrested at night. According to Mark, Matthew, and Luke, his arrest was carried out by a team, some men being armed with swords, others with staves or cudgels. According to John, the arrest was carried out by a detachment of soldiers under the command of a Roman officer, and accompanied by Jewish policemen. At first sight, these reports conflict with each other, but the conflict is resolved if we remember that Roman soldiers carried swords, while the Jewish police carried batons. Thus the men who are mentioned in Mark as having been armed with staves are Jewish policemen, while those members of the crowd whom Mark describes as carrying swords are identical with the detachment that is specified as a cohort of soldiers by John.

Mark, we must remember, was written in Rome, at a time when Christians were exposed to attack by the Roman mob, and were subject to suspicion on the part of Roman officials. Therefore, the evangelist may well have had cogent reasons for not wishing to draw attention to the fact that Jesus had been arrested by Roman soldiers or mercenaries in the service of Rome; and this may well have made him substitute the vague and colorless expression "a crowd with swords" for the more definite designation of his source—a source which still comes to the fore in the Johannine account. Jesus was arrested by Roman soldiers who were accompanied, probably as guides, by some Jewish policemen.

None of the evangelists tells us in plain language the reason for the arrest. But Mark, Matthew, and Luke reproduce the gist of a conversation which Jesus is reported to have held with the people who came to arrest him: "You have come," Jesus complains, "with swords and batons to arrest me as a rebel. I stayed with you in the daytime [or daily] on the Temple Hill and I taught. You did not arrest me then."[2] The Greek word which the synoptic evangelists use *(leeistees)* can be and usually is translated "robber" as well as "rebel." In the 1st century, however, this term was not exclusively used of bandits, but was applied to persons who in any of the Roman provinces resorted to armed resistance against Roman rule. In Roman eyes such people were bandits, robbers; in the people's estimate of themselves, they were patriots, perhaps guerrillas, partisans, freedom fighters. When Jesus, on the Mount of Olives, said to those who were taking him into custody, "You come with swords and batons to arrest me as a rebel. Was I not with you, teaching openly in the light of day?"—he was defending himself by asserting his peaceful

[2] Mark 14:48, 49; Matthew 26:55; Luke 22:52, 53.

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aims as a teacher. In Pilate's court, the charge was the same as that for which he had been arrested: he was accused of being "King of the Jews." And the cause for which he was sentenced to crucifixion was again the same, as the inscription on the cross confirms. Jesus was arrested by Roman troops as a Jewish rebel.

After his arrest, Jesus was brought to the house of the Jewish high-priest. All four Gospels agree on this. But why was he not immediately taken to the Jewish law court? Because it was night, and the court was closed. Then why was he not immediately taken to the Roman prison? Because a preliminary investigation was required for which the Romans used local officials, Jews, who, by reason of their knowledge of the local conditions and language, were better equipped to carry out any necessary inquiries. Up to the moment when Jesus arrived in the house of the high-priest, the four reports of the Gospels are more or less in agreement; from that moment on, they differ profoundly in their accounts of the proceedings. According to John, Jesus was led to Annas, who interrogated him privately. There is no accusation, no witnesses are heard, no court assembles. It is a private conversation, or at the most a preliminary hearing. In the morning Jesus is sent, via Caiaphas, to the procurator Pontius Pilate. Thus, in John's account, no Jewish law court deals with the case. Yet at the very time at which John presents Jesus as conversing with Annas, Mark and Matthew arrange for him to be tried in a plenary session by the whole Sanhedrin. Mark does not mention the name of the presiding high-priest; Matthew gives his name as Caiaphas. The Sanhedrin meets at night in the high-priest's house—surprisingly, for this body, as the Parliament cum High Court of the Jewish nation, had a meeting-place of its own, its proper Council Hall, and there exists no record besides the accounts of Mark and Matthew from which it might be guessed that it ever met in a high-priest's residence to hold its consultations; especially not at night, and not on a feast day. Nevertheless, according to Mark and Matthew, Jesus is tried before an official session of the Council held in the high-priest's residence; witnesses are examined, their testimony is dismissed; Jesus is then closely interrogated by the presiding high-priest, convicted on his self-incriminatory reply—without corroboration—by all the assembled councilors, and sentenced to death for the crime of blasphemy.

Luke has nothing of that. No session of the Sanhedrin takes place at night. Jesus spends the rest of the night in the custody of the guards who had arrested him.

Early in the morning the Sanhedrin convenes—for the second time, according to Mark and Matthew; for the first time according to Luke; John reports nothing of a session. From the Lucan wording it can be concluded that the morning session of the Sanhedrin was held in a locality other than the place where Jesus had been detained during the night. At their morning session the Jewish councilors decide to conduct Jesus to Pilate, to be tried by the Roman authority.

HERE WE are faced with a problem. If Jesus, as Mark and Matthew have it, was sentenced during an earlier session by the Sanhedrin, we would expect to find a reference to the verdict in the report of the Sanhedrin's second meeting. No word of it. As if they have forgotten that they themselves had sentenced Jesus for the crime of blasphemy, the Jewish magistrates hand Jesus over to Pilate for trial, on another charge—the charge, it turns out, on which he had been arrested in the first place! Pilate is not asked to confirm a sentence for blasphemy; he is not even told that Jesus has been tried and found guilty of such an offense; and he acts throughout as a magistrate who is presiding over the first stage of judicial proceedings, not as one who has been called to confirm a sentence passed by some other court of law. He demands to know whether Jesus has claimed to be the king of the Jews. The reply of Jesus, "You have said it," may be taken as an affirmation, though there are scholars who dispute this. In any case, it is not a direct reply.

All four Gospels agree that Jesus appeared before Pilate in the early morning. It must have been at a very early hour indeed, if the Marcan statement that Jesus was crucified at 9 A.M.[3] is correct. For even if we leave out the amplification of the trial scenes in Luke and John, Mark himself places quite a few events between the examination of Jesus by Pilate and the execution: a protracted parley with the accusers, Pilate's indecision, the Barabbas episode, the clamor of the mob, the death sentence, the scourging and the mockery of Jesus, the journey to the place of execution outside Jerusalem. Such early preparedness on the governor's part to sit in judgment would have been impossible unless Pilate had been given prior knowledge that his presence would be required in the court. The early hour thus tends to confirm the reliability of the Johannine report concerning the arrest of Jesus by military personnel under the command of a Roman officer.

The evangelists—all four of them—describe Pilate as convinced of Jesus's innocence and anxious to acquit him. But instead of using his supreme authority as the highest judge and governor of the province, and simply passing a verdict of acquittal, Pilate offers to let Jesus go as an act of grace. The Gospels refer to a habit of Pilate, or a Jewish custom, of releasing a prisoner on the Passover; in accordance with this, Pilate asks the Jews whether he should release Jesus or another prisoner called Barabbas. Here the evan-

[3] Mark 15:25.

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gelists actually contradict themselves. On the one hand, they say that the Jewish citizens of Jerusalem were free to demand the release of *any one* prisoner; on the other hand, they report that Pilate limited the people's choice by offering them only the alternative of freeing Jesus or Barabbas. We read later on in the Gospels that Jesus was not crucified alone, but together with two other men. Hence when Jesus stood before Pilate there must have been at least two more accused or condemned men in the governor's custody. If the Jews of Jerusalem were free to demand the release of any prisoner, why should Pilate have limited them to Jesus or Barabbas? In actual fact, no custom of releasing a prisoner at the Passover season ever existed, either in Jewish or in Roman law. Barabbas, however, seems to have been a historical person, though "Barabbas" is only part of his name. There exist Gospel codices which give the name in full as *Jesus bar Abba*. If two persons, both called Jesus, had been arrested instead of one, the Roman magistrate might have asked which of the two was to be tried. In that case, endeavoring to present Pilate as being favorably disposed toward Jesus, the writer of the Second Gospel might have construed the Barabbas episode as we have it in his book, making it appear that the governor was not asking about the identity of the accused, but rather offering one of the two for pardon: "Which one of the two shall I release, Jesus who is called Bar Abba or Jesus who is called Messiah?" Yet Pilate had no need to resort to a presumed paschal custom of granting amnesty; nor did he have any reason to leave the decision to the crowd. He was the judge. If he found Jesus to be guiltless, and the stubborn Jews insisted that Barabbas should be granted a pardon, all Pilate had to do was pronounce Jesus innocent and release him along with Barabbas. Nobody in Jerusalem—no high-priest nor any other Jew—could have prevented the imperial governor from setting Jesus free, if he had ever been inclined to do so.

The evangelists, however, report that Pilate's kindly gesture to set Jesus free by an act of grace proved of no avail. The Jews prefer Barabbas. He is released and the proceedings of the court come to an end.

IF WE WISH to understand what lies behind this version of the story, we have to remind ourselves once again that Mark—the oldest Gospel, though the second in the Canon—was written in Rome at a time (around the year 70 of the current era) when the small community of Christians living there was in constant danger of persecution. Already in the 40's, Christian missionary preaching had provoked the Emperor Claudius to expel all Jews from the capital city, those who believed that the Messiah had appeared and those who did not share such a belief (the Romans were as yet unable to distinguish between messianist Jews—that is, Christians—and other Jews), and in Nero's reign the persecution of the Christians took an even grimmer form. Since Mark was composed either at the end of Nero's reign or shortly afterward, the evangelist had every reason to try to ingratiate himself and his co-religionists with the Romans. The fact that Jesus had been sentenced to the cross by Pilate—a death penalty which carried opprobrium in Roman eyes, as being reserved for the most heinous crimes, and for slaves and despised foreigners—could not be concealed. But the evangelist could portray Pilate as having been unwilling to pass a death sentence and as having recognized the innocence of the man whom Christians now worshipped. For this purpose Pilate had to be presented as acting under Jewish pressure against his own better conviction. The evangelist's tendency was not "anti-Semitic," as some might say; it was defensive and apologetic. He was concerned with promoting the fortunes of his little group, and was anxious to avoid suspicion and counter hostility on the part of the authorities. Accordingly, he presented the Roman authority of Jesus's own day, Pontius Pilate, as professing that he had found "no fault in this man." The writer of the Second Gospel and those who came after him never realized what results this shift in the responsibility for Jesus's crucifixion would have in future generations.

In this connection, it is instructive to look at how the various evangelists refer to the governor's final decision. Not one of them is prepared to state plainly that a sentence of death was passed on Jesus by the Roman magistrate. In Mark and Matthew we read that "Pilate delivered Jesus to be crucified"—an oblique manner of reporting a judicial verdict. Luke and John are even more reticent. The former states that Pilate gave in to the demand of the Jews and allowed Jesus to be crucified, while the latter goes so far as to say that Pilate relinquished Jesus to the Jews who themselves took him away and crucified him. All the evangelists are at pains to avoid putting on record the passing of a death sentence by the Roman magistrate. But the fact remains that crucifixion was a Roman punishment, not a Jewish one.

Jesus is crucified, according to Mark at nine o'clock in the morning, according to John in the late afternoon. Together with him two other prisoners are executed by crucifixion, of whose trial and sentencing the New Testament gives no information. But there is one small, perhaps significant, detail: the two men are designated as *leeistai*, rebels—the same appellation which is applied to Jesus in the synoptists' account of his arrest. On Pilate's order, an inscription is attached to the cross stating the reason, the *causa*, or *aitia*, for pronouncing the death sentence. This inscription reads: "King of the Jews." In the tangled mass of evangelical accounts of Jesus's trial, one

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point stands out with clarity: he was arrested as "a rebel," accused before Pilate as "King of the Jews," found guilty as such, and executed as such. None of the later accretions which in the Gospels overlay the original primitive account, and none of the editorial modifications from the hands of successive evangelists, can hide or disguise the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was arrested, accused, tried, sentenced, and executed on a charge of insurrection against Roman rule in Judaea.

CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS, Catholic and Protestant, generally do not dispute this. But many of them, the great majority perhaps, will say that the political accusation was a "trumped-up charge," invented by the Jewish authorities of the day who had found Jesus "worthy of death" for religious reasons, but who could not act on their own authority because while the Sanhedrin had the right to pass sentences of death, it had no right to carry out such sentences. This argument is faulty. At the time when Judaea was under procuratorial rule, from the year 6 to the year 66 C.E., Jewish law courts *did* pass death sentences upon Jewish inhabitants of Israel, and *did* carry out such sentences on their own authority, without referring the cases to the Roman political administrator of the country.

There is evidence for this in the New Testament itself. The Acts of the Apostles (a book which has as its subject the growth of Christianity in the first three decades or so after Jesus's death) mentions several cases in which the Sanhedrin either intended to exercise its power to pass and carry out capital sentences, or actually did so. For example, there is the description[4] of how Stephen, denounced for his preaching, was brought before the Jewish magistrates, led into the courthouse for his trial and, after being taken out again, was immediately carried off to his execution. He was executed in the Jewish manner, by stoning, in strict accordance with Jewish law as laid down in Deuteronomy.[5]

Certain exegetes explain away the execution of Stephen on the Sanhedrin's orders as an irregularity, an illegal act of lynching carried out by an excited mob. But these exegetes commit the error of concentrating primarily on the contents of the so-called "Speech of Stephen" to his judges[6] instead of on the factual account of how Stephen was taken into the Sanhedrin's council-hall and executed after he re-emerged. The author of the Acts of the Apostles was in a position to obtain factual information only concerning what happened before Stephen was taken to the courthouse and what happened after he left it. He had no minutes of the court proceedings, no information about what went on inside the council-hall, and knew nothing of what Stephen might have said to his judges. The diatribe he attributes to Stephen is not a defense plea; it bears no connection with the case at all; and except for the additional final words[7] is not even "Christian" in its content. It is a violent denunciation of the Temple ritual—and Jewish Christians took part in the Temple cult until the Temple was destroyed in the year 70—such as might possibly have originated among members of the pre-Christian Dead Sea Covenanters or a kindred Jewish group. The writer of the Acts could have found some transcript of a homily with an anti-cultic tenor, restyled and adapted it, and then used this material to amplify and enliven his meagre account of the trial of Stephen.[8]

Once we recognize that what the Acts presents as Stephen's speech is in no way a transcript of the actual words Stephen said to his judges, we shall not fall into the error of contending that Stephen so enraged his audience by this speech that they seized him and carried him off to be stoned without awaiting the court's proper verdict. Stephen was not stoned by an excited mob. He was executed in pursuance of a legal sentence, legally passed by a court competent to try him.

Another reference to the Sanhedrin's power to pass and carry out sentences of death is in Acts 5:27,33, where it is reported that the Sanhedrin, when investigating the activities of some of Jesus's disciples, intended to sentence them to death and execute them. According to the Acts, the Jewish councilors were persuaded to abstain from carrying out this intention by Gamaliel's counsel of moderation.[9]

In chapters 13-26 of the Acts, we also have an account of a conflict of competence between the Jewish and the Roman authorities concerning the question as to whether the Apostle Paul—a Roman citizen!—ought to be tried by a Jewish or a Roman court. Acts 26:10 puts the following declaration on the lips of Paul: "On the authority of the senior priests, I sent many of the saints [Christians] to prison. When they were put to death, I cast my vote against them." The relevant point, when appraising the significance of this declaration, is not whether Paul actually uttered these words or not. Nor does it matter much whether the statement here ascribed to him is historically correct. Of significance is the fact that the author of the Acts, writing in the latter part of the 1st century, had Paul make this statement. If jurisdiction in capital cases was in Judaea reserved to the Roman governor, it would have been common knowledge among the readers of the Acts of the Apostles that Jewish criminal courts had no right to carry out capital sentences and that Paul the Apostle could not have taken

[4] Acts 6:12-7:59.
[5] Acts 7:58b; compare Deuteronomy 17:5-27.
[6] Acts 7:2-53, 56.
[7] Acts 7:56.
[8] Compare my remarks in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, Vol. 82, 1961, columns 790-792.
[9] Acts 5:34-40.

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part in proceedings of this sort. Would the author of the Acts have deliberately invited contradiction by attributing a statement to Paul that his readers must have known to be incorrect?

EVEN IN LATER centuries, several Fathers of the Church preserved knowledge of the fact that in the time of Jesus Jewish law courts in Judaea exercised unlimited jurisdiction over Jews who were being tried for capital offenses. Origen describes the condition of the Jewish judiciary after the year 70, and explains that it lost its capital jurisdiction as a result of the victory of Roman arms in that year.[10] In another passage,[11] Origen mentions that Jewish law courts continued to administer the death penalty even after the year 70, but were now compelled to do so clandestinely in order not to risk a conflict with the Roman rulers whom they were defying.

Origen wrote in the early 3rd century. Still later, Augustine of Hippo, when commenting on the passage of the Fourth Gospel which denies the Jewish leaders any right to carry out sentences of death,[12] offers the following explanation: "This is to be understood in the sense that the Jews could not carry out an execution because they were celebrating a festival."[13] Thus according to Augustine, the Jews of Jesus's time were not deprived of the right to put sentences of death into effect; they voluntarily refrained from exercising it on a holy day. John Chrysostom of Antioch has the same explanation.[14]

Those who contend that the Sanhedrin lacked the power to administer the death sentence it is alleged to have passed on Jesus[15] are therefore giving inadequate weight to the evidence which the New Testament itself provides. What is more, they fail to draw the logical conclusion from their argument when they maintain that the Sanhedrin was authorized to pass a sentence of death, yet not authorized to carry out this sentence without endorsement from the Roman procurator. For if it were indeed the procurator's duty to confirm or set aside a death sentence passed by a Jewish court, he would have been required to review the case in terms of Jewish law—the law that had been applied by the inferior court when passing sentence. Unless the procurator were an expert in the procedures and substance of Jewish law, it would have been quite impossible for him to do this. The Romans, however, true to their maxim not to become embroiled in the religious affairs of other nations, did permit the Sanhedrin jurisdiction in all cases, including capital ones, where Jewish religious law came into question.

But even supposing that the Jews were prevented by constitutional limitations from putting into effect a death sentence which they had passed on religious grounds, they would still not have needed to invent a political charge of sedition. It is ridiculous to assert, as some quasi-scholars do, that Pontius Pilate would have taken no cognizance of an accusation on religious grounds, that he might have "shrugged his shoulders" if the representatives of the Sanhedrin had asked him to confirm a sentence passed for blasphemy. When Rome took over the political administration of Judaea (at the wish of the Jews themselves, who hoped to enjoy a greater measure of autonomy under Roman dominion than they had done under the misgovernment of the Herodian dynasty), the Emperor recognized Rome's obligation to uphold the ancestral Jewish law and religion in the country. And Roman law provided the death sentence for religious offenses. We know from Josephus that a Roman procurator sentenced a Roman soldier to death because that soldier had shown disrespect for a scroll of the Torah.[16] In other words, the Jewish religion, to use a modern expression, was "the religion of the State" in Judaea, even in procuratorial times. Hence, supposing that the Sanhedrin was not in a position to put into effect its own judgment and therefore referred Jesus's case to Pilate, the Jewish councilors could simply have accused Jews of a religious offense.

IT MAY BE argued—and not without justification—that the charge of sedition on which Jesus was tried and executed was made by his enemies, Jewish or Roman, and that it says nothing about his own aims or of the state of his own mind. Owing to their nature and their origin, the Gospels are unsuitable as documents that would allow access to the mind of Jesus. The Gospels do contain, however, traditions of undeniably Christian origin which assert a claim to kingship on behalf of Jesus. In two of the Gospels, for instance, we find the genealogies of Jesus, intended to trace back his descent to David[17] and thus establish the legitimacy of his royal right as David's heir. In one Gospel, we find the solemn announcement of Jesus's birth, made by an angel, who promises Mary that Jesus will inherit his royal ancestor's throne and reign over the house of Jacob. In two of the Gospels, we find on Jesus's lips a declaration to his twelve disciples that they will sit on thrones

[10] Origen, *Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* 6:7 (Patrologia Graeca, Vol. 14, columns 1072, 1075).

[11] Origen, *Letter to Africanus* 14 (Patrologia Graeca, Vol. 2, column 84).

[12] John 18:31.

[13] Augustine, *On John*, Tractate CXIV 4 (Patrologia Latina, Vol. 35, column 1937).

[14] Chrysostom, *Homilies on John*, LXXXIII 4 (Patrologia Graeca, Vol. 59, column 452).

[15] Mark 14:64b; Matthew 26:66.

[16] Josephus, *The Jewish War* 2:231. For similar instances of Roman deference to the susceptibilities of the Jewish population, see *The Jewish War* 3:246 and *Antiquities* 20:136.

[17] Matthew 1:1-16; Luke 3:23-31. The two "family trees" were manifestly revised before being incorporated into the Gospels. In the evangelists' presentation, the line of Jesus's descent from David is broken (in Matthew 1:16 and Luke 3:23) as a result of rewording.

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and judge the tribes of Israel. In one of the Gospels we also read that Jesus's followers, after the shattering experience of their master's death, voiced their despair in the words, "We had hoped that it would be he who comes to redeem Israel."

Now the Gospels (all written two and three generations after the death of Jesus) reflect a great variety of traditions that developed in different surroundings and at different times. These traditions express divergent concepts of the character and function which various groups of people, all in some way attached to the memory of Jesus, assigned to him. The clearest indication of the differences in their outlook lies in the titular designations they gave to him. Sometimes he is called "teacher," sometimes "the Son of Man," sometimes "the Prophet," sometimes "the Son of David," sometimes "the Messiah (Christ)," sometimes "the Son of God"; he is also called by several other names. These titles are by no means synonymous. Each describes a distinct social status or a specific theological concept, pointing to a different role in the eschatological drama of history which the followers of Jesus expected to unfold.

The title which in due course came to supplant all the others is, of course, *christos* ("Christ" in English) which is Greek for the Hebrew "Messiah," meaning "The Anointed One." Anointing was in ancient Jewish custom the formal act of investing the holder of the highest office in the Jewish polity with authority over those under his command, the act by which his legitimate appointment to the leadership of the nation was made known to one and all. What coronation is in British constitutional law, anointing was in Jewish law. The Anointed One, the Messiah, the Christ, was thus a title of honor, due to the highest functionary of the Jewish state. By the time of the Apostle Paul, however, the concept of messiahship, or rather christhood, had already advanced far beyond its primary connotation and toward the meaning which it now holds for Christians, denoting to them a Being of supra-historical significance and of transcendent character. This change resulted—to simplify a complex process—from the gradual amalgamation of two distinct eschatological concepts which were in vogue among Jews in the New Testament era: the expectation of a messiah who would re-establish Israel's political independence; and the expectation of the coming of the Son of Man, a mythical figure who would restore man to the primordial glory that was his before Adam fell from the friendship of God. A certain group of Jews, who believed that Jesus of Nazareth would take on a paramount role in the impending last act of human history, thought and spoke of him as the *Messiah;* another group of Jews, no less convinced of Jesus's vocation, thought of him in terms of the apocalyptic *Son of Man*. The two groups mixed, their members coalesced, and the combined group continued to use for their cult-hero the designation "Christ" (a title borrowed from legal-political terminology) while now attributing to the Christ the characteristics and functions of the transcendent, supra-historical Son of Man. The spread of Christianity to parts beyond Galilee and Judaea and the influx of converts with pagan antecedents accelerated the process of change, for to converts from the Gentile world the primary meaning of the word "Christ-Messiah" was unknown. There is already in the New Testament, the Gospels as well as the Epistles, a difference between what Christians meant when they used the expression "Christ," and what "Messiah" meant in Jewish usage. Yet the fact that certain of his followers chose the title "Messiah" for him, and that their choice prevailed over others, indicates that an influential section among the early Christian fellowship connected with their belief in Jesus the expectation of political independence from foreign domination. In no other way can their choice of the title "Messiah" or "Christ" be explained.

But if the Gospels make it clear that it was Christians who harbored hopes of Israel's emancipation from political subjection, of re-establishment of the ancient Jewish dynasty, and who believed that the final triumph of Israel over Rome would be the triumph of Good over Evil, the victory of God over Satan—the Gospels do not tell us whether the hope arose in the lifetime of Jesus or only after the disciples' experience at Easter. We can say without hestitation that Jesus's followers cherished aspirations of Jewish national independence. We cannot say whether they were encouraged to such aspirations by Jesus himself. Only what his followers hoped, what they thought and expected, finds expression in the Gospels. What Jesus himself thought, what his aims were, what he asserted or what he expected, we simply do not know.

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GEORGE LICHTHEIM

GERMAN DIARY

Frankfurt am Main, May: Goethe's native city for the past five months has been the locale of the long-delayed Auschwitz trial, and since February this has been capped by the regular performance at the local municipal theater of Hochhuth's *The Deputy* (here known, of course, as *Der Stellvertreter*). The city has a long liberal tradition, a Social Democratic administration, and one of the best universities in the country (founded by the Mertons, originally a Jewish clan but eventually assimilated, by way of intermarriage, into the nobility). After 1933, the *Merton Strasse* commemorating the family's connection with the University had its name changed, but this is now forgotten. Frankfurt is proud of the Mertons. It is even proud of its Jews in general. The local daily, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine,* is only a shadow of the great pre-Hitler organ of liberalism, the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* whose contributors included practically the whole intellectual Establishment; but such as it is, it is still the country's leading newspaper and a dignified journal by any standards. It is no longer quite so liberal, nor so intellectual, but it maintains a creditable level. When Hochhuth's drama was first performed in Berlin, on that now famous 21st of February 1963, the Frankfurt paper's theatrical critic jumped into the breach with an enthusiasm that doubtless helped to prepare the ground for the play's attentive reception on the banks of the river Main. As for the *Frankfurter Hefte,* the monthly organ of the Catholic intelligentsia, it is clearly modeled on such French journals as *Esprit* and *Témoignage Chrétien,* which for years have given pain to the *bien-pensants*: its politics are resolutely Christian-Socialist, and it even prints contributions from professed Marxists.

For all this sophistication, it does not take the visitor long to discover that Frankfurt is very much part of the new postwar Germany which has arisen on the ruins of the Third Reich. It is basically a conservative and conformist society, with a few tolerated outlets for the left-wing intelligentsia: chiefly in the field of literature. The Social Democrats, though the official Opposition at the Federal level, are in fact part of the Establishment, which explains both why German politics are dull (there is no *real* Opposition) and why they have become respectable (extremism of any kind is frowned upon). Frankfurt is peculiar only in having burst its ancient boundaries and acquired a new glitter, along with a traffic density unsurpassed even in the Ruhr. It used to be agreeably patrician and leisurely, though as far back as 1800 Goethe complained about the noise and the crowds (there were then about 20,000 inhabitants, which he thought was far too much). In the early decades of the present century it was already a great commercial center, but of the pre-industrial kind. The local patriciate (many of them Jews), clung to free trade and classical liberalism longer than the bulk of the German bourgeoisie. Hence, in part, the peculiar flavor of the old *Frankfurter Zeitung*: the famous daily founded by Leopold Sonnemann was perhaps the nearest thing Germany has ever had to a paper like the Manchester *Guardian*. In recent decades the city has swelled (to about 800,000), become a center of the chemical industry, and acquired the customary external signs of modernity: noise, neon lights, heavy motor traffic, and functional architecture. At one time pleasantly bourgeois, leisured, and agreeable to the stroller, it is now indistinguishable from any other German conurbation. One can still sit in an open-air restaurant over a bottle of wine, but then on the Continent this style of existence is almost part of the climate. What Frankfurt has lost is something more subtle, and probably connected with the departure of that section of its inhabitants whose fate during the Hitler years is now the subject of the two aforementioned public spectacles: the Auschwitz trial and *The Deputy*.

It may seem odd to mention both in the same breath, but in Frankfurt this is constantly done. It is part of the ritual of expurgation to which the intellectuals have subjected both themselves and that part of the younger generation whom they can reach: chiefly a minority of students. By common consent, it is these youngsters on whom the hope of a better Germany rests. Their elders are past praying for. Not that many of them were actively engaged in the activities which have now set the cumbersome legal machinery in motion against a few surviving Nazi

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functionaries; but their general attitude since the war has been a resolute attempt to forget all about it. In Frankfurt this is made difficult by the fact that the Jews once formed so important a section of the middle class, but that is now a matter for the history books. The few survivors have what the Germans call *Seltenheitswert*—they are rarities, and prized accordingly, at any rate in principle. A considerable fuss is also made over the handful of former exiles who have returned from abroad. They include some noted scholars, and in their case pride and relief at their return is added to the theme of *Denkmalsschutz* (protection of ancient monuments) from which, in the ironical local phrase, Jews are supposed to benefit collectively.

All these subterranean factors come together in the reporting of the Auschwitz trial, which has been dragging its slow length along since December, much to the irritation of the local citizens who resent the choice of locale. Why Frankfurt of all places? The simple answer is, because the *Generalstaatsanwalt* of the *Land* of Hesse, of which Frankfurt is the capital, is a determined man, and—like most of his colleagues in the *Land* administration—a Social Democrat. Being a kind of State Prosecutor (one has to remember that West Germany really does have a federal constitution, and a lot of functions devolve on the *Laender*), he was in a position to press for a trial, and after years of lengthy preparation, and the patient assembling of a mountain of evidence, Dr. Bauer and his staff were finally able to set the machinery in motion. The result so far has fallen somewhat short of a spiritual catharsis, even though the public galleries are crammed with young people who listen dumbfounded to a recital of horrors concerning which their school textbooks had given them only a very faint notion. For even in Social-Democratic Hesse—one of the *Laender* where an attempt has been made to weed out the old teachers and textbooks—the prevailing atmosphere does not encourage profound soul-searching. The local administration is decent and does its best, which is somewhat less than sensational. For the rest, its chief energies, as elsewhere, go into things like housing, public services, and politics *tout court*. The citizenry, swollen by hundreds of thousands of postwar expellees from the East, is fully occupied with its daily worries, and not inclined to cast its mind back to what it considers the distant past. This leaves the clergy, the professors, a few writers, and the students. When one talks of "public opinion," one means this stratum, but it is pretty thin.

The press, of course, reports the trial, just as it reports the presentation of *The Deputy*. But thereby hangs a tale. In the 1920's, some years before the Weimar Republic collapsed, something important collapsed locally: the proud old *Frankfurter Zeitung* was sold by the heirs of Leopold Sonnemann to the chemical trust, the I.G. Farben. The transaction remained secret for a while, and the editors—mostly Jews and lifelong liberals—were kept on, save for one or two who had been unduly critical of corporate management. After 1933, of course, there had to be a purge, but for a few years the paper preserved a certain degree of independence; so did its owners, the I.G. Farben. During the war, the Farben empire expanded into the conquered countries along with the rest of German industry, took over a good deal of "Aryanized" Jewish property, and finally made a heavy investment in synthetic rubber plants at Auschwitz. There was a kind of "I.G. Auschwitz," run of course by the SS, but in close cooperation with the Farben directorate. The investment in the end came to something like 700 million marks (175 million dollars), and about 35,000 Auschwitz camp inmates passed through the Buna synthetic rubber plant of whom some 25,000 died—the life expectancy of a Jewish inmate at "I.G. Auschwitz" being three to four months (in the outlying coal mines, according to the standard work on the subject, it was one month). Without going into details, it may be said that the chemical trust had a considerable stake in Auschwitz, though it does not follow that all its directors positively welcomed the "elimination of the unfit" in the neighboring extermination camps—after all, what they wanted was workers, not corpses. This peculiar industrial concentration camp was the subject of legal proceedings after the war, when a few survivors claimed compensation from Farben. In the current Frankfurt trial, this aspect of the matter does not occupy the center of the proceedings, and somehow the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has not made a great deal of it.

FRANKFURT itself was heavily bombed during the war: notably the Old City (including the Goethe House, since restored). On the other hand, the great chemical works on the outskirts escaped virtually undamaged: either the Allied pilots found it easier to drop their bombs over the city center, or else they had instructions to leave the works alone. This last seems improbable, but there are people in Frankfurt who believe that the I.G. Farben had friends and protectors abroad who considered the plants important—more important than the Goethe House anyhow.

All this is part of the background to the trial, which itself is a queer affair: the dreariness of the endless proceedings, and the minor status of the accused contrasting sharply with the monstrosity of the crimes laid to their charge. Most of the defendants are small fry, though they include a few camp "doctors" who cheerfully dispatched thousands of inmates to what one hopes is a better world. About half are on bail, staying at the local hotels and mingling familiarly

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with the public when not called upon to attend the sessions. They face sentences ranging from a few years to life (there is no death penalty in the *Bundesrepublik*) and are clearly regarded as suitable scapegoats by the local citizens, who for the rest consider the trial something of a blot on their fair city. It is rarely mentioned in conversation, and then as one of those things belonging to that dim age before the *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle) supplied every fifth German with a car and an outsize sense of importance to match.

Still, Frankfurt is one of the better places. Its university has some first-rate people (who in private are cynical about their country) and a student body which seems rather more alive than most. Their attitudes compare favorably with those of Weimar days, when the majority of students were Nationalists or Nazis (a fact seldom grasped abroad, where it is still imagined that Hitler fell upon an unsuspecting country like some barbarian conqueror from the wild backlands). Nowadays the official symbols and attitudes, from the black-red-gold republican emblem to the daily ritual of obeisance to democracy and the rule of law, really do correspond to popular sentiments.

Certainly this is true of the students, nine-tenths of whom come from middle-class or lower-middle-class homes. The prevailing tone is mildly left-of-center, with a preponderance of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats (in Hesse the latter are stronger, elsewhere they are more evenly balanced). There is a small left-wing Socialist minority to match the Nationalists on the right (Nazis and Communists are banned). In Frankfurt the left-wing student group goes in for criticism of the Social Democrats as being too tame, and for the rest takes a Platonic interest in what is locally known as Marxism: meaning the plays of Bertolt Brecht and the writings of Georg Lukács (the latter being unaccountably regarded as a "revisionist"—perhaps because in Hungary he is still in slight disfavor). The Social-Democratic student union is the bigger of the two and further to the Right, but some five hundred of its members turned up for an extra-curricular talk on Brecht by a professor who is himself a rather mild Social Democrat, and who took the occasion to present the playwright favorably, i.e., as the kind of Communist who never got on well with the Ulbricht regime. This last is strictly true: Brecht (perhaps the greatest cynic of all that generation) managed to combine his favored position in East Berlin with an Austrian passport (just in case), a Swiss bank account, and a contract with a West German publisher which effectively prevented the East Germans from censoring his output. As a result, his collected works are now coming out posthumously in both East and West.

Arrangements of this kind, and the easy cynicism with which they are accepted, tell one more about postwar Germany than any number of public statements. The country is, of course, frozen into fairly rigid attitudes by the political partition imposed upon it at Potsdam by the Allies. It has a frontier running through its middle, and now consists of two hostile states glaring at each other across a heavily guarded border. What is more, everyone now realizes that this state of affairs is likely to last for many years. At the intellectual level, the enforced departure from East Germany of some of the surviving Marxists of the old generation has deepened the gulf. At the same time, though, it has made Marxism fashionable in West Germany, as long as it is philosophical and non-political. The vogue of Brecht is part of this ambience, as is the spread of an academic jargon (not unfamiliar to Americans) which mingles Hegel and Marx with Kierkegaard and Heidegger in a new kind of literary-philosophical stew. Since this has now reached the reviewing sections of quite conservative and respectable journals, one may suppose that it has come to stay.

HOCHHUTH, OF COURSE, is another matter. At the age of thirty-three he is very much part of the postwar breakthrough. He is younger even than Grass, the most powerful talent among the newer prose writers and a kind of spiritual ally. The production of *Der Stellvertreter* in Frankfurt was something of a test of the city's liberalism: not a very serious one (since the Catholic minority is small and itself affected by the local climate of opinion), but still a test. By consensus, Frankfurt came through with flying colors. There were no hostile demonstrations, and even the local Catholic dignitaries did not voice more than qualified objections to the play. The statement they released for publication naturally defended the Pope, but it also called upon people to examine their consciences "at a time when the Auschwitz trial is taking place in our city."

All this is rather tangential to the argument raging here as elsewhere over the intrinsic importance of the play as a work of art. Perhaps, with such a subject, one ought not to ask such questions. However, there is an area where the two overlap and it has been interesting to follow the discussion in the *Frankfurter Hefte*, a monthly rightly regarded as the organ of the Catholic Left (there is now such a thing—for the first time in the history of German Catholicism). Since Hochhuth himself is a Lutheran, it has been comparatively easy for Catholic critics to fault him on technical points, but the critic of the *Frankfurter Hefte* dug deeper. Writing in a Catholic periodical, he dismissed Hochhuth as an epigone of Schiller, the poet of "German idealism"; and his chief objection to the play was that, in over-stressing the role of the Pope, it did not take seriously enough the failure of the Church as

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an institution. It was the Church that failed, not Pius XII, and—in the opinion of the *Frankfurter Hefte*'s critic—it failed because it had never, in the course of its long history, seriously tried to create a social environment responsive to those "moral values" whose guardianship it claimed. In crediting the Church in general, and the Vatican in particular, with an effective authority which it had never possessed, Hochhuth appears to this critic to have relapsed into the absurdities of Schiller: his Riccardo—like Schiller's Posa, who vainly tries to convert Philip of Spain to liberalism—is a lay figure, the lifeless construct of an undialectical schematism which reduces the real drama of the world and *its* Church to an illusory confrontation between a couple of individuals.

To which one might add that Hochhuth, like Schiller, comes out of the Lutheran tradition, as does the whole of "German idealism." The Germans have always loved Schiller because he makes them feel better, and it is arguable that this has been a misfortune. Schiller's rhetoric, which underlies much of traditional German liberalism, rests upon the confrontation of our sordid world with a "beyond" of Platonic essences or "ideals." He has the trick of making his hearers feel that they can enter this world by identifying themselves with the tragic fate of an exceptional individual. His heroes, moreover, by their sacrificial death actually succeed in elevating their contemporaries (including their hangmen) to their own moral level. Thus, too, Hochhuth's Pater Riccardo—a Schillerian liberal Protestant improbably dressed up as a Jesuit—atones for the inadequacy of the Pope. One can see why to a critic aware of the political record of German Catholicism this kind of escape seems both stale and dangerous. Schiller's celebrated pathos is indeed a marvelous rhetorical device for distracting people's attention from the real world and fixing it upon artificially isolated cases of conscience. Hochhuth is no Schiller—as a dramatist he is indeed hardly more than a talented amateur, a circumstance plainer to Germans than to foreigners—but he continues a tradition, which, on the whole, is not one that needs encouragement. The Germans are only too prone to the kind of transcendental idealism that offers people a refuge in a poetic realm of spiritual essences. It was to kick them out of this dream world that Brecht—in this respect a true revolutionary—invented his celebrated "alienation effect."

None of which is to deny that *The Deputy* is a courageous attempt to remind this generation of Germans of what their parents did or tolerated. It is nonsense to say that it exonerates them by putting the blame on the Pope. No German who has seen the play performed, or has read it, imagines such a thing. The real trouble is that those who go to see it are in no need of it, and the others don't go.

Bonn, May: The "Federal village," as the inhabitants call it, is only half an hour by train from Cologne: the true capital of the Rhineland, and a resplendent, though rather dull, monument to West Germany's prosperity. The closer one gets to the Ruhr—Duesseldorf is less than an hour's train ride—the more visible the glitter that is the outward mark of a permanent export boom. The German economy is not merely flourishing: it is bursting at the seams. Witness the mass of foreign workers—Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Turks—who mill about in the streets, many of them hardly able to speak a word of German. The natives are getting used to it. In Switzerland, they tell you, every sixth inhabitant—eight-hundred thousand people out of five million—is a foreigner on a seasonal contract: the Swiss no longer care to do the really hard work. Before long the West Germans may follow suit. Heavy industry in the Ruhr already operates on the basis of immigrant labor and is crying out for more.

Meanwhile the proportions of the boom are such that the average German is beginning to acquire privileges formerly reserved for a minority. Last year some ten million West Germans—one person out of five—took their vacations abroad, mostly by getting into a car and driving south. This may not sound extraordinary to Americans, but in Europe it represents a new way of life. So far it is confined to the six Common Market countries, plus Britain and Scandinavia. East of the "Iron Curtain," things go on much as they did before the war. West Germans returning from a visit to their relatives in Ulbricht's Republic talk less about the regime and the Russians than about the sense of being plunged back into a past before everyone was motorized. To them, Eastern Europe is a sort of hinterland with cobbled roads, peasants, and 19th-century towns. Its way of life has been left behind. Communism? Something that may suit the Russians, and even this seems doubtful.

This sense of superiority and contentment has repercussions of an unexpected kind. For one thing, it undermines the urge for *Wiedervereinigung* (reunification) which is supposed to dominate popular thinking and feeling in Germany. The visitor finds little sign of it. The political atmosphere is anyhow unfavorable to illusions on this score, but now one begins to sense a tendency to shrug the whole thing off—which, however, does not yet appear in public statements. It is tacitly accepted that reunion is not for tomorrow, that indeed it may not come for decades. One hears it said—in private anyhow—that it must be left to "history": an oblique way of acknowledging that nothing much can be done about it. Maybe official Bonn was never very keen on reunion in the first place, but this tone is new.

At the same time, it does no good to overlook the fact that a lot of ordinary people feel re-

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sentful about the Western Allies, and by extension about the whole concept of NATO. For many years they were told that reunion was sure to come as soon as the West was ready to talk to the Russians in the only language they understood. Later it was explained that somehow a deal was in the offing which would enable the Kremlin to liquidate its East German investment without too much loss of face. Still later it was hinted that Bonn might take up the matter directly with Moscow, as soon as Khrushchev was in a reasonable frame of mind and willing to receive an official visit from the German Chancellor. By now it is more or less conceded that none of these notions ever had much substance. The result is general disgruntlement and a tendency to blame NATO for leading the Germans up the garden path—as though there had not been plenty of warnings.

AT THE POLITICAL level—which in Bonn embraces everyone who counts for something—this stalemate translates itself into constant nagging at Gerhard Schroeder, the Foreign Minister, who in virtue of his office is held responsible for the failures of West German diplomacy. When one digs below the surface, one discovers that Schroeder is unpopular with a section of his party for reasons that have little to do with his (and Erhard's) predictable failure to enlist Washington in the cause of *Wiedervereinigung*. In the first place he is a Protestant, and the ruling Christian-Democratic party is a coalition of Catholics and conservative Lutherans in which "balancing the ticket" has reached the level of a fine art. Next, he irritates some of his small-town colleagues by his *grand bourgeois* airs and his evident desire to look and sound like an Anglo-American statesman of the better sort; with this goes a suspicion that his heart may really be in NATO instead of in national reunion. Lastly, he has been cool to the French, and this is resented by Adenauer's followers and by that section of Rhineland Catholicism (represented by an influential weekly, the *Rheinischer Merkur*) which is strongly "European" and anxious to keep in close touch with Paris. This is a Christian-Democratic rather than a Gaullist attitude. The so-called "German Gaullists" are a small group on the right wing who in practice differ from their French opposite numbers in that they envisage a Franco-German military bloc in which the *Bundesrepublik* would ultimately play the leading role. That is not exactly what the French want; it is also unlikely to come about for other reasons.

West Germany, for all its economic weight, has little political influence in Europe, let alone elsewhere in the world. Why this should be so is no great mystery to anyone who samples the air of Bonn for even a short while. The *Bundesrepublik* is a provincial country which lacks the first requirement of a real world power: a political elite. It does not even have a true capital, Bonn being something of a joke to its very inhabitants. It is still an open question whether Europe's true center is going to be Paris, or rather Brussels, where the Eurocrats foregather; but no one can seriously maintain that it is likely to be on the Rhine. Even within a purely Franco-German bloc the political leadership must come from Paris, if only because Germany is paralyzed by its national problem and its resulting dependence on American good will. De Gaulle can recognize China, plan a journey to Moscow, stir up the Latin Americans, and generally assert his independence from Washington. Erhard and Schroeder dare not take a step without consulting the White House, and the only reasonable initiative they could take on their own —recognition of the Oder-Neisse line—is ruled out by the state of German public opinion.

In practice, therefore, West German foreign policy—or what passes for such—reduces itself to the reiteration of meaningless slogans: national reunion "in peace and freedom," better relations with Poland (but without recognizing the German-Polish frontier), loyalty to NATO (as though there were any choice), and hope that Britain may eventually "come into Europe." This last sounds oddest of all to a visitor from London who knows how little interest in Europe there really is in Whitehall, and how determined public men of all shades of opinion are not to renounce a scrap of national sovereignty. A Labor government might conceivably make an exception in favor of the Swedes and the Danes, if something like a confederation with Scandinavia ever looked plausible; and there are a handful of Tories who would not mind teaming up with France on the basis of a joint Anglo-French "nuclear deterrent." But then neither of these is much use to the Germans. If there are still German politicians and newspapermen who go on dreaming about "Britain coming into Europe," it must be for reasons that have little to do with political calculation.

Von H., who combines an aristocratic family background with a left-wing past (he had to leave Germany in a hurry when Hitler rose to power) and considerable political experience, thinks none of this surprising. Over a bottle of wine in his house he talked with genial cynicism about his countrymen, from whom he now feels a trifle estranged, having spent many years abroad and mingled with both the cosmopolitan and the intellectual set (his wife was "non-Aryan"). Of people in leading positions here, he comes closest to saying—at least in private—that talk of German national reunion is hopeless and a joke in bad taste.

"You know how it is with us Germans: we always have to have a national concern (*Anliegen*) with which to bore and exasperate the rest of the world. Under the Kaiser it was the Navy

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and 'our place in the sun' which no one was trying to take away from us. Later it was the injustice of Versailles, 'our colonies,' and the 'Polish Corridor'—that bit of territory awarded to Poland after 1919. Now it's *Wiedervereinigung*, and of course the Oder-Neisse line which we will never, never recognize. On top of all this, that ass Seebohm [Federal Minister of Transport and a former Nazi] talks in public about recovering the Sudetenland, and instead of being instantly fired he just gets a mild reprimand from Erhard, and everything goes on as before. In foreign affairs Germany has no political traditions. In the last century Bismarck seemed to have created one, but it only lasted for one generation. The system he built would have been adequate if his successors had stuck to Continental European politics, which they more or less understood; instead, they had to get themselves involved in world affairs and start aping the British. Ever since, they have staggered from one disaster to the next. The term *Realpolitik* was invented by a German professor, but the truth is the Germans have never been good at it. Fortunately we have now had this NATO straitjacket strapped on us. As long as it holds, we're reasonably safe. The important thing is that the Americans and the British must never relinquish their control. The only safe place for the Germans is inside an alliance, where they can be watched by the others and their criminal propensities can be kept down. That's why de Gaulle worries me. He is a great man and all that, but he has a bad effect on us. The Germans don't understand him. They don't even understand that he is aiming at an accommodation with the Russians. All they can see is that he wants his own bomb, and it encourages their worst tendencies. Fortunately it looks as though we shall go on being under American control—I shudder to think what might happen if we were not. As for that talk about liquidating Ulbricht and getting the lost provinces back, it has no relation to reality, but then the Germans always were like that. They have no political sense, and that's that."

This kind of disillusioned talk—none of it in public, of course—goes with considerable pride in the country's recent economic performance. To have combined a permanent boom with almost stable prices is indeed a remarkable achievement, largely accounted for, it seems, by heavy investment in labor-saving equipment. Last year industrial output rose once more, although the labor force actually dropped by 2 per cent. In some of the modern "growth" industries the advance in productivity has been quite striking. The oil industry, for instance, stepped up its output per worker by 25 per cent last year, motors and chemicals by 12 per cent, etc. This kind of technological growth and the resulting rise in personal incomes serves to keep people's minds off the insoluble national problem. It also keeps the government reasonably popular. There are now confident forecasts that next year the voters will sweep the ruling coalition back into office. If that happens there may be trouble inside the Social Democratic party, now starved of federal power for many years and getting stale. But what can the Opposition do? Having cast its socialist program overboard long ago and rivaled the other parties in extolling the market economy, there isn't much further Right it can go. Berlin is no longer an issue, and in a straight choice between Erhard and Brandt, the floating voters are likely to plump for the architect of the *Wirtschaftswunder*.

Holland, May: From Amsterdam it is not far to one of those convenient spots where scholars, research workers, authors, editors, and assorted hangers-on are occasionally assembled to debate current affairs. In this case the agenda concerned recent changes in Eastern Europe, and one gathered that the sponsors were connected with one of the Common Market governments. The majority of the participants were Germans, though there was a fair sprinkling of refugees from East Europe, some of them scholars of distinction now living in the West. Notwithstanding the presence of an eminent German historian, and an eminent Catholic theologian of Polish extraction, it was not, to my mind, a wholly successful affair. Perhaps the trouble was that a number of outsiders had been invited, including some journalists who seemed puzzled by the proceedings. One could sympathize with them: here they were, hoping to be told what to think of the enemy and how to fight him, and instead what they got must have sounded to them like a seminar on the methodology of the social sciences.

The principal talk was delivered by Professor L. of West Berlin (his colleague, Professor R., a renowned Sovietologist, did not turn up, which probably saved a row). What he told the gathering amounted to saying that the cold war had entered a new phase, that it was no longer possible to think of Communism as a monolith, that the Eastern bloc was in a process of internal flux, and that some Western attitudes would have to be revised. So far, so good. Unfortunately—having apparently been infected with modish notions imported from abroad—he went on to suggest that the real difference between East and West is that "they" have a universal creed which they believe to be absolutely true, whereas "we" know that there is no such thing, that all truths are relative, and that freedom consists in not believing in any absolutes. At this point a low-brow in the audience inquired whether the NATO troops should be told that, in the event of war, they would be fighting for pragmatism. This was resented, but some of the participants could not help feeling that the low-brow had struck a tender spot. After all, notions like "pluralism" and "con-

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stant self-questioning" do not really impinge on what matters to ordinary people. Besides, if freedom is not an absolute, what is the good of talking about it?

The chairman, another German academic, tried to restore the balance by reminding the audience that Germans—unlike more fortunate people: the British, for example—were obliged by recent experience to search their hearts and minds about the worth of even their most cherished beliefs. This fell rather flat. After all, the Germans have always gone in for talk about fundamentals. What they have lacked is a simple, unquestioning commitment to a few basic decencies which ought *not* to be discussed at all. But one was told that this was a peculiarly British attitude unsuited to Continentals. "We must know where we stand in regard to basic principles." Besides, German sociologists and historians had only just caught up with the great idea that "democratic pluralism" signifies "constant readiness to examine our own premises." The implication was that, if one could only get the Communists to join in a debate on this ground, one could perhaps unhinge parts of their mental framework, and in general soften them up. It seems a weird hope. The real menace to Stalinist dogmatism in the East is Marxist revisionism, i.e., a different kind of socialism, not just talk about being open-minded. But academics are prone to imagine that all the world is a seminar. Professor L. himself is a moderate Social Democrat, a great admirer of Talcott Parsons, and a thoroughly nice person. For a Berliner, though, he seems oddly unconcerned with politics. It is all very well to tell an academic audience that what we need is not a counter-ideology but an open mind and a readiness to measure our society by our own standards. But how does one get this kind of message across to the people behind the Curtain?

Some of the other Berlin participants at the conference, incidentally, struck a somewhat despondent note about conditions in East Germany. That the Ulbricht regime cannot be got rid of by force is now generally accepted by intelligent Germans. What is new is the growing alarm at the thought that the regime may be striking roots in the population. At first blush this seems improbable. Ulbricht is surely unique among East European bosses in that his satrapy has no national character. He dare not behave like the Rumanians, who, in their own fashion are now giving Khrushchev the treatment Stalin once got from the Yugoslavs. East Germany is a prison-cage compared even with Czechoslovakia—until lately a good way behind in the "thaw"—and Ulbricht's personal subservience to the Kremlin is legendary. Try as he may, he cannot wriggle out of his satellite status, and by the same token he cannot afford any genuine de-Stalinization. The "Hungarian solution" (which was also the Polish solution, though Poland has now slipped back some distance) is beyond his reach.

And yet . . . what one is told by people who live in Berlin, and who keep in touch with the East zone, makes one wonder. Last month the "Socialist Unity Party" was able to assemble some 300,000 well-drilled youngsters from all over East Germany for a monster parade in East Berlin, apparently without fear that they would get out of hand. Some thousands of West German visitors were admitted, and there was no ban on conversation between them and the blue-shirted "Free German Youth." And what was their impression? Chiefly that these youngsters talked quite freely, made fun of Ulbricht, but at the same time showed a naïve attachment to "our Republic"—not, they admitted, a paradise in most respects, but "our state" nonetheless. The West German correspondents all noted this ominous change of tone, and the Hamburg paper *Die Zeit,* after weeks of reportage all over the Eastern zone, spoke of the growth of a kind of *Staatsbewusstsein* (national consciousness) among the East Germans. Perhaps as a corollary, there has been a good deal of relaxation in minor matters, such as dress and amusements. By all accounts, the crowds who turned up at the Berlin rally did not look depressed. As the correspondent of *Der Spiegel* noted, the combination of "sun, sex, and socialism" had gone down well with these youngsters.

Moral? One ex-Communist to whom I talked was gloomy. Having himself broken with the regime years ago and "come in from the cold," he now saw East Germany consolidating under the rule of a party which—whatever its public talk about "reunion"—had from the beginning been determined to create a state of its own: one in which Communist domination would never be effectively challenged. Now the gamble seems to be coming off. The young, who have grown up under this regime, don't exactly like its leaders, but they are beginning to display the famous German *Staatsbewusstsein*—loyalty to the state, combined with grumbling about minor matters. As this informant put it, "If Ulbricht can get these youngsters to look upon East Germany as *their* national state, he has won. Nothing else matters—not the economic troubles, which are anyhow overrated, or the discontent of the intellectuals. If the Communists can make a separate nation out of the East Germans, they can last forever. They could then even dispense with Soviet troops. That's why reunion must not be too long delayed. Time is working against it." This is not what one hears in Bonn, but it is probably more realistic than the official view.

IN A WAY it would be odd if Ulbricht got away with it. There is something peculiarly disagreeable about him, even taking into account that he belongs to the generation of Stalinist leaders who grew up as loyal followers of the Kremlin in the old hierarchical Comintern apparatus.

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Ulbricht has always been the least sympathetic of all prominent German Communists, past and present. At the same time he is undoubtedly effective and loyal to Moscow. His latest biographer, Carola Stern (herself a former member who escaped to the West over a decade ago) puts it down to the fact that the German Communists were thoroughly demoralized by the Nazi triumph in 1933 and the subsequent collapse of resistance to Hitler. The crowning touch was their inability to lend any effective help to Russia during the war. Self-hatred is an important component in the psychology of this generation of German Stalinist functionaries who spent the war years in Russia: that, plus hatred of their own countrymen for having followed Hitler. For years these people waited around in Moscow, disliked and despised and not treated too cordially by their colleagues from other countries ("Why don't you fight? You Germans are a disgrace to the whole Communist movement!"). Having at last got back, and got their foot firmly planted on the necks of their countrymen, they were and are in no mood to be "liberal."

On the other hand, of course, they had the great advantage of ruling a people cowed by years of Nazi terrorism and traditionally prone to "follow orders." One hears of old Nazis—mostly from the lower middle class, a stratum whose servility is legend even among Germans—who are now fanatically loyal members of the "Socialist Unity Party." After all, the old anti-Western ideology only had to be given a different label ... This constitutes a gloss on the often-heard claim that East Germany has been more thoroughly de-Nazified than the *Bundesrepublik*. In fact, there are plenty of old Nazis in office, but in the East they have been given more subordinate functions and compelled to undergo extensive brainwashing. Since many of them are quite happy with an official ideology and a license to hunt *Staatsfeinde* (enemies of the State), the conversion must have come fairly easy.

THE real problem lies elsewhere. If the party wants to sell itself, and its "German Democratic Republic," to the rising generation, it must create a new intelligentsia. With the pre-war intellectuals of middle-class origin, Ulbricht & Co. have failed. The endless series of purges has resulted in a state of affairs ludicrous even by East European standards: it is getting to be impossible to assemble a conference of "loyal" intellectuals because so many have dropped out, fallen silent, or decamped to the West. At a "literary conference" arranged by the Politburo last April (the locale being an electro-chemical plant specially decorated for the occasion), Ulbricht was obliged to address a gathering which even his most disciplined aides could hardly have viewed with pride: out of fifty-one presidium members, only nine could be described as writers, and they included not a single author of the first rank. Even some of the more prominent Communist old-timers—Anna Seghers, Ludwig Renn—had failed to turn up. In their absence, Ulbricht had to make do with his faithful functionaries, plus a number of "proletarian writers" —autodidacts commissioned to produce "socialist-realist" descriptions of life on the collective farm —and a few carefully selected specimens of the "loyal opposition": young people belonging to the new ruling stratum who are given some latitude on condition of staying loyal to "our Republic." This group—it includes a few genuine though minor talents—appears to be the party's new (or last) hope. At the conference Ulbricht went out of his way to hail this "young guard" as the wave of the future, having clearly decided to write the older group off as hopeless. From his standpoint this is probably a sound decision, since a generation brought up on the literature of the Weimar Republic could hardly be expected to be enthusiastic about the "German Democratic Republic" and its "worker and peasant" culture.

Insofar as East Germany has any intellectual life at all, it has been provided by two groups: the old pre-war Marxists, who came out of a still intact liberal bourgeois culture (and who have now been mostly silenced), and the "young guard" of loyal critics who belong to the new Establishment and reflect its inner tensions. This second group hopes for liberalization, reads the more fashionable "revisionist" Communist writers in Poland, Hungary, and Austria, and tries to get some encouragement from the sibylline utterances of George Lukács—now a firm supporter of Khrushchev and co-existence, just as down to 1953 he was a fire-breathing Stalinist. Lukács's latest pronouncements (reprinted in the Vienna *Forum*), by the way, show how far he lags behind "revisionists" of the younger generation, such as the Austrian Ernst Fischer. By comparison with them, he is not only dull, but dogmatic, and more than a little disingenuous as well. Age may be part of it (he is nearing eighty), but the real trouble is that thirty years of Stalinism have done their work. No one can be an official high priest that long and still keep all his faculties. The truly irritating thing about Lukács is his lack of candor and his habit of treating every twist in the official line as an occasion for self-congratulation. It is typical of his current manner that he interprets co-existence to mean a "serious" debate over the respective merits of "capitalism" and "socialism"! It would probably come as a surprise to him to hear that this terminology is not universally accepted. Why this aged and somewhat fly-blown prima donna is regularly treated as a prophet of co-existence, when in fact he offers no more than a sophisticated version of the standard Moscow article, is a minor mystery.

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PHILIP RIEFF

THE WORLD OF WILHELM REICH

THAT HE WOULD be ridiculed and persecuted seemed to Wilhelm Reich but one of the high prices he would have to pay for the range and depth of his advance beyond the analytic attitude as it had been developed by Freud. Afraid to venture out of their traps, sick men could only turn on the one healthy man of understanding who showed The Way Out (to mimic Reich's oratorical style) and strike down this liberator. The Freudian world was not ready for him; and even the political revolutionaries of the Soviet Union had chosen, finally, to back down before the psychologic of revolution. To a moral revolutionary, therefore, the only hope was a destruction of politics as such, whether of the Right or of the Left. Reich started on the Left, but kept going, until he found himself making the most radical rejection of politics—a rejection so radical that it must be called religious.

Even before his strange religious conversion, however, respectable anti-Freudians repudiated Reich no less firmly than the respectably Freudian. He had ventured outside both camps—indeed, outside the frames of reference that permit argument between them. Yet Reich took an almost maniacal pride in his isolation. Excluded from the international psychoanalytic movement in 1933, he accepted the terms of exclusion as essentially correct. He had ceased to be an analyst. He had passed beyond the analytic attitude to a polemical one. He had become a "Freudo-Marxist" whose aim was to use psychoanalysis for revolutionary purposes. In contrast, like a possessive father, Freud had ardently sought to prevent the marriage of his beautiful brainchild to any political doctrine. As an analyst, he was neither on the Left nor on the Right, nor in the middle. Freud's is the iron law of analysis: culture develops at the expense of the instincts; and neither revolution nor religion can save man the eternal wear of conflict. Thus for Freud political questions can be treated psychoanalytically, but psychoanalysis cannot be treated politically. To treat it politically was Reich's original heresy; for this he was read out of the movement.

If Freud was the classical economist of the sexual life—its Ricardo—then Reich aspired to be its Karl Marx, or at least a utopian forerunner of some later more acceptable revolutionary, who would place the fantasia of a healthy man in a free society on a practical basis. In that society, therapy itself, like the state in the Marxist myth, would wither away for lack of patients; power and the repressions would yield; love would be free; and the necessity of ruling, even benignly, would have disappeared.

But Reich not only tried to play Marx to Freud's Ricardo; he also tried to play Lenin. At this point the government of the United States took notice. Wilhelm Reich, M.D., self-proclaimed discoverer of Orgone Energy, the very stuff of life,* was prosecuted as a quack, accused of peddling across state borders empty boxes (Orgone Energy Accumulators), in which buyers (patients) sat as if they might be cured—of cancer, of impotence, of everything, Reich said; of nothing, the government decided.

Reich would not defend himself. "Nobody can examine me who does not know more than I." Nobody could know more. Can the sick argue with the healthy, when it is their sickness that they are defending? How could he argue his case before scientifically incompetent and emotionally disturbed judges? The fraternities of respectable science would not defend him. How could they, when all their sciences were in the service of domination and death rather than equality and life? He died in 1957, in a federal penitentiary.

Whatever the competence of the courts to judge what Reich called his "strictly scientific" work, trained opinion has yet seriously to confront that work. But to confront Reich is not easy, for he is even harder to read than Jung.

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* Nothing mysterious about this stuff. At favorable times, it could be seen in the air. It gave off a "bluish-green" color, flickering and vibrant, as if it were vitality itself. It could be seen, by those with seeing eyes; its warmth could be measured, its colors separated.

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Certainly, he was so moved by his vision that he wrote like a madman. But the brilliance of that vision is such that he can no longer be dismissed as a figure of fun. Respectable men of moral science and letters will at least have to admit the seriousness of Reich's challenge—and the fine subversive quality of it.

REICH REPEATS the charge made by D. H. Lawrence (whom he resembles in so many ways): that Freud did not go deeply enough. Below the Unconscious of repressions, with its "cruel, sadistic, lascivious, predatory and envious impulses," Reich, like Lawrence, discovered the Unconscious of "primary biological impulses." Instinct is pure, good, and beautiful—until it becomes adulterated by the repressions through which it must pass on the way to action. On the level of action there is the "sham social surface" of the super-ego, where the human appears "restrained, polite, compassionate and conscientious." But this hamming by the super-ego is the rubber glove with which repressions maintain their sterile grip on character. In Reich's terms the tragedy of being moral occurs because the polite social surfaces of character are separated from the "deep, natural core" by repressions masquerading as the very instincts that they repress. The lesson to be drawn was clear: abolish the repressions. This was the therapy and tactic of Reich's Freudo-Marxism. If, and only if, a therapeutic aim—the dissolution of the super-ego—could be added to a political aim—the dissolution of the state—could a revolution truly occur. The instincts and the proletariat must triumph together, or not at all.

Although the international psychoanalytic movement did not agree, Reich considered Marx as necessary to Freud as Freud was necessary to Marx. For only "under favorable social conditions" could the "deepest layer" be raised, and man become what he is, instinctually: "an honest, industrious, cooperative animal capable of love." To his honor Freud had pulled off the "cultivated mask." But a real, and revolutionary, therapist had to recognize the "natural sociality" of the instincts. By venturing no further than the "perverse anti-social layer" of character, Freud had supplied new reasons for slipping back on the mask that, having been worn so long, is more familiar to humanity than its own natural face.

As for Marx, lacking a psychology, he had neglected to include in his strategic calculations the established "character structure of the masses." All political revolutions must fail so far as they remain strictly political, or economic, and do not extend to the repressive morality of everyday life. It was not enough for a socialist revolution to eliminate middle-class property holdings. However a revolution succeeded on the high levels, it would founder on the low and trivial ones. Family beer parties, wearing evening dress, the "middle-class bedroom"—these, and "thousands of other little things" would have to be changed in order for characters so to change that they could change the world. Habits of domestic living are concrete ways in which ideology internalizes authority. Unless a revolution conquers the bedroom it cannot conquer; without a rearrangement of intimacy, men will continue to identify themselves, if not with old rulers, then with old rules of conduct.

First, then, the revolutionary must cleanse himself. What was later called "the authoritarian personality" existed on the Left as on the Right. "Red fascists" were no better than black ones. The Russian revolution was a tragic case of politically revolutionary elites that could not muster the necessary moral ruthlessness to push the revolution beyond politics to a more profound moral level, where alone a revolutionary politics could be sustained. Reich rejected the Red god as yet another who inevitably had failed. When the Communists abandoned *"Kulturbolschewismus,"* the Bolsheviks handed back the opportunity that history had handed to them. For Reich understood that modern mass industrial societies converge, however their politicians may differ. Confronted by Oblomov, the Communists found more to admire in Henry Ford than in Don Juan.

Although not the last, Reich was the first Freudo-Marxist to play the game of relating the ideological to the psychological process. He was far more forthright than later players at the same game—say, Erich Fromm in *Escape From Freedom*. Thus, liberalism was understood to function in society as the super-ego functioned in the psyche, a sham of civility pulled over the reality of conflict, and therefore powerless against doctrines of conflict once these break through to the surface of social life. "Genuine" revolutionary doctrine, on the other hand, functioned in society as the pure biological impulses do in the psyche. Reactionary impulses came straight from the middle level of the psyche, as reactionary regimes came from the middle classes of society. Fascism was the most powerful expression on the political level of the repressed unconscious.

Unwittingly, through his doctrine of the repressed Unconscious, Freud served the aims of liberalism. Instead of scourging the beast in man, liberals after Freud could treat it therapeutically, as the repressed unconscious. But for both Freud and the liberals, the aim was the same: not liberation but better management of the instincts. In contrast, by liberating the instincts, Reich hoped at the same time to create the condition for a final and irrevocable liberation of man in society. Born free, men would remain free. Rousseau's conundrum could be solved by breaking the historic chains of repression. For

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the chains, which Rousseau saw but did not understand, were self-made. Men could break them if only the effort were ruthless enough. The social order had been built on the historic habituation of humans to their captivity. Mankind was like a prisoner so long confined that he no longer wanted his freedom. But once willed, freedom would suddenly break out. Here was a therapy that would change the world—but only by changing the self.

What results from repression, Reich calls "armoring." It is his general term for all the defensive anxieties of the individual against the best that is in himself: his erotic impulses. Reich knew that repression was not merely social or acquired. It began automatically, first in "terror with the deep experience of the self." To experience the power of desires was enough to create a profound fear of satisfying them. In this religious doctrine, fear of self, not disobedience of God, is the original sin. The historic disturbance of the social may begin with the destruction of primitive communism, in the division of labor, as Marx believed. But the more fundamental history of the disturbance of mind began, we may infer, with the alienation of the individual from his desires. What those who accept it call "the human condition" has come of enforcing calm upon the excitements of instinctual living, instead of letting the instincts literally *play* themselves out in satisfactions. Apprehensive before the intensity of his own impulses, primitive man destroyed his own "natural decency." In the natural beginning were the impulses; in the historic beginning were the repressions. Political history began when some of the repressed—the ruling classes—discovered how to use repressions for their own material gain. Thus, through Freud, Reich revised the Marxist eschatology: to abolish the repressions would bring an end to political history—i.e., the history of mankind's division against itself. All emotions would become personal. Abstractions would disappear. Not that men would become angels. Enmities might occur, but not class enmities or group hatreds. At last, every man would be on his own, undisturbed by ideas, remote as they are from the play of his energies.

There is a sinister anti-intellectualism about Reich's theory of the origin of repression. Repression set in at the moment man made the mistake of beginning to think—too much and especially about himself—ceasing thus to trust his "instinctual judgment." This reverses the naïve intellectualism of the liberal tradition, in which ignorance is blamed for the human condition, and only self-knowledge can cure it. But to Reich, the human suffered his first and most fundamental neurosis through an "overstrained perception of self-perception." (I think, therefore I am neurotic). Mind turned against body. Body could not help but turn against mind. Love abstracted itself from sex. Sex could not help being restive in the trap of love.

Reich was accordingly certain that for any moral revolution to succeed, the entire aspiration after philosophical wisdom would have to be trained out of humanity, as it is trained out of a patient. "Know thyself" is a motto that, if taken in the Socratic sense, merely bundles a neurotic deeper in his or some therapist's foolish ideas. The happy few are not the thoughtful, but the satisfied. It is, indeed, a democracy of the satisfied that Reich, as a moral revolutionary, is after. Who will say that by this he does not express a revolutionary sentiment fairly widespread in our culture?

Reich emerges, then, as a figure whom we must learn to recognize when he appears in less exaggerated form: the man of the Left as an anti-intellectual. The notion of an anti-intellectual radical may appear a contradiction in terms; not to Reich. In fact, such radicals were the only ones he trusted, in particular if they came from the working class. Intellectuals will think up excuses, blame the revolution for failing them when in fact they have failed the revolution, cut and run, crying up their conscience against the politics of the revolution. "Leftists" are no less "armored" than "Rightists." Doctrinal differences are symptomatic; each type grows rigid with anxiety, but in different postures of expression. Doctrine always simulates anxiety. The deeper, or more high-flown the doctrine, the more intense the anxiety of which it is the intellectual counterfeit

For the anxieties behind politics, Reich blamed all the familiar scapegoats: first, of course, the patriarchal, or authoritarian, family; second, "mystical" religion; third, the division of labor, or "requirements of civilization," which necessitated that there be big and little men, to do the honors and drudgery of the world. In his own terms, Reich repeats the Marxist legend of an evolution from a primitive stage of undivided labor into various forms of the class society, with all the attendant injustice and crippling oppression, accompanied by ideologies justifying the oppression to the oppressed themselves.

The chief institutional bulwark of repressive authority is the family. As political revolution must overthrow the power of the state, moral revolution must overthrow the power of the family—all families. Reich makes the standard point: being the training ground of morality, the family is authoritarian by definition. However radical the revolution, so long as the family persists, authority creeps back. Rebellions of sons against fathers permit the return of the father in the character of the son. To destroy, then, the ancient mystique of fatherhood defines the revolutionary task.

As liberals, the anthropologists of the 19th

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century had gone in search of the primitive precisely because of their suspicion of contemporary social "regulation," and from nostalgia for the fabled freedom of primitive society. But J. J. Atkinson found exactly the reverse of his liberal expectation.* Freedom was not a condition of primitive or animal life. So far as the anthropologists could reconstruct it, prehistoric society appeared even more authoritarian than its successors. Reich, however, learned only what he wanted to know from anthropology. If primitive societies were rigid with regulation, then they were not primitive enough. Taboos, like all law, are a function of patriarchal authoritarianism. A triumphant father† ended the primitive utopia of freedom. Reich never bothered to argue against the probability that sex suppression functioned to hold societies together against the pressures of nature. It was dogma with him that nature and culture could not be in tension. Therefore, sex suppression could not be culturally functional.

Moreover, because he was a radical antidualist, Reich rarely noticed the cruel imbecilities of nature; its stupid side never showed itself to him. In its nature worship, Reich's writing has an old-fashioned edifying cast. He never confronts the horrible possibility, which obsesses all of modern art, that the reality behind the appearance may be even more unpleasant than the appearance. His natural man is a stale leftover of the 18th-century imagination.

Set in the context of Reich's attack on the family as the nucleus of all authoritative institutions, his repeated calls for sexual freedom for the young acquire political significance: the aim of this freedom is to divest the parents of their moral authority. Reich assumed that by encouraging freedom in pre-adolescent sex play, and free adolescent intercourse, a unique generation would be trained—one politically enabled by a general capacity for freedom. Believing that happily promiscuous children must grow up to be creatively democratic socialists, he led in fantasy a children's crusade against all authority, including the authority of the proletariat.

Reich's insistence that his theories are facts is so emphatic as to result in a parody of science grown absolutely certain of both its form and content. All the old theories are treated in the image of "plague," as against the therapeutic of his new "facts." The world is plagued with old ideas; they must be cauterized. No very comfortable distance separates the Hitlerian image of a "Jewish world plague" from the Reichian (and Nietzschean) image of an "emotional plague." Indeed, the "plague" turns out to be the familiar enemy of fascists and libertarians alike: Judeo-Christian moralism, and all the philosophies that have been spun out to rationalize this ancient symbolism of repression.

The world of fact is summed up by Reich in the first of his god-terms, "Life." He regularly capitalizes and italicizes the word, as if thus to express the ultimate power he has captured in it. In one place, the use of the word as a god-term becomes explicit: "God is Life," he announces. But if we reverse the relation of the terms—"Life is God"—we more nearly get Reich's meaning. There is all the difference between the two statements. Another way of saying that "Life is God" would be: "The end of life is merely to live"—as Reich did in fact say. Any other statement describing the religious apprehension was to Reich a mere "mystification," serving the purposes of an authoritarian culture even more powerfully than the property laws.

"Mystification" is an old Marxist standby. It is ideology with incense, helping the "masses" not only to think and feel in ways contrary to their own best interests, but to believe in these ways wholeheartedly as well. To develop the polemical idea of mystification in psychoanalytic depth one need only link it, as with everything, to the family. All religions are understood as varieties of mystical experience, and mysticism derives in turn from what Reich calls the "family fixation."

The primary function of the family, we learn, is "the inhibition of sensual sexuality." Since, for Reich, sexuality is the mode of freedom, it follows that religion is always in the service of authority. With religion, the "masses" first mystified themselves. Theology was the first of all "forms of fascist, imperialistic, dictatorial mysticism," because in religious speculation there first occurred the "mystification of vegetative life sensations" by which men originally alienated themselves from their natures. There is only one form more inhibiting than religious thought: family sentiment. "Mystical distortion" is brought about first by the patriarchal authoritarian order of the family, which the state duplicates and religion projects. More fundamental than political economy to the understanding of society is sex economy. With Freud added to Marx, science and revolution join forces. Reich had no doubt that, as the first Freudo-Marxist, he was the scientist of the revolution to end all necessity of revolutions.

WHEN THE revolution finally did come, how would the new man differ from the old? Already, in one of Reich's early books, *Character Analysis,* the vision of an ideal "genital character" is posed against the well-established reality of the neurotic character.

Freud altered the classical conception according to which character was assessed in terms of response to external challenges. A man was courageous or cowardly, weak or strong, depending upon his discernible actions. Freud drove

* See his *Primal Law* (1903), specially Chapter II, on "Sexual Relations of Animals."

† Or a defeated one, in Freud's famous version.

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the standard inward: how men respond to internal danger—to the instinctual drives—was the key to their characters. The visible traits of character—how we walk, look, talk, gesture—become symptomatic expressions of how this inner threat is handled. In the Freudian definition, character is the congeries of typical ways in which each man defends himself—mainly against his deeper self.

Freud never considered the transformation of character as necessitating the elimination of repression. Not all repressions, but only those that led to symptoms instead of to adequately functioning character traits, had to be replaced. Reich, however, aimed at the entire range of character as symptomatic and in need of transformation. Change character, change the world. Through the release of the "armoring," of defenses against libidinal impulses, therapy had emerged as revolutionary. The act of liberation was to be the orgasm.

There is a line leading straight from the still respected *Character Analysis* to Reich's much-derided later work, *The Function of the Orgasm*. In the one he is the moral scientist analyzing the repressions; in the other, the moral revolutionary advocating their abolition.

The often praised technical brilliance of the Reich who wrote *Character Analysis* is due mainly to the heat of his argument. That book is composed upon one polemical motif, elaborated in tendentious detail: various innocent impulses are consumed in the formation and maintenance of the wall between the id and the ego; they are repressed, and suffer in the purgatory of the Freudian unconscious. In the process of repression, the impulses are transformed and reversed; the price is a rigid and overcomplicated character structure. The ego grows more and more remote from its instinctual resources. The result is not merely a neurosis; rather, a neurotic. The entire range of character has been infected.

There is not much here that is not vintage Freud—except for the important point that Freud never trusted the instincts. *Character Analysis* has been much overpraised, the better to dispraise Reich's later books. His critics are up to the old and dubious interpretative trick of dividing a writer's earlier work from his later in order to disparage one or the other. To accept *Character Analysis* as a solid piece of scientific work, while rejecting its successors as fantasy, is to avoid confronting the significant continuity of science and fantasy in Reich's mind. This is not to praise his later work or dispraise what came earlier, or vice versa. For from a certain point of view, they are all of a piece—including not least the illustrations with which Reich relieved his dull verbosity of style; increasingly these became pure Thurber, so economic in line, and yet so grand in their reference, that they can only be called comic. Reich was an unconscious cartoonist, lampooning the intricate mechanical drawing of science by peppering his books with diagrams, mainly fertile female circles and potent male arrows lying down together; or heavy lines superimposed atop one another in clumsy but sincere embrace.

OPPOSITION IS never enough; ideologists of the moral have to offer new ideals in the very act of diagnosing the failure of the old. In the ideal of a "genital character," Reich mounted all his admiration for strength and disgust at weakness.

Actually, according to Reich, we are all "mixed types"; but very little genital and mainly neurotic, for rather like the perfect neurotic, we have built our defenses so high as to be enclosed by them. Character is the prison of impulses; inside it, we learn stiffness, until we grow so immobile that we no longer wish to move around and take what is needed to feed the soul. The neurotic, whatever he appears on the outside, is poor inside. Health is to the individual as revolution is to society—a taking of what is needed. Being definitely "unafraid," the ideal character "satisfies his strong libidinal needs even at the risk of social ostracism." The neurotic character, on the other hand, has a fear of freedom. Weakness once built into his own psyche, his impulses safely exhausted in the building, the neurotic grows proud: he calls his weakness "character." This is the sharp impression Reich wished to convey of our inherited moral condition; it is an impression more politely conveyed by the Fromms and Horneys. The moral revolution led by Reich may have softened by now, but its softness and spread is understood all the better when examined in all the mantic fury of a Reich.

Reich portrays the genital character type as:

> very gay but also intensely angry; he reacts to the object-loss with depression but does not get lost in it; he is capable of intense love but also of intense hatred; he can, under appropriate conditions, be childlike but he will never appear infantile; his seriousness is natural and not stiff in a compensatory way because he has no tendency to show himself grown-up at all cost; his courage is not proof of potency but directed toward a rational goal . . . he can open up to the world as intensely in one case as he can shut himself off from it in another.

The "genital character" can lose himself in ecstasy and find himself in rejection; he can charge and retreat, give and take—all at low cost to himself. In short, the perfect external man, successor to the self-conscious and yet unknowing figure of the neurotic, trapped in his inwardness.

Externality is the quality without which the portrait of Reich's new man would not be complete. Being so outgoing, the public man is "capable of criticizing and altering the social situation," but without producing in himself or others

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that most dubious of all incitements to change: moral indignation. In Reich, the ancient ideal of the man of power, as described to Socrates by his young friend, Callicles, was dreamed again. Now, however, the superior man has become a democrat. He may live his full life, allow his desires to become as mighty as may be and never repress them, serve his passions in full maturity without contradicting either his conscience or reason, gratify every fleeting desire as it comes into his head —and all without cost to others. A better nature will not have to suffer inferiors, as Callicles imagined, and finally be defeated by them. In the Reichian vision, there will be no inferiors, none (in the words of Callicles) to "sing the praises of temperance and justice out of the depths of their own cowardice." All men will follow the same lordly impulses. Self-fulfilling, they will not need the consolations of religion; rather, each will be his own prophet of pleasure.

It is in the nature of psychotherapy that a certain number of patients should become disciples. Yet, hard as he worked on them, none of his patients ever became, in Reich's estimate, anything like "genital characters." Such failure was, of course, understandable. Working together in their therapeutic community at Rangeley, Maine, even the therapists could not help but bring some repressions with them.

The atmosphere being what it was, they could not rid themselves of the "plague." There were times when even a therapist

> is apt to say of himself: "I'm no good today, I have the plague." In our circles, such attacks of the emotional plague, if slight, are handled by one's withdrawing for a while until the attack of irrationalism subsides. In serious cases, where rational thinking and friendly counsel are not enough, one clears up the situation orgone-therapeutically. . . . to me and the close co-workers, the acute attack of the emotional plague is such a familiar phenomenon that we take it with calm and master it objectively. . . . It happens, of course, that such an attack of the emotional plague is not mastered. . . . We take such accidents in the same manner as one takes a serious physical disease or the death of an esteemed co-worker.

We have met this "death" in older communities, when a member no longer lives up to his vocation; he has died to God.

Because therapy and theory are always so closely linked, it is not surprising that Reich understood his therapeutic community as a scientific research center. People came to assist Reich in his research, and in this work they elaborated their cure. Although he was not himself aware of the fact, Reich was thus making the characteristic religious effort to found a community in which vocation was itself therapeutic. Thus, Reich's work, while remaining in his mind scientific, was also of a religious nature, as he finally admitted. For as he continued his highly personal and unverifiable experiments, the basic concept of orgone energy expanded, until he himself recognized that this was indeed God and that humans, if they would be saved from destruction, must conform to God's laws. His fantasy system enlarged, and in the process grew more and more internally coherent. From the earliest theoretical break with Freud, on the beneficent nature of instinct, to the last years of preaching the divinity of instinct in its cosmic expression, Reich achieved a continuity of thought which satisfied at least himself. Freud's theory of libidinal impulses led Reich to the therapy of the genital embrace (orgasm). In time, he discovered that matter, too, embraced and created more matter. Then he discovered that even in the heavens there was embrace. His doctrine was complete. Everything had meaning and value. From the microcosmic level of the "genital embrace" to the macrocosmic "cosmic superimposition," the world sought to reconcile itself to itself, in a dutiful Hegelian unity of dualities. The All had been reconstructed by a science, Orgonomy, which, being at once biological and moral, did not fragment reality as its mechanistic predecessors had done. And finally, with the discovery of the creation of the ring of the aurora, of the meaning of hurricanes and galaxies, Reichian psychotherapy expanded into a full-fledged system of cosmological belief. Science and religion were at last reconciled, as Reich had reconciled man to his nature. Therapy had led beyond community—to cosmic order, and thus to theology.

THE FOUNDER of this religious science had few fully committed followers. A number followed because Reich satisfied their religious yearnings. But others followed, for other reasons. Among those who were not propelled into the therapeutic community by their own religious inclinations, the most interesting by far were writers and artists. That some first-rate talents—Norman Mailer, for example, among the writers; Rudolf Kolisch, among concert artists; and, of course, William Steig, who became a devoted personal follower—were attracted to Reichian doctrine, gives it the importance of symptom, if not the stature of truth.*

Reich seems an unlikely sort to attract artists. Seeing everything, as he does, in terms of domination and freedom, nothing has aesthetic significance. There is the unmistakable straightness of an aesthetically blind man about Reich's argument, a two-term analysis without room between for ambiguity and surprising turns. But Reich did not attract portraitists of the conventionally beautiful, or commercial artists; rather, he attracted men who, proud in their alienation, draw and write against the grain of so-

* I would also include Paul Goodman, Herbert Marcuse, and Norman O. Brown among our leading contemporary neo-Reichian polemicists.

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ciety. It is the poor shape of little people that William Steig, as the most devoted of Reichian artists, translated from the angry diagnoses of his master into the cathartic laughter of cartoon. Unlike the scientist, the modern artist believes he must live in opposition to his society, or go down to defeat in his work. Reich supplied some artists with a way of opposing.

There are other reasons why Reich attracted artists. Flattery, if it can be built into a doctrine, will always attract those who succeed in finding themselves there. The successful of the 17th-century world of business managed to associate Calvin's idea of election with themselves. Reich made it easy for the artist to be flattered by his doctrine: that type comes nearest, in his understanding, to being a "genital character." The artist was downright lucky in his work. "That which is 'natural' in man, which makes him one with the cosmos, has found its genuine expression only in the arts, particularly in music and painting." Because "all that . . . is *genuinely* revolutionary, all genuine art . . . stems from the natural biological nucleus," the artist is, merely by being himself a "genuine revolutionary."

To be a revolutionary, and yet not in any political sense, must have appealed to a generation of artists who, having lost faith in Marx without resigning themselves, with Freud, to the world as it is, hankered after a doctrine that would transform the world by a new feeling for it. For the artists and writers who followed Reich were, like him, defeated men of the Left; for the defeated who, nevertheless, retain their pride of alienation, Reich's brave announcements of an end of politics turned failure itself into a kind of victory. To declare, as Reich did, that politics was the gravest symptom of a sick society hinted at the cure; as a first step toward sanity, it was useful to become anti-political. Moreover, the symptom being ever more grave, the cure was ever more imminent. Political society had reached its crisis of sickness in Hitler, who was "political genius" incarnate. "With Hitler, politics reached a peak of development." This "magnificent unmasking of the essence of politics in general" brought the end in sight. A new dispensation was near at hand. "I believe," Reich concluded, writing in 1933, "that the twentieth century, with its gigantic catastrophes, ushers in a new social era, an era free of politics."

Reich's anti-political sexualism was part of the artist's and intellectual's arsenal of ideas against the very idea of politics. Sex, as an anti-politics, can be seen idealized in Orwell's representation of the "proles" in *1984*; more significantly, not intellectual insight, but sexual appetite permits his heroine, Julia, to reject the ideology of the party. Another example of sexuality seen as the essential quality of the ideally anti-political man is in Lawrence's Mellors, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

More than he helped to create it, Reich exhibited in his own career the extremes of a fundamental shift in the sentiment for revolution: away from the classical aim of public social correction, toward the present transitional aim of private self-transformation. Put differently, the shift is from that conception of society in terms of justice and injustice which connects Plato and Marx, conservatism and Communism, toward a conception of society framed in terms of health and sickness. That latter conception is not new; a study of it would reveal the inevitable connection between religion and psychotherapy. That Reich was emphatically anti-Christian does not diminish the peculiarly modern religiosity (as distingished from true faith) of his therapeutic preaching.

In Reich's later work the preaching grew louder and explicit—more desperate, less hopeful. The Freudo-Marxist phase reached a climax with the publication of his *Character Analysis* and *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* (both in 1933) and *The Sexual Revolution* in 1936. After 1936, the religious apprehensions grew, until, at his death in 1957, they displaced both his Freudianism and his Marxism. During his last years, Reich's bio-therapy developed into mysticism, complete with its surest sign—the "Oceanic" feeling. Being, above all, a scientist, Reich was very precise about the ocean: it was an "orgone ocean . . . from which . . . all being, physical as well as emotional, emerges." Individuals were redefined as bits of "especially varied and organized cosmic energy." In this way Reich was able to find God—hiding, but only to be the more easily found—within man. At the same time, the "cosmic orgone ocean" is God. That ocean *is* the heavens, not symbolically but literally. Thus Reich returned unawares to one of the most primitive of all conceptions of God, in which deity does not reside *in* heaven but is, rather, identical with it. When accused of being a primitive, Reich proudly accepted the accusation as a sign of superiority. His passion was for recapturing what he considered the organic sense of wholeness characteristic of the primitive, as against the mechanistic sense of fragmentation he considered characteristic of the modern and scientific world view. The "primitive animistic view was closer to the (truth)" of "natural functioning" than the modern scientific. Reich merely "rediscovered" in his self-therapy the "true religion" with which primitive man had first asserted not himself but his oneness with the universe.

Behind the "mystical distortions," therefore, Reich found a "rational core" within all forms of faith. Now, in the science of Orgonomy, that core had been recovered and, at last, made

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rational: the existence of God had been demonstrated; "it," not "he," was the objective rational power governing the universe. Pre-scientific men had imagined that this objective power was a spirit, or a person, or three persons. Reich knew what every scientist knows: that God is power—physical in the universe, at the "root of all being and identical with it." He decided to worship what he knew. Thus science became his religion.

Now that the existence of God had been demonstrated (in experiments which only Reich appeared able to conduct), "it" could be put to work instead of being merely worshipped. For this old Marxist and strict scientist, use was the highest adoration. Certainly, "it" was there to be used; the cosmic power had "finally become accessible . . . [could] be handled, directed, measured, put to useful purposes by man-made tools." Indeed, God was good because He was useful. Although "it" could be misused, and thus turn wrathful, even deadly, naturally "it" was therapeutic, for the life of the universe affirms itself. Man need only accept the universe, and his religious problem, no less than all others, would be solved. Already in theory, partly in practice (for the techniques were not yet perfect), God could be used "to treat certain diseases" which were otherwise incurable—cancer, for example. The power that is God could be used "to lift a weight, or to blast rocks, or to penetrate matter with rays so that the inside becomes visible." Ultimately, "it" would be used to cure the illness of living itself.

With his discovery of God, Reich, in his own case, brought the therapeutic process to a successful conclusion. But again mankind refused to follow. By 1945, the doctor had completely lost his patience; the Reichian canon grew rhapsodic as much in hate as love. Reading the late Reich is like going to a pacifist meeting: one is a little frightened to witness so much aggression displayed by men pleading an end to aggression. As the one true physician, Reich lords it over the patient, addressing himself in the third person, although not in capitalized letters; after all, he is a Scientist, and Rational.

It is while talking about himself that Reich appears most moved. There is more than a trace of Jack London's Sea Wolf, if not of more superior men, in Reich's posturing. He describes himself, first of all, as a "great and lonely man." Then, this description is not accurate enough: "a very great man" will do better. He asks himself personal questions of worth, and answers in a way that would embarrass even a mirror on a wall: "You are likened to the intellectual giants in the history of science. You have made the greatest discovery in centuries." Yet despite the love that this very great man bears, not merely for himself, but for all ordinary living animals around him, they are afraid of him; they actually resent him. "The great man suffers for your misdeed in your place." He is a "pariah . . . driven . . . into loneliness," into "exile," into being "queer," into "decades of heartbreaking suffering."

This identification with Jesus exhibits Reich's main image of martyrdom. But from his various references, a pantheon of "true friends," all martyrs, can be reconstructed; with these he confidently expected posterity to put him on familiar and equal terms. After Jesus comes Giordano Bruno; then Socrates, Rathenau, Liebknecht, Marx, Lincoln, Nietzsche, Lenin, Galileo, Woodrow Wilson (that "great, warm person").

Reviewing the evidence of these earlier martyrdoms, it occurred to Reich that perhaps humanity was not worth saving. *Listen, Little Man* (1948) is one long scream of outrage at the sick of the sick society, determined, as they are, to remain sick. What infuriated Reich, mainly, was that although he had broken the monopoly on greatness, making it available to all, none chose it. The theoretical way was now clear; all men could be superior, do as they pleased, enjoy. Yet even those he had personally "freed" in the "belief of being free," felt lustful rather than loving. Rejected, the redeemer threatened to reject mankind. They had failed him, as they always failed their redeemers, infallibly choosing little men, often in the name of the great: Paul over Jesus, Hitler over Nietzsche, Robespierre over Danton, the Freud of culture over the Freud of sex—the examples are all Reich's. The little man cherishes his tyrants, as he does his character; he is not "alive inside and healthy."

Nevertheless, Reich reassures us, in parables, that he will not abandon the unredeemed. Addressing a hypothetical St. Peter, Reich advises him, as the representative figure of the sick, on how to heal himself: "The answer is: Build your house on rock. The rock is your own nature which you kill in yourself, the bodily love of your child, the dream of love of your wife, your own dream of life at the age of sixteen."

Finally, as much in anger as in sorrow, Reich turned away from saving the sick, or even the sick society. The "plague" was killing the planet. As an emergency measure, Reich hastened to the saving of this small lump of the cosmos. Not that he lacked colleagues. Other scientists, from other worlds, were undoubtedly at work on the very same problems, and with the same ideas, with whose discovery he had been burdened on earth. In this manner, the therapeutic doctrine of *Character Analysis* was fully elaborated into the scientific theological fantasia of Reich's last years. The original god-term, Orgone Energy, successor to Freud's libido, acquired a complementary devil term, "DOR," successor to Freud's death instinct, which Reich, in an earlier

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period, had denounced as unscientific and speculative. DOR was "Deadly Orgone Energy"—made deadly by the efforts of mechanist scientists in the service of sadistic politicians.

Toward the end of his life, Reich's eschatological sense grew into panic: the last emergency was upon us. Mankind was spreading the plague into nature itself. The good earth was being laid waste—becoming infertile and, finally, desert—as men projected outward the emotional desert of their inner lives. To Reich, the "waste land" was no poetic image but the planetary counterpart of human "armor." As a scientist in this emergency, his vocation must be not merely finding out about nature but saving it. If he could not save souls, then he would save matter. Reich became a "Cosmic Orgone Engineer," making rain and other fertility devices.

Other characters, undoubtedly genital, from other planets, were similarly at work. The cosmos was threatened; the devil, DOR, had been getting stronger, sustained by atomic blasts, which were poisoning the atmosphere. It was possible, of course, that, in order to protect life on their own planets, the Cosmic Orgone Engineers in outer space had decided to help earthman destroy himself. Deadly Orgone Energy was apparently due not only to the work of our mechanist scientists, but also "to cosmic orgone engineering by the people who have been visiting our planet in spaceships ('flying saucers,' as they appeared to some) from other worlds."

These "CORE men," as Reich called them, familiarly, although from another planet, were his last hope. Surely they intended to save, not destroy. "Obviously they are concerned about the far-reaching effects of our periodic explosions" on their own worlds. "They could stop these harmful explosions by either destroying us through DOR illness and desert development in our world or by pushing us towards health and good sense." Since, unlike earthlings, "CORE men are in touch with orgone functions and undoubtedly unarmored, it's easier to believe their intentions towards us are benign." The only fully accredited Cosmic Orgone Engineer on earth continued, despite provocation, to harbor only the most benign intentions.

IT IS NOT at all clear that when Reich died, martyred, in prison, he suffered from the suspicion that his martyrdom was absurd. On the contrary, he could see that even if the revolution he had preached went deliberately unheard, the age itself was revolutionary and that not merely in the superficial sense. He expected a showdown: for Life or against It. Was he, then, in his foolishness, completely mistaken?

Despite his doctrinal eccentricities—perhaps rather because of them—Reich is not alien from the moral revolution of our time; rather, he is an expression of it. Of course, that revolution is not being conducted on Reichian terms. Man the "preserver of higher values" does not yet understand himself as the same man who is "an orgonotic energy system," but he is more and more inclined to believe that once he has fused the two conceptions of himself—the moral and the natural—his problems will be solved. Whether men will ever understand themselves in the specifically Reichian way is not the issue; rather, the issue is how far Reich's eccentricities reveal something important about the less flamboyant efforts of science to solve the ethical question which the Greeks and the Jews long ago set for us.

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RONALD STEEL

IS CONGRESS OBSOLETE?

On entering the House of Representatives at Washington one is struck with the vulgar demeanor of that great assembly. The eye frequently does not discover a man of celebrity within its walls. Its members are almost all obscure individuals, whose names present no associations to the mind; they are mostly village lawyers, men in trade, or even persons belonging to the lower classes of society. In a country in which education is very general, it is said that the representatives of the people do not always know how to write correctly.

—Alexis de Tocqueville,
Democracy in America.

IT IS COMFORTING to know that some things never change, or at least not very much. One can still drop into that sprawling chamber where the people's representatives meet in solemn session and wonder how anything of the slightest importance could possibly happen there. A handful of men in baggy suits can be seen in various postures of repose—a few reading newspapers, another picking his nose, one sound asleep—while from somewhere in a sea of mahogany desks a voice rises in droning tribute to the milk-weed pod or the orthodontist. Even high-school civics teachers know better than to allow their wards to linger in the House gallery on spring vacation trips to the capital. Lest they all turn into cynics, they are hustled off after a few minutes to see the stuffed Indians at the Smithsonian.

But if de Tocqueville was right, we have to remember that the public spectacle of the lower chamber has always been mostly for show and a few laughs. The real business, then as now, goes on behind the scenes, in the committee rooms where the feudal barons of the legislative process dispose of the public business at their private discretion. As Woodrow Wilson wrote during his professorial days: "The House sits not for serious discussion, but to sanction the conclusions of its committees as rapidly as possible." If the ratification ceremony has little drama and even less debate, nobody seems to mind very much. To expect rapier wit and probing cross-questioning on the floor of the House is to ask of that august body a quality which it does not consider to be a virtue. In the rich heritage of custom the House holds dear, there is little room for question-askers or boat-rockers. Was it not, after all, the late Sam Rayburn, venerated by friend and foe alike as the living incarnation of everything that is most honorable in the House, who summed up the creed governing the institution over which he presided for so many years in the immortal words: "To get along, go along"?

Going along has always been to the House what economic determinism is to Marxists or predestination to Calvinists: an article of faith and a philosophy of life. Those who vote prudently when the chips are down and don't ask too many questions are drawn into the fold and given the sacraments—assignment to a powerful committee, a new federal highway through their district, speedy action on a private bill for an influential constituent. The few others, who for reasons of temperament or conscience have a hard time going along, find the role of a legislator a mine-field of bad intentions. As Senator Paul Douglas, a pioneer of the lonesome road himself, reminded a would-be rebel: "The legislation you favor will not go through. The dam your constituents want will not be built. The river improvements your constituents want will not be built."

Yet a few malcontents invariably appear in the House who ignore Sam Rayburn's advice. Among the most poignant are the idealists who think that all issues are decided on moral principle and resolved by the logic of debate. In his collection of round-table discussions, *The Congressman—His Work As He Sees It*,* one of a number of recent books on the House, Charles Clapp quotes such a disappointed idealist as saying: "I came here thinking this was for real, that this was the only parliament where democratic processes were at work. That is a myth, I find. You can't stand on the floor and inform people; they don't want to listen. If anybody thinks he is going to come down here and legislate he is crazy.

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* The Brookings Institution, 438 pp., $6.00.

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When I first arrived and looked around the Capitol, the White House and the Washington Monument, I had a lump in my throat and I felt pretty humble about being part of this great scene. But now all I see is skullduggery and shenanigans."

There speaks a man who thought he was going to the House of Commons and discovered himself in the House of Representatives, an organization whose leaders have no desire to be informed on the floor by their junior fellows, nor any intention of letting them legislate. While newcomers often complain bitterly about the five-minute limitation on debate, they gradually come to realize that it is not so much a tyranny imposed by the leadership as a handy device for dispensing with the irrelevant—that is, a debate that would not make the slightest difference in the way members cast their votes. With the horse-trading all wound up before the bill ever reaches the floor, the only thing a debate could accomplish would be to tell the voters what was being done to them in the name of their best interests. But since the House does not consider the enlightenment of the electorate to be one of its primary functions, most Congressmen are ardent supporters of the five-minute gag on debate. No temple of rhetoric, the House is a cozy, if slightly seedy, Masonic lodge where the boys swap yarns, the young Turks let off a little harmless steam, and the elders of the community watch over the foolproof system they have developed for keeping things nice and tidy.

One of the most remarkable features of this system is a process whereby speeches are presented but never heard, and where debate often comes only after the vote has been taken. This is accomplished by the device known as the *Congressional Record,* an ingenious publication which offers Congressmen, through their privilege to "revise and extend" remarks, the chance to create the past and go on record *ex post facto* —to be off pinching heifers in Ogalala during a crucial vote and yet break into print with an impassioned speech that gives every appearance of having been delivered in the heat of debate. The fact that this practice provides a deceptive official record which makes it impossible for the courts to determine legislative intent hardly detracts from its self-evident virtues. How useful it is to be in two places at once, to say one thing on the floor and another for the record, to decide one's position after the issue is settled. And how convenient it is for the image-conscious Congressman to have a publication into which he can insert his own public-relations material, or that of a favored pressure group, and then get it distributed at no expense (except the taxpayers') to the voters of his district by means of his Congressional mailing frank. Thus, without recourse to the tedious and time-consuming method of floor debate, the members of Congress are nevertheless able to fulfill their obligation to instruct the electorate on vital issues of public policy.

To be sure, Congressmen, like everyone else, are subject to persuasion. It is just that the real persuaders are not those who deliver fervent addresses, nor even the President and his various arm-twisting minions, but the handful of venerable figures in the House cat-bird seat: the Speaker, the minority leader, the chairmen of the half-dozen key committees. Theirs are the hands that guide the strange, and sometimes incomprehensible, workings of the House, that hold out rewards and exact punishments, that allow certain bills to be voted upon and consign others to the limbo of the forgotten. These are the men who decide on the assignment of their colleagues to the legislative committees—an act filled with all the darkness and much of the ceremony of the Eleusinian Mysteries. Congressman Bob Wilson, for example, whose political career is mightily helped by a steady flow of defense contracts into his California constituency, told Clapp that he was not exactly sure why he was put on the Armed Services committee, although "one factor of great significance" must have been "that my district has many military installations in it and thus is a logical one to be represented on the committee." Another Congressman, benefiting from Sam Rayburn's dictum that the new Democrats on the Education and Labor committee must first be cleared by the AFL-CIO, found that his assignment was made "when some labor lobbyists came to me and asked whether I would go on if they could get me on. They went ahead and got me on. I neither asked for it nor lifted a finger for it."

As far as the individual Congressman is concerned, the most awesome seat of power in the House has been the Appropriations committee. "For a member of the House to fight this committee," writes Neil MacNeil in his long and perhaps overly loving account of House folklore, *Forge of Democracy,** "even in the cause of the President, was to risk dreadful consequences to his own political well-being, for this committee had power over all the federal spending in every Representative's home district. . . . This power over the political lives of the other Representatives gave the committee almost unlimited influence over government spending. Rarely were the committee's bills ever seriously challenged by the House itself. By the 1960's it was not deemed remarkable that the House adopted appropriations of as much as $40 billion without a single amendment being offered on the House floor or a single voiced dissent." It takes either a very brave or a very foolish man to oppose such monolithic authority.

If the Appropriations committee has the key

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to the public purse and the Congressman's heart, another House institution, the Rules committee, manages to exercise veto power over legislation without having any substantive authority at all. Theoretically empowered only to decide the order in which bills approved by other committees shall be sent to the floor for consideration, it has in reality established itself as the moral overseer of legislation, deciding not merely when the House shall consider bills but whether it should be allowed to consider them at all. An early chairman of this committee was not speaking through his hat when he said, "In me reposes absolute obstructive powers." Similarly, in 1960 the venerable current chairman, Judge Howard Smith, told two members of his committee who were seeking the release of several key bills: "The only legislation I will agree to consider is the minimum-wage bill. You can tell your liberal friends that they will get that—or nothing. If you try to bring up anything else, I'll adjourn the meeting."

Crafty parliamentarian that he is, Judge Smith has adjourned a good many meetings, with the result that he has usually been able to block the bills he didn't like and speed through the ones he admired—such as the Communist control act that bears his name. It is a favorite pastime among liberals to fulminate against the Judge and curse him for having a black heart. Yet the Rules committee is the House's creation, not his, and it perfectly reflects the political ethos which dominates that institution. Who would vote to remove Judge Smith from the chairmanship of "his" committee—a position which he acquired and maintains by virtue of having been returned to Congress for sixteen consecutive terms—when to do so would be a direct blow to the seniority system from which every Congressman can expect to benefit? Even Sam Rayburn, cunning fox that he was, was unable to pry key administration bills loose from the Rules committee; nor was he able to purge William Colmer from his second-ranking position on it despite the fact that Colmer, a Mississippi Democrat, actively campaigned against Kennedy in the 1960 election.

To a foreign observer there must have been something pathetic, if not totally mystifying, in the late President's complaint that much of his program would have been approved had the Rules committee allowed his bills to come to a vote in the House. After all, the committee had a two-thirds Democratic majority, was headed by a member of the President's own party, and was supposedly acting as an agent of a Democratic-controlled House. But as James MacGregor Burns has told us in his admirable study, *Deadlock of Democracy*, there are two Democratic parties, one controlled by some ninety Congressmen elected by two million voters, and another (when the Democrats are in power) headed by the President and making its appeal to sixty million voters. The Congressional Democrats, with Judge Smith as their rock and Adam Smith as their prophet, view themselves as defenders of the Republic against its wild-eyed enemies "downtown" in the White House and the government agencies. And in this crusade they have found natural allies in Republicans like Charles Halleck, the pugnacious minority leader, who sees the Rules committee as a "roadblock to unwise, ill-timed, spendthrift, socialistic measures."

Those critics who are trying to save the House from itself and pump some blood back into its congealed arteries naturally seize upon the Rules committee as the logical place to begin. James Robinson, a young political scientist who has examined the various possibilities for reform in his scholarly study, *The House Rules Committee*,* concludes that the most radical solution would also be the most logical: do away with the damned thing altogether and let the majority party leadership determine which committee-approved bills should be considered by the House and in what order. Noting that the Senate sets its agenda by a procedure of unanimous consent agreements, Robinson argues cogently that "if a group of 100 men can agree unanimously on its legislative program, 400 men can surely operate by majority vote." The fact, however, is that both the leadership and the majority of the House seem quite content with the conduct of the Rules committee and have consistently refrained from any serious attempt to discipline it. It is too handy as a graveyard for legislation that the majority does not want, but dares not oppose openly.

But then has not Congress always looked upon the non-passage of bills as a function at least as important as their passage? As Robert Bendiner says in *Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill*,† his informative and witty study of the non-legislative process at work: "A United States Congressman has two principal functions: to make laws and to keep laws from being made. . . . Indeed, if that government is best that governs least, then Congress is designed, by rule and tradition, to be one of the most perfect instruments of government ever devised." Following various bills for federal aid to education on their long and tortuous path to extinction, Bendiner delves into the labyrinth of Congressional obstructionism as it has been refined over the years by the best parliamentary minds in the business. The result is a revealing insight into the non-workings of our legislative system, and a fascinating account of how an intelligent minority has been able to impose its will on a disorganized majority.

Considering all the hurdles and pits that Congress has placed in the path of legislation,

* Bobbs-Merrill, 127 pp., $5.00.
† McGraw-Hill, 231 pp., $4.95.

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it is less remarkable that the system performs so badly than that, like the chess-playing dog, it performs so well. One would be hard-pressed to think of any other functioning democracy where the chief executive could not even persuade the legislature to consider, let alone pass, one-fifth of the bills he sent to it. Yet somehow or other the system creaks on, the absolutely vital measures get passed in one form or another, while the controversial ones gather dust until there is sufficient popular demand to force them to a vote—or until the Supreme Court does Congress's work for it. Which is no ground for complacency, but none for hysteria either. Looking back on some of the legislation that has been whooped through the House—such as the perennial wiretap bills, the Smith Act, or the 1950 resolution to cut off Marshall Plan aid to England until the British Parliament ended the partition of Ireland—one might have second thoughts about the desirability of speedy Congressional action.

Perhaps, in any case, it is only the political scientists who take Congress's legislative role seriously. If forced to express an opinion, most Congressmen would probably not place legislating very high on their list of public duties. Faithful servant of the people, the average member of the House takes greater pride in his job of representation. He delights in considering himself a liaison between his constituents and the federal government, serving as a conduit for baffled inquiries about overdue social security checks, veterans' benefits, and draft deferments. The size of the country and the impersonality of the bureaucracy make this function important, although only in the United States is it considered to be the main job of the nation's legislators. While he perpetually grumbles about the time it consumes, the Congressman enjoys playing this role—even to the point of acting as a travel agent for his constituents, reserving hotel rooms for them, and finding them choice seats for the selection of Miss Cherry Blossom. It all gives him a sense of service and it forges ties with the voters that come in handy every second November.

Bendiner, along with a good many other critics of a moribund Congress, believes that this overly tight and narrow relationship between the Representative and his constituents is responsible for the House's failure to educate the public: that is to say, the Congressman doesn't pass the hard truth on to the voters either because he is too busy performing his liaison functions or because he is afraid that they won't re-elect him if he provides unpleasant information. "If," Bendiner writes, "there is any hope of making Congress primarily the nationally deliberative body that it might be and only secondarily the assembly of sectional and provincial representatives that to some extent it must be, the hope lies, I think, in the direction of making its members somewhat freer than they are of local whim and sentiment." To this end he suggests a series of modest, if unlikely, reforms—such as lengthening the term of office and limiting the number of consecutive terms, letting candidates run from whatever district they please regardless of residence, setting up a quasi-judicial agency to relieve Congressmen of the burden of bills for the relief of individual constituents, and reducing the errand-boy role of Congressmen by establishing an office on the Swedish model to serve as an intermediary between citizen and bureaucracy.

REASONABLE ENOUGH in themselves, these suggested reforms might make Congressmen more independent, but would they also make them wiser—or readier to vote for the legislation so dear to the hearts of the liberals? The answer, I should think, is no. The fearsome old curmudgeons who bottle up medicare, federal aid to education, and home rule for the District of Columbia are not those Congressmen chained to "local whim and sentiment," but precisely the ones who can afford to ignore their constituents because they come from one-party districts and are as firmly entrenched in office as is navy bean soup in the House cafeteria. Of the 435 seats in the House, only 100 at most can be called marginal in any sense of the word, and in recent elections less than one incumbent in ten has been denied another term. John McMillan is not being cowed by the voters of South Carolina when, as chairman of the House District committee, he decides that his fellow representatives shall not be allowed to vote on home rule for the nation's capital, despite the fact that three successive Presidents have asked for it, and the Senate has five times passed bills which would authorize it. Nor does Judge Howard Smith tremble under the judgment of the central Virginia mountaineers and farmers who have kept him in Congress since 1931; he is all-powerful within his realm because he is an absolutely free agent enjoying autocratic authority under the archaic rules that govern the House in the conduct of its own affairs.

A good many liberals imagine that making every Representative as independent as these Southern gentlemen—or their counterparts in the one-party Republican districts of the Middle West—would bring about a flow of progressive legislation. More likely, however, it would slow such legislation up, since it is precisely the Congressmen from marginal districts who are most receptive to the needs of a changing society. The burden these legislators operate under does not come from the narrow prejudices of their district—a civics-class myth it is time we disposed of—but from a procedural system that prevents a numerical majority from imposing its will upon an entrenched minority. To free Representatives from the pressure of their constituents would in no way threaten the power of the oligarchs who have manipulated the rules of the House to

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their own purposes, and are responsible to no one but themselves. A more effective remedy, therefore, would lie in freeing Congress from its own procedural prison. Not that this would necessarily bring Congress wisdom, but it could at least help it to function once again.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish to deny that the Representative is a man subject to intense local pressures—pressures which he cannot ignore without sacrificing his political life. He may find these pressures narrow and ignorant, he may even defy them if he thinks he can, but he dare not cut too many bridges of support or he will soon find himself with nowhere to turn and his career in Washington collapsing under him. This is one of the reasons why Congressmen feel it essential to reply to every letter that comes into their office, no matter how undeserving or unnecessary of response. Those from marginal districts where two-party politics is a reality live under the constant terror of offending a single voter. Only an iconoclast like Stephen Young has the courage to reply to crackpots: "Dear Sir, Some damned fool sent me a stupid letter and signed your name to it." But then Stephen Young is not only a free spirit and a man of exquisite sense, he is also a Senator; and Senators can do things that no Congressman would dream of in his wildest flights of fantasy. Blessed with a six-year term and supported by the assumption that voters have short memories, Senators can even court temporary unpopularity by favoring the needs of the nation over the feelings of their constituents. To be sure, even a Senator has to keep the fences mended at home, and never for a minute can he forget that he is an elected official with his state's interests to represent, but at least he has more leeway than his colleagues in the House of Representatives.

The Representative, unless he is permanently entrenched in office by a one-party constituency, takes a national view of public affairs only at his own peril. As D. W. Brogan, has pointed out: "An American Congressman who, for the best of reasons, offends local pressure groups, or by not talking for Buncombe, wastes his time on mere national issues of the first order, may be out—and out forever. The history of Congress is full of martyrs to the general welfare, but any given Congress is full of men who have had more sense than to prefer the general welfare to the local interest." Thus, Congressmen from marginal districts feel that they must work both sides of the political fence if they are to be re-elected. This is not always as easy as it sounds, particularly where the Congressman feels strongly about social issues. Speaking for a frustrated minority, one liberal told MacNeil of his disappointment when the state legislature failed to redraw his district; "I could have been a statesman if they had cut off a few of those conservatives. Now I'll have to continue going this way and that way, back and forth. I'm a cracker-ass Congressman—and I could have been a statesman." Perhaps he could have been, but he was in the wrong place, for only those who do not have to worry about being re-elected every two years can afford to be Burkeans.

THIS, OF COURSE, is supposed to be one of the virtues of the House: because Representatives are constantly running for re-election, the House, it is said, more accurately reflects the national will than the Senate. But here we come upon a paradox, for is it not often the case that the Congressman trails behind public opinion, faithfully waving the banner of last year's slogan? The gap between that vast amorphous entity known as The Country and the incestuous little world of Washington has not developed—as most Congressmen like to think—mainly because of the electorate's backwardness. It is a result of the isolation and caution of legislators who are so enmeshed in Congressional gamesmanship that they no longer have any clear idea of what the voters are thinking—and in some cases, they have even ceased to care. Instead of legislating, Congress holds hearings; instead of educating the voters, it bemoans their ignorance; instead of offering leadership, it complains that it is not the President; and instead of drafting its own bills, it merely acts as a receptacle for legislation drawn up by the White House and the federal agencies.

Reflecting on the ways of the House, an institution that fills him with alternating mirth and consternation, Murray Kempton writes: "It is argued that the House of Representatives has damaged the country by its persistence in negation. But the real point is that this habit has damaged the House of Representatives more than it has anything else. Negation, long indulged, renders any institution impotent. The House can no longer offer any alternative to Executive discretion on matters truly critical; its attitude has, in fact, turned government into a series of private compacts to do what has to be done without admitting that it is being done. And what should be serious debate ends as only a saber dance. The Congress is content with gestures; it has surrendered to the President what power there is for substantial action."

In the paralysis of its procedures and the negativism of its philosophy, the Senate has been just as irresponsible as the House—and with even less reason, since it cannot fall back on the excuse that a two-year term somehow ties its hands. Together the two chambers form a poignant diptych of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, joined in impotent wedlock by the fetters of their own making. As a result, the role of the Congress in the American system of government has become basically one of obstruction and harassment. It can block administration bills which have over-

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whelming public support, such as medicare or federal aid to education, but it is unable to offer any constructive alternatives of its own. It can slash the foreign aid bill to ribbons and hamper the conduct of foreign policy by cutting off aid to countries whose leaders it doesn't like, while shunting off the consequences of its irresponsibility to a frustrated Executive branch. It can annoy the administration, of whatever party, by investigations designed more to embarrass public officials than to enlighten the public, and by indiscriminate hacking at the budgets of administrative agencies that incur the displeasure of one of the Congressional oligarchs. It can drive Cabinet officials to distraction by forcing them to make perpetual appearances before its various committees in hearings which often seem designed more to satisfy Congressional vanity than to provide information. In the face of this collapse of legislative responsibility, even Walter Lippmann, a man not given to dramatic generalizations, has found "reason to wonder whether the Congressional system as it now operates is not a grave danger to the Republic."

What is most alarming about the inability of the Congress to legislate is that it may lead to a breakdown of our peculiarly successful, but not necessarily permanent, democratic system. The checks and balances written into the Constitution are the very fibre of American democracy, and if they are disturbed over too long a period, the system itself must suffer. A self-reliant and responsible legislature is, after all, an anomaly in the world, not a commonplace. For all its sense of drama and lofty standards of debate, the French parliament was so totally incapable of coping with its duties and had fallen to such a level of public contempt that its demise was greeted with indifference or delight. The American Congress, too, could become a purely ceremonial body, providing country lawyers with prestigious titles to cap their careers, and offering a source of harmless entertainment for a cynical public.

This is certainly one way of resolving the Congressional impasse, but it is one over which liberals should contain their enthusiasm. It is only relatively recently that liberals have found such virtue in a strong-arm executive and a politically motivated Supreme Court—institutions which were both looked upon with considerable suspicion when they were manned by incumbents of different political hue. We have had reactionary Courts and right-wing Presidents before, and we are likely to have them again. We have also had a Congress—although not recently—which took its responsibilities seriously and which was a "great assembly" of the people rather than a museum of stuffed platitudes. Unless that once "great assembly" is put into working order again, we are likely to find ourselves with something even worse—which is no effective assembly at all.

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Goldwater—The Romantic Regression

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

WHILE TALKING to Senator Goldwater in September 1963—questioning him, arguing with him, sizing him up—I could not banish from my mind the memory of a similar encounter I had with Senator Taft in June 1952, a few weeks before the Republican Convention rejected his bid for the Presidential nomination. I was struck by the resemblance between their modes of thought—a resemblance that was made only the more striking by the obvious intellectual superiority of the late Senator from Ohio. And I remember thinking when I left Senator Taft that I had never met anyone so intelligent and responsible who was yet able to contradict himself so often within the span of a half hour without ever being aware of it. Senator Goldwater is endowed with the same ability.

We must take a stronger stand against the Soviet Union—Senator Taft told me—but we must reduce our military commitments in Europe. We must win victory over, rather than contain, Communism—Senator Goldwater told me—but we must reduce the expenditures of the federal government. Neither man could be said to be so lacking in reasoning power as not to see these and similar contradictions if pointed out to him; and Senator Goldwater admitted them readily when I did so. Why, then, is it that such an admission remains nothing more than a lucid interval in a mind for which contradictions like these are the daily bread of intellectual discourse, the conceptual schemes that reality is perceived through and is supposed to be acted upon? The answer must be sought in the romantic character of both men and, indeed, of the main body of Republican thought.

The political romantic is the obverse of the political reformer. He is, as it were, a backward-looking reformer, a *"prophète du passé," "laudator temporis acti."* The reformer endeavors to bridge the gap between reality and a moral and rational ideal not yet achieved by transforming reality in the light of that ideal. The political romantic carries within himself the picture of a glorious past, fancied or real or both, of a golden age once achieved by ancestral virtue and despoiled by contemporary vice, of a political paradise once possessed and now lost. This picture provides the romantic with the standards for political judgment, the goals for political action, the arguments and imagery of political rhetoric. The past was great and simple; the present is complexity, decline, and decadence; the future will be great and simple again by being like the past. For the political romantic the ideal does not exist, as it does for the reformer, in the rational and moral imagination, to be realized *de novo* by hazardous and precarious effort. Rather it exists in the historic recollection of a state once attained and that is hence attainable again with relative ease and without undue risks merely by doing what was done before. For the political romantic, then, progress is tantamount to restoration.

Political romanticism is not identical with conservatism. Romanticism is certainly a powerful disposition in American politics; so, too, is a conservatism of philosophy and method. A conservatism of purpose, however, is not. The neglect of this dual distinction between romanticism and conservatism, and between the two different kinds of conservatism, has caused considerable confusion. Thus Goldwater calls himself a conservative and is actually a romantic who has recently turned conservative only by force of circumstance and in a partial sense through having become the champion of the segregationists. The *National Review* calls itself a conservative journal and actually plays on the American political scene the same romantic and inconsequential role as the *Action Française,* the organ of the royalists, played in the French Third Republic.

A conservatism of philosophy and method is intrinsic to the American political tradition. *The Federalist* is its greatest literary monument, Alexander Hamilton is its greatest theoretician, John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln are in different ways its greatest practitioners. This kind of conservatism holds that the imperfections of the world as seen from the rational point of view are the result of forces inherent in human nature. To improve the world, one must work with these forces, not against them. The world being by nature made up of conflicting interests, abstract principles can never be fully realized; they can at best be approximated through the ever temporary balancing of interests and the ever precarious settlement of conflicts. This kind of conservatism, then, sees in a system of checks and balances a universal principle for all plural-

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ist societies. It appeals to historic precedent rather than abstract doctrine and aims at the realization of the lesser evil rather than of the absolute good.

The conservative view of the purposes of politics, on the other hand, endows the status quo with a special dignity and seeks to maintain and improve it. This kind of conservatism has its natural political environment in Europe; it has no place in the American tradition of politics. Europe, in contrast to America, has known classes, determined by heredity or otherwise sharply and permanently defined in composition and social status, which have had a legitimate stake in defending the status quo. But for the defense of what status quo could the American conservative have fought? The great majority of Americans—as opposed to the states of the Confederacy and other special interests, such as the contemporary concentrations of private power—have never experienced a status quo to whose preservation they could have devoted themselves. For America has been committed to a purpose in the eyes of which the status quo has always been but a steppingstone to a new achievement, a new status quo to be left behind by yet another new achievement. The very dynamics of American society are thus incompatible with a conservative position regarding the purposes of politics.

The great issues of American politics concern not the preservation of the present, but the creation of the future. American politics does not set the past and present against the future; rather it sets one kind of future against another kind of future. While, in philosophy and method, conservatism is the most potent single influence in American politics, the purposes of our politics from the very beginning have been unique and revolutionary, not only within narrowly political terms, but also in the more general sense of being oblivious to tradition. Thus—with certain temporary exceptions—the political programs of both our major parties have favored changes in the domestic status quo; for only with such a program could they have hoped to appeal to the voters. We have had no conservative political party because the number of conservative voters has never been sufficient to support one on the national scale. We have only had conservative minorities, which have been limited to trying, through obstruction and subterfuge, to prevent change or at least to slow it up.*

This analysis enables us to assess the function that Goldwater's candidacy is performing for the Republican party and for the nation. That function grows out of three distinct factors: the continuity of the romantic disposition as the dominant mood of the Republican party from Taft to Goldwater; the novelty of a conservative position through Goldwater's identification with segregationism; and the appearance—as a result of that identification and of Goldwater's charisma—of a romantic-conservative activism.

THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN opposition to Goldwater, and the newspapers and columnists sympathizing with it, have made it appear that Goldwater has imposed an alien conservative philosophy upon an unwilling Republican party which he has been able to dominate. This is a myth. Goldwater's Congressional voting record shows conclusively the harmony between his positions and those of the Republican members of Congress. And, indeed, his political philosophy—individualism, free enterprise, states' rights, a weak federal government, a balanced budget, reduced taxes, victory over Communism, American omnipotence abroad either through isolation or domination—moves in the mainstream of Republican thought. Even if Dewey and Nixon did not share this (or any other) philosophy, they used it; as cold-blooded operators they could pay lip-service to any philosophy. However, Taft and Eisenhower certainly shared it. The contest between Eisenhower and Taft in 1952 was not a contest between two rival philosophies, but between two individuals; and the Republican Convention did not choose Eisenhower over Taft because it preferred his political philosophy, but because it preferred the certainty of victory. On the other hand, the contest between Scranton and Goldwater was bound to be a contest between philosophies; for while Scranton argued that Goldwater could not win, he had no arguments to show that he himself could. Unable to promise the Republicans victory, he could offer them only a philosophy—and it was one they did not want. Reduced to being the champion of liberal Republicanism against Goldwater's romanticism, he was doomed from the outset.

The continuity between Eisenhower and Goldwater is striking both on the philosophic and personal levels. To be sure, Eisenhower's romanticism—the simple virtues of the small town, free enterprise, reduction of federal power, a balanced budget, a moralistic conception of foreign policy—was mitigated by vagueness and rendered relatively innocuous by indolence and by a desire for domestic and international peace. Yet Eisenhower's understanding of reality, and his vision of the world to be created by political action—or the lack of it—are essentially those of Goldwater.

For example, Goldwater advocates an aggressive foreign policy which will keep our allies in line and ultimately lead to victory over Communism, and he has at least played with the idea of using atomic weapons in Vietnam. But who was it in the 50's who advocated brinksmanship, massive retaliation, the liberation of Eastern Europe, the unleashing of Chiang Kai-shek, an

* For a fuller discussion, see my book, *The Purpose of American Politics* (Knopf, 1960; Vintage, 1964).

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agonizing reappraisal of our relations with Europe, the "new look," and intervention in Indochina with atomic weapons? John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower's Secretary of State. Or again; no man could have been more fervently dedicated to balancing the budget and curtailing the activities of the federal government than George Humphrey, who was Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury from 1953-7. And Humphrey is now one of Goldwater's most influential supporters.

The Republican party dominated by Goldwater has refused to condemn the John Birch Society, whose president once identified Eisenhower with the Communist conspiracy. But who in October 1952 eliminated from a speech a laudatory reference to General George Marshall, the very incarnation of the American virtues, in order to please Joseph McCarthy, who had denounced Marshall as a traitor? General Eisenhower, who was, to boot, General Marshall's protégé. Eisenhower's silence was but the most eloquent manifestation of the sway which McCarthyism, a kind of primitive and unorganized Birchism, held over the Republican party—and, alas, not only over it. Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture during the two Eisenhower administrations, has denied being a member of the Birch Society but shares its philosophy. Edward A. McCabe, who was associate counsel and administrative assistant to President Eisenhower, was Goldwater's research director during the primary campaign and is one of his closest advisers. William E. Miller who, according to the New York *Times*, is "in complete consonance with Senator Goldwater," provides the personal link between the Eisenhower and Goldwater eras; having been the chairman of the Republican National Committee from 1961-64, he has now been chosen by Goldwater as his running-mate.

WHILE THE widely held opinion of a rift between Goldwater's philosophy and the traditional philosophy of the Republican party is thus a legend, there does in fact exist a cleavage between Goldwater and the Republican tradition that is pregnant with drastic consequences for the country should he be elected. What separates Goldwater from the Republican statesmen of the recent past is not his philosophy, but the positive relationship he appears to be willing to establish between that philosophy and political action. His immediate predecessors as leaders of the Republican party, romantic though they might have been, were no fools. When their romantic philosophy came up against the hard facts of political life, it was the facts that won out. Dulles might orate about allowing Chiang Kai-shek to invade the mainland, or about liberating Eastern Europe, or about hitting the Soviet Union with atomic weapons on the occasions and at the places of our choosing. But when opportunity beckoned, as on the occasion of the Hungarian revolution of 1956, his passivity was total, and when the chips were down, even with the brink nowhere in sight, as at Suez in the same year, he forced our allies to retreat. Similarly, Humphrey reduced expenditures for economic and social purposes to a minimum, thus causing recessions, but he did not balance the budget. Such contrasts between programmatic pronouncements and actual policies receded from public view in the haze of Eisenhower's amorphous benevolence.

Goldwater is of a different breed. He is an honest man, and he gives at least the impression of being a determined man. Not only does he firmly believe in what he says, but he also appears to have the resolve to put into practice what he believes, come hell or high water. He believes in the political potency of strong action inspired by good intentions. His predecessors failed because they did not believe firmly enough and did not try hard enough. If stubborn facts seem to stand in the way of successful action, too bad for the facts. Don Quixote has mounted Rosinante and is at last ready to give battle.

Here is the source both of the enthusiasm Goldwater evokes in his followers, and of the dismay with which his Republican opponents regard him. His followers are unsophisticated enough to think that the modern world has come upon us at best through the deficiencies of a succession of misguided governments, and at worst through their conspiratorial connivance with the forces of evil. What is needed to set things right is a good and determined man, and Goldwater—whose charisma communicates itself to the individual visitor no less than to the crowds—seems to be such a man. This charismatic quality sets Goldwater apart from his predecessors. Eisenhower's charisma was not primarily a quality of his person but a function of the memory of his historic role, real or fancied. And whatever assets Dewey and Nixon may vaunt, charisma is certainly not one of them.

The very same apparent determination to narrow the gap between a romantic philosophy and an obstreperous reality that elates Goldwater's followers is also what frightens his pragmatic Republican opponents. These pragmatic Republicans may bow to Goldwater's verbal picture of the lost paradise to be restored, but in practical terms they are perfectly content with the status quo. (Indeed, it is exactly this contentment with things as they are which affords them the luxury to indulge in ideological daydreams about things as they have been and ought to be.) A corporate executive may inveigh against government interference, but he does so in the knowledge that his company spends more federal funds annually than, say, the U.S. Department of Labor; if anything, he wants to get the federal government more, not less, deeply involved in the private sector. He is certainly afraid of Communism and wants it defeated, but not at the risk of blowing

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himself up. For him, Goldwater's philosophy is like the Golden Rule, to be applauded on Sunday and to be quoted during the week on appropriate occasions; but let no man think that it has a place in the office on Monday morning. He takes politicians who promise heaven on earth in his stride; but he is too practical to have any use for a politician who threatens to upset the applecart by making good on his promises. Both Goldwater's Republican opponents and his adherents listen to his voice as to the prophet's, promising salvation. The opponents can applaud the prophet while dismissing his message, but the adherents expect the prophet to transform reality in the image of his message and look upon themselves as so many apostles of salvation.

This tendency toward activism, which is fostered by Goldwater's personality, has also been powerfully reinforced by the objective conditions under which he is competing for the Presidency of the United States. For a genuine conservative position of the kind that is exceptional in American history has now crystallized—the position of the segregationists, North and South. Here is indeed a group that has a stake in the status quo, that has a political, social, and economic position to defend against change and is resolved to defend it. Goldwater has become the champion of that group. The traditional romanticism of the Republican party is now being fused with the conservatism—old in the South, new in the North—of the segregationists. A romantic tenet, such as states' rights, which in the past was nothing more than a specious incantation, has now taken on concrete political significance in that it provides both Governor Wallace and Goldwater with a weapon for the protection of the segregationist position. For the first time, the romanticism of the Republican party has a concrete political cause for which it can fight, not merely from the rostrums, but from the barricades and from the White House. This is the novelty of our situation. Goldwater's political romanticism tending toward action has converged with a conservatism requiring action. And that is what makes his candidacy so portentous and ominous an event in the history of our country.

Romanticism has been the curse of the Republican party since 1932—Eisenhower's victories were but accidents without consequence in the history of the Republican party—and activist romanticism is bound to be a greater curse still. If Goldwater were nothing but an activist romantic, he would be bound to go down to resounding defeat in November; for there are not enough voters who will risk acting their romantic daydreams out. But Goldwater is also the champion of segregationist conservatism, and here one must distinguish between the old conservatism of the South and the new one of the North. Even if one were to add the old conservatives of the South to the traditional romantics of the Republican party and deduct the pragmatic Republicans deterred by Goldwater's activism, Goldwater could not win. The great unknown in the equation, however, are the new conservatives of the North. To them Goldwater offers himself as the savior of America from social change. His chances in November will hang upon the number of Northern Democrats and habitual non-voters who feel the need to be saved strongly enough, and believe strongly enough he is the man to save them, to vote for him. How large is that group? It is certainly larger than the number of Republicans who will be deterred by Goldwater's activism. But how large is it likely to be in terms of electoral votes? Nobody knows. More particularly, the pollsters do not know, for they cannot identify the number of habitual non-voters who might be sufficiently aroused this time to vote for Goldwater; nor can they isolate the prospective conservatives of the North from the rest of the voting population. It is upon the answer to this question of the size of the new Northern conservative vote that the future of Goldwater, of the Republican party, and of the nation, depends.

If Goldwater should win, the stubbornness of the facts is bound to restrain his romantic activism, and so will his innate democratic decency. Yet it is exactly this unwitting decency which makes him the natural prey of people less decent than himself. There looms, then, the specter of a victorious Republican party taken over by romantic and conservative activists, and pulled by its own dynamics toward a fascist position. For neither romantic restoration nor conservative preservation is attainable within the limits of the democratic consensus. If they are to be attained, they must be attained by violence.

If Goldwater should lose, the Republican party he will leave behind will no longer be a viable alternative to the party in power. As dominated by the activists, it would stand outside the democratic consensus, a threat to the democratic order but not to the party in power. If the romantic pragmatists were to recover control, it would have no other claim to power but to assert that what the party in power was doing it could do better. In either case, we would find ourselves in a condition similar to that which prevails in Germany, France, and the Scandinavian countries: we would have a two-party system in which one party governs in virtual perpetuity, short of crises or scandals of extraordinary proportions. Thus whatever happens, this promises to be an election memorable in the annals of the nation.

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Rome & Jerusalem

MILTON HIMMELFARB

Their Problem, Our Problem

We had an outbreak of Jewish self-respect this summer. Orthodox rabbis in their convention, Reform rabbis in theirs, the National Community Relations Advisory Council, the World Jewish Congress assembled in Jerusalem—all were scornful of active Jewish interest in having the Vatican Council issue a declaration on Christian relations with the Jews and Judaism. The cry was that anti-Semitism is a Christian, not a Jewish problem, for Christians to solve on their own and for self-respecting Jews to stay away from. Though no offender was mentioned by name, the newspapers made it clear that the self-respecters had the American Jewish Committee in mind.

The Orthodox, if not entirely candid, at least were unmoved by institutional envy. Basically, and with ever-lessening dissent, they oppose a softening in the ancient hostility between Christians and Jews. They now believe, almost to a man, that Judaism can survive only behind ramparts; and if Jews are to keep the ramparts strong and to avoid venturing out from behind them, they must either be or expect soon to be under siege. But improved Catholic attitudes toward the Jews and Judaism, decreed from the Vatican itself, would weaken the Jewish sense of being besieged and might lead to a crumbling of the ramparts. For the Orthodox, then, a Jewish contribution toward improving Christian attitudes would be wrong not as sinning against self-respect —that is only useful rhetoric—but as weakening the appeal of the ramparts policy. The dwindling minority who disagree are about as well-regarded in their communion as Republican liberals in the Goldwater party.

The other critics' equation of Jewish self-respect with leaving it to the Christians to deal with their anti-Semitism has its comical side. A week after the New York *Times,* covering the World Jewish Congress, had reported that "Goldmann Criticizes Jews for Seeking Pope's Aid," *Civiltà Cattolica* recalled a visit and "a long memorandum" by Dr. Goldmann to Cardinal Bea. (But that was in another country . . . .) Reform Judaism has the Jewish Chautauqua Society, founded more than seventy years ago, to enlighten Christians about Jews and Judaism, and its seminary boasts of the Christian divines enrolled in its graduate courses. Conservative Judaism, one of whose spokesmen led the attack on deficient self-respect at the NCRAC, later, at a meeting of its World Council in Mexico City, formally expressed the hope that Vatican II would issue the right kind of declaration. That anti-Semitism is a Christian problem is what Jews have been saying for as long as anyone can remember. If it is the kind of Christian problem that self-respecting Jews do not meddle with, why are all those self-respecting Jewish defense agencies prolonging their existence?

It is normal politics to deprecate what someone else did that you would have liked to do yourself, but there is a worrisome possibility that the punch-line of the old joke applies here: "Rabbi, that fellow doesn't understand subtleties, he means it." Can it be that some Jews, and even rabbis, really believe that anti-Semitism is a Christian problem—believe it, that is, as something more than a tautology?

Nazism was a German, not a Jewish problem: manifestly, to embrace such nonsense and to be devoted to a Hitler could only mean that Germany had a real problem, as we say of a severely disturbed person that he has a problem. In the German case the psychotic's problem meant his neighbor's death. In the United States the denial of justice to the Negroes is not a Negro, it is a white problem, but the Negroes suffer, not the whites. They are constantly aware of the problem, and we only occasionally. It was Negroes who had to demonstrate, North and South, before some whites started to demonstrate, too. They are only about one in ten of the American population, but they were about three of four in the March on Washington. Were they lacking in self-respect because their share of the Washington marchers was so disproportionate to their share in the American population?

ONE WAY OF trying to make sense of those statements about self-respect is that we Jews in America have been leading such a quiet and comfortable life lately that we may have begun to believe that anti-Semitism is not even a Christian problem. Perhaps the calculation goes something like this: Christian thinking about Jews and Judaism has changed so greatly for the better in the last generation—with some encouragement from the Jews, when the need was desperate—that we can

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now depend on the Christians to be carried by their own momentum, without our continued encouragement.

I hope that that is not what they think, because I would rather believe them disingenuous than foolish. John Maynard Keynes said that businessmen tend to have little memory of the past or imagination for the future but to live in an eternal present, expecting that tomorrow will be much as today is. With Sholem Aleichem's tailor, Keynes's businessman is like a human being: most of us live in an eternal present. But our rabbis should not be like most of us. Of them especially we have the right to expect a sense of history—as the presentness of the past—and an awareness of mutability. Christian attitudes toward Jews and Judaism are better than they used to be, but they are nowhere within sight of being nearly good enough, and the line on the chart can turn down as well as it can keep going up.

The best declaration by the Vatican Council must still fall short of removing the grounds for Jewish uneasiness, because the essential scripture of Christianity is the New Testament, which is ineradicably anti-Jewish. And even if Christians, with all the good will in the world, try to mute the anti-Jewish animus, it must constantly be reintroduced from what can be called the New Testament culture.

WHAT COULD BE more innocuous than a Greek grammar? Tennyson thought poorly of Jowett, the Plato translator and Master of Balliol who was also an Anglican cleric, for not knowing Hebrew: "Fancy a priest unable to read the scriptures of his own religion as they were written!" By the same reasoning, Christian ministers ought to know Greek. A standard textbook used in Protestant seminaries is J. Gresham Machen's *New Testament Greek for Beginners* (published 1923, *thirty-fifth* printing 1962). By the 1920's classical studies had so declined in the United States that large numbers of college graduates were entering the seminaries Greekless. The book continues to meet their need, not even assuming some knowledge of Latin.

Machen was an interesting figure. A learned Fundamentalist and something of a reactionary, he seceded from the faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary to protest against the growing liberalism and modernism of most of his colleagues and helped to found Westminster Theological Seminary. He regarded theological liberalism as soft-headed and dangerously anti-intellectual, and H.L. Mencken himself, not noted for a partiality to the Fundamentalists, thought that Machen had the better of it in controversy.

Of course this does not appear in the textbook, which would not have been very different if Machen had been a liberal. What the book does is to present the grammar and some of the vocabulary of the New Testament. Instead of translating "My aunt's pen is on the table" (or its equivalent for classical Greek, "Why did the triremes not flee more rapidly?"), the student is asked to translate "The Lord will come to His Church in glory." But here and there one also finds translation exercises like these: "After the Lord was risen, the Jews persecuted His disciples. . . . When they have killed Jesus, they will cast out of their synagogues those who have believed on him. . . . This is the race that killed those who believe on Jesus. . . . The king of the Jews was doing these things because he wished to kill the children in the village."

Suppose that every last professor of theology or New Testament or history goes out of his way to soften the anti-Jewish import of his material and every professor of Christian education to warn against biased lesson materials for the young. That is not only unlikely, it also would be inadequate. Learning neither theology nor history but only grammar and vocabulary, while their guard is down, so to speak, well-intentioned future ministers and prelates of a religion that for sixteen centuries has been dominant rather than dominated, who study and reside in stately, well-endowed edifices, come to identify themselves once again with a Church poor, pure, and persecuted by a Synagogue big, bad, and bullying. Rulers of the earth see themselves as the poor in spirit whose kingdom is in heaven; builders and occupants of cathedrals are still, in their own minds, being cast out of synagogues. If it does not happen when they are learning theology, it can happen when they are struggling with the Greek verb.

Christian anti-Semitism is going to be with us for some time to come, and Christians will always need nudging to accept it as their problem.

Our Fundamentalists

An outward and visible sign of the new Orthodox aggressiveness in the United States is the year-old English-language publication of Agudath Israel, *Jewish Observer*. Agudath Israel was founded in Europe before the First War, an uneasy coalition of East European Hasidim and *Mitnaggedim*, unfriendly to each other, who spoke Yiddish and disliked secular education, and Germans of the Hirsch-Breuer school, who had a good secular education. Here nearly all the Agudah's followers are of East European origin or background, but in the circumstances of American life and in the publication of an English journal, the German element naturally tends to be somewhat emphasized.

In principle, Agudath Israel's great enemy is secularism and apostasy; in practice, an Orthodoxy that is not intransigent enough for its taste. The Agudah is harsh to assimilationists, harsher to secular Zionists, still harsher to Reform and Conservatism, and harshest of all to the Ortho-

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dox who in one way or another cooperate with or merely recognize other Jews—Mizrachi Zionists; rabbis and synagogues in organizations (like the Synagogue Council or rabbinical boards) where non-Orthodox rabbis and synagogues are also represented; and, unmistakably though not quite explicitly, Yeshiva University and the more or less moderate Orthodoxy that is staffed by the graduates of its seminary. The message is simple and repeated like an incantation: total opposition to all that does not totally oppose what is not totally Orthodox.

The first time I read that R. Moses Schreiber (Sofer), better known as the Hatam Sofer, had raised against the nascent modernization of his day the slogan, *"Hadash asur min ha-Torah"*—what is new is forbidden by the Torah—I was suspicious. It seemed to me that this must be an invention of his enemies and that no one in his right mind could have thought it, let alone issued it as a political-religious catchword. Later I learned that I was mistaken. Now *Jewish Observer,* proclaiming its fidelity to the Hatam Sofer's tradition, repeats the slogan. It has reprinted a comparison of Prague and Bratislava (formerly Pressburg) by Rabbi Meir Shapiro of Lublin, who died in the 1930's. In Bratislava, where the Hatam Sofer was rabbi, a relentless war was fought against the modernizers and anyone who would compromise with them. Not so in Prague. A hundred years after the Hatam Sofer's death, Bratislava was still a fortress of Jewish piety and learning, while Prague was a wasteland. Q.E.D.—on the assumption that the only significant difference between Prague and Bratislava was that the Hatam Sofer was rabbi of one and not of the other. But what an assumption! As well compare Odessa with Shnipishok. Yet this is the sort of thing that can be published today for devotees who are shown by letters to the editor to include an Air Force officer and a college teacher.

The attack is on the Orthodox who refuse to declare war on the non-Orthodox, and the logical step is taken from attacking them to questioning their Orthodoxy. Of course, the Agudists never give the title of rabbi to Rabbi Louis Jacobs of England—though he was ordained at a yeshiva of the kind they like, it would be astonishing if they called him that. But they also withhold the title from a congregational rabbi who is both a Yeshiva University professor and a former president of the rabbinical association of Yeshiva's alumni. He, too, becomes Doctor. In effect, therefore, non-Agudah Orthodox rabbis are being threatened with contemptuous rejection of their qualifications, as if they were Conservative or Reform rabbis. (A parallel: thirty years ago Communists, Socialists, and connoisseurs understood exactly what Earl Browder was doing when he addressed Norman Thomas as Mister, not Comrade.)

But let the Orthodox of the Yeshiva kind take heart. Though the Agudah complains of heresy, what bothers it more than anything else is the inclusive communal policy of Yeshiva's alumni. If they accept the Agudah's exclusive policy, much will be forgiven. Today Israel Azriel Hildesheimer has an implicit near-equality with Samson Raphael Hirsch as a spiritual ancestor of the Agudah, but in his lifetime he had trouble with the scions of the Hatam Sofer. Before establishing in Berlin the rabbinical seminary that came to be called by his name, he was active in Hungary-Slovakia, and there the Soferim gave him a hard time. For them his school, or rather the very type he represented, was a Torah-forbidden novelty. They denounced the school to the government and hounded him in every way they could. Even when he sided with them against the reformers, they would have nothing to do with him, until finally he had to organize a bloc of his own. (He called it *kulturorthodox*—civilized Orthodox.) But in Berlin he stood for the *Austritt* (secessionist) Orthodoxy that Hirsch stood for in Frankfurt, and today Hildesheimer has been rehabilitated, to borrow a term. Which shows, like Hasidism itself, that one generation's forbidden novelty can be a following generation's ancestral tradition.

THE STRIKINGLY new element in the way Agudath Israel talks now, in the United States, is the sharpness about the Catholic Church. In Central and Eastern Europe the Agudah got along rather well with the Catholics in politics. (It also entered into understandings with the Jewish bourgeois assimilationists.) The old tone is heard in the Agudah's support of federal aid for parochial education—in the interest of its own schools as well as out of a desire for governmental encouragement to religion generally—while the new tone is heard in the insistent repetition that Christianity has always been anti-Semitic and that the Catholic Church aided Hitler. *Jewish Observer* was pleased with Hochhuth's *Deputy,* has quoted at length from Professor Guenter Lewy's *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany,* and has said some strong things about the Popes and a cardinal or two.

Why the difference? The Agudah in Poland in 1934 was hardly likely to be unaware of Christian anti-Semitism, of which it is so aware in the United States in 1964. Once again, the real fight is with the near rather than the far. Among Jews, the Agudah disputes most fiercely with the Orthodox to its left; as between Christians and Jews, more fiercely with Jews. The attack on the Church is not so much on the Church as on the Jews who hope to encourage an improvement in the Church's attitude, and the derision that greets anti-anti-Semitic statements by Pope or cardinals is a derision of the Jews who welcome such statements. In Poland Agudath Israel could be pro-Catholic because that was politics, not in-

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fluencing private relations or intimate attitudes, but in the United States it fears that relations and attitudes will be influenced. That would be bad for the policy of retreat behind the ramparts. (Yet the Roman Jesuits of *Civiltà Cattolica* were glad to quote the jeering language of a now loudly anti-Church "Orthodox Jewry against the action of those [Jews] who almost seem to implore the Catholic Church for an explicit declaration absolving the Jewish nation from the deicide accusation." What is their game?)

There is something else, too. The Agudah probably feels let down by the Church. As long as Catholicism represented intransigence on the great scene, the Agudah did not feel alone in representing intransigence within Jewry. The Church's Syllabus of Errors, a hundred years ago this year, condemned as an error the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff should and can reconcile himself with progress and modern civilization." In a Jewish frame the Hatam Sofer had already said the same sort of thing, and Hirsch was condemning proposals "to bring Judaism up to date, to adapt it to the needs of the time. . . . instead of complaining that it is no longer suitable to the times, our only complaint must be that the times are no longer suitable to it." Now the word in the Church is *aggiornamento*—bringing things up to date—and the Syllabus of Errors has turned into an error.

IF I HAD lived when Enlightenment was clashing with the Hatam Sofer's kind of Orthodoxy, I would have been of the enlighteners. (A Marxist historian now shows them to have been rather less attractive than we their heirs have been brought up to think.) If the Orthodoxy of Agudath Israel were able to affect how I have to live, I would fight. Yet I feel a certain reserve in my opposition to the Agudah and what it stands for. There may be others like me.

Recently I heard a distinguished Israeli man of letters praise the Jewish and humane worth of modern Hebrew literature. He remembers young men and women in the Russian Revolution who killed in the cellars of the Cheka, so devoted were they to the revolutionary ideal; yet, though Hebrew was beginning to be regarded as counterrevolutionary, in secret they still read the poems of Bialik and Chernikhovsky. For him that proved the attraction and power of Hebrew literature. For me, though to say so would have been offensive, it proved the weakness of mere literature, or mere culture. That some of the Nazis who kept the crematoria burning were moved to tears by Beethoven does not prove that music is evil, but neither, certainly, does it prove that music has great power for good. The idealistic Cheka killers who loved Hebrew poetry were not pious Jews. Piety would have kept them from such idealism; culture—whether the Hebrew poetry of Bialik or the Russian of Pushkin—did not keep them from it. They helped to establish the reign of pitilessness. They also helped to suppress Jewish culture, and to oppress Jews.

Throughout our history it has been the stubbornly pious who have resisted the persuasions of self-interest and idealistic universalism, and their resistance has kept them and their descendants from becoming idealistic killers. The moral account of those who yielded to self-interest or what seemed to be idealistic universalism—the two temptations often appear to be one—is not so clean. Spanish apostates from Judaism wanted the Inquisition, to prove their good faith. Among their descendants, we are told, were a St. John of the Cross and a St. Teresa of Avila, but among them also, or such of them as were somehow able to merge with the Old Christians, were men who helped to make Spain what it is, a country whose history is called a tragedy—of fanaticism, hatred, and blood. The intransigent Jews have no guilt for that tragedy, either for themselves or for their descendants. They chose to be victims of oppression, not oppressors.

In another place and at another time, Heine paid the price of baptism for a ticket of admission to Western culture. If he had had descendants, even by the Nuremberg standard they would have been *echt* Aryan, and some, therefore, would have been Nazis. That cannot be said of the followers of S. R. Hirsch. So that whether we look to Spain or Germany or Russia, and whether from the point of view of Jewish or of universal humane values, we are in no position to laud ourselves above the intransigents.

THAT MAY HELP to explain what I think is a change in historical outlook. It is my impression that while the 19th-century medieval Jewish historians were essentially pro-Sephardi, the 20th-century ones are pro-Ashkenazi. In the 19th century the Sephardim of the Middle Ages were an attractive model for Jews who wanted to be modern. They showed that Jews could remain Jews and still be at home in the general culture, or even do remarkable things in philosophy, literature, and science. That was necessary for reassuring the modernizing Jews, half-suspicious of their own motives, and was thought useful for persuading the Gentile authorities to take the last step toward full emancipation.

In the 20th century we are no longer so impressed with Jewish achievements in general culture. The edge is off our hunger and we worry now about the cost of the achievements. German Jews from Heine and Moses Hess to Kafka (culturally German) and Franz Rosenzweig respected the backward East European Jews for their Jewish and human authenticity more than they did German Jewry, with all its modernity. In the same way our historians today, looking back to the Middle Ages, have noted virtues in medieval Ashkenazi Jewry and vices in medieval Sephardi

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Jewry that their predecessors were not prepared to see. The philosophically naïve Ashkenazim of the Middle Ages—so the picture is now seen, broadly—preferred a martyr's death to apostasy; the Sephardim were too philosophical for that (that is to say, those who were most essentially Sephardi, i.e., most philosophical). During the Crusades the Jews of the Rhineland went to the stake rather than to the baptismal font. In 1492 more than a century of pogroms, threats, and accommodations had baptized most of Iberian Jewry; and then, in turn, only a minority chose expulsion over baptism.

Throughout the late Middle Ages, among Jews, Christians, and Muslims, there was a kind of underground skepticism and free thought of the philosophically enlightened. It was in the cosmopolitan Sicilian court of the Emperor Frederick II that the *De tribus impostoribus* seems to have had its origin. (The three impostors were Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. The Three Rings of *Nathan the Wise,* a less negative statement of that idea, go back to the Middle Ages, too.) Earlier, in Golden Age Spain, an unfriendly Muslim had reported a conversation overheard among three Jewish physicians. The three agreed it was best to remain loyal to your own tradition: the first because he thought Judaism, Christianity, and Islam equally true; the second because he thought them equally false; and the third because he thought that only one could be true, but no one could tell which.

From mid-15th-century Spain we possess a kind of handbook for Jewish religious polemic—polemic was *not* yet impossible—by the physician R. Hayyim ibn Musa. *Magen wa-romah* ("Shield and Spear") tells the following story at the expense of the philosophizing preachers, whom it accuses of having "led Israel astray from within":

> In the days of my youth I once heard a certain preacher expounding God's unity in the analytical manner of the philosophers. He would say repeatedly: "If He is not one, then such and such must follow." Finally a certain householder rose, of them that tremble at the word of the Lord [Isaiah 66: 5], and said: "In the massacre in Seville [in 1391] they robbed me of everything I had and beat me and wounded me and left me for dead. All this I bore for my faith in *Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One.* Now you attack the tradition of our fathers by way of philosophical analysis, saying, 'If He is not one, such and such will be the case.'" And the householder said: "I believe more in the tradition of our fathers. I do not wish to listen to this sermon." Then he left the synagogue, and most of the congregation with him.

Skeptics are not the martyrs' breed. The Jewish philosophizers were friendly with Christian philosophizers and thought it foolish for skeptical Jews to die or flee rather than become skeptical Christians. (Not all of Christianity in Spain was fanatical. Erasmus had a Spanish following.) How they and their descendants fared, we know. It is not so much that they were shamed and terrorized as New Christians; it is that the best of the descendants of those prudent, skeptical Jews, especially if they were lucky enough to escape the New Christian trap, were themselves Christian fanatics.

In the Soviet Union possibly the noblest Russian of our lifetime was Boris Pasternak. He was born a Jew, but he lived and died a Christian, and he had a Christian's irritated impatience with Judaism. The revolutionary freethinkers did not expect that the best spirit in the land of the revolution would be a Jew who was consciously, deliberately Christian, and the Jews who worked for the revolution—because it would at last make Judaism equal with Christianity, as outmoded superstition?—expected it least of all. Still, they helped to bring it about, though that was the least of their crimes. Of all those crimes the faithful Jews were innocent. And when the story is finally told, we shall learn that many were more than innocent: they were heroic, prolonging over the years a *kiddush ha-Shem*—hallowing the name of God—that makes our enlightened reasonableness, and especially the particular sorts of idealism into which it sometimes boils over, look shabby.

Writing in *Midstream* about the tensions between European and "Oriental" (North African and Asian) Jews in Israel, Nissim Rejwan, a journalist of Oriental origin, has quoted a historian:

> . . . what the Jews of Eastern Europe in Israel really dislike about their fellow Jews from the Orient is . . . that the latter tend to remind them of the social and cultural conditions prevailing only a few decades ago in their own now rejected *shtetls* and ghettos in Russia and Poland. It is this . . . eagerness . . . of most East European Jews in Israel to forget and disown their own past, their own selves, almost, which has led, on the one hand, to their present rejection of the "Sephardo-Orientals," and, on the other, to the dangerous drift away from their own true traditions and culture.

The Orientals are not alone in reminding us of what we would like to forget, and being resented for it. There are also the devout. Their presence reminds us that from Philo of Alexandria's nephew, Titus's staff officer in the destruction of Jerusalem, to the Chekists, they that tremble at the word of the Lord have played a more honorable part than we or our predecessors. Today the intransigents' organized zealotry is worse than tiresome, but even as we strike back, something stays our hand. We would like to forget, but in a part of ourselves we remember.

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JEWISH

MEYER LIBEN

1. *Warm*

March is a murderous month, its chill penetrates bone. Mufflers, upturned collars, fur-lined gloves, earlaps are of no avail. Oh, they help a bit. We shiver, seek warmth, and what is so warm as a symposium on a bitter March night? It is the hall of the Workmen's Circle, there is the preparatory hum (the speakers not yet on the platform), so warm and sociable, there are familiar faces (the Slaners, the Engelsteins, the Pankens), we forget all that rawness outside, midst the lively chatter, the smiles and recognitions, the waving from afar, the pointing out ("there's Meyer Schapiro"). The audience is liberal/socialist/ex-Trotskyist, remnants of battered causes, even battered remnants of battered causes. And the subject for the evening: *The Writer as Jew.*

2. *Joke*

There is a lively group in front of us, one tells a joke:

> A husband finds his wife in bed with a stranger. "Aaah," she says, "here comes Blabbermouth. Now *everyone* will know."

And they roar at this old joke, while my wife and I grin that such a well-worn joke should be surviving.

3. *1st Speaker*

The first speaker is Irving Howe. He compares the Jewish culture to that of the American South. He means mostly the East European Yiddish-style culture, and he means the Southern culture which flowered before the Civil War. He strikes a rather gloomy note, he is talking of the end of cultures. He speaks directly, in a polemical style. He sees the doom of *Yiddishkeit* in America—the press is losing its readers, the new generation does not understand the language, the old customs lose meaning. There is no way of transplanting the marvelous old culture of the small towns of Poland and Russia, that image becomes fainter and fainter.

("He is striking a pessimistic note," whispers my wife, "but it is a long-range optimism; he implies the death of anti-Semitism, the end of separatism, of the ghetto, a genuine assimilationism in a world without economic depression.")

4. *Question*

Later in the evening, as we were walking home, I first formulated my question:

"Wouldn't you say there was a significant difference between the dying of Southern culture and that of Yiddish culture? The culture of the old South was doomed by history, in a given place, and transformed by the loss of a civil war, by vast industrial changes, and so on. The Southerners cannot take this culture and bring it to another land, to revive it there—that place and those circumstances are needed. But the Jews, living in one style of sufferance or another, have developed varying kinds of cultures according to the time, place, circumstance. The death of the East European *Yiddishkeit* is one cultural death in a series of cultural deaths. Do you see [and here I echoed my wife's whisper] a total acceptance of the Jews in the West, an ultimate disappearance of the Jews?"

But the fact is that Howe had in mind the death of the East European Yiddish style, something so close to us, and so abruptly destroyed, so suddenly and monstrously destroyed, and saw nothing to take its place, here in America, no sign of a separatist culture. That was hard to deny.

5. *2nd Speaker*

But Isaac Bashevis Singer denied it. He was the next speaker. "I respect Mr. Howe," he said (my quotations, by the way, are from memory), "but that Yiddish culture will die—is it not perhaps wishful thinking?" And he proceeded to strike an optimistic note. It was Mr. Singer's contention that we are on the verge of a great Renaissance in Yiddish culture. He advised us to send our children to *cheder* and synagogue, to observe the holidays, and so keep alive, revitalize, this Jewishness. He spoke not so much about the end of an epoch as about the beginning of a new one. There was a kind of fervor in his remarks, he looked forward to a flowering. The Six Million so

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recently slaughtered (the Hagadah song—*Who Knows One*?, etc, now has a gap to fill between thirteen and six million), and already there is a rebirth. A truly optimistic, forward-looking note. The audience was carried away, the way it is when a man, no longer young, talks hopefully of the future, it is a kind of promise of immortality. And yet, solemnly considered—what Renaissance, what rebirth? Who? Where? I felt like Mr. Cohen of East Broadway who picked up the ringing phone, and when a voice inquired whether this was the residence of the Vanderbilts, answered: "*Who* am I? *What* am I?" I see no sign of a Jewish Renaissance. There is a grim holding, a coming to grips with the horrors still fresh, a kind of tentative boldness in playing on the world's guilt. And if we send the children to the Talmud Torahs and the synagogues (many of them are there), will that create something new and marvelous? Or are all the particularities being homogenized in what used to be called the Melting Pot? We now refer to the Mix. But our speaker (he is a writer speaking) is full of excitement and hope, we are carried away, sober considerations and all. Why not a Renaissance? But the mind, the rationality, does not surrender so easily. If it is going to happen, shouldn't there be signs of it happening now? Where are the signs? We are puzzled.

6. *3rd Speaker*

So was Harvey Swados. He was the next speaker, and puzzled. Something was finished. Of that he was sure. And something had to take the place of what was finished. Of *that* he was sure. He is a novelist, a Jew, who writes in English; Singer is a novelist, a Jew, who writes in Yiddish. Then Swados points out something he finds of interest. It seems that young people, in their twenties, even early twenties, are writing about the East Side ghetto of fifty and sixty years ago; they are recapturing the lives of their grandfathers, bypassing their fathers altogether (I mean in the literary way). That *is* a strange thing, and the speaker couldn't explain it. He saw this as a curiosity. And it certainly is a curiosity. If the young people can write about what it is they have not experienced in America, why cannot they write about what it is they have not experienced on the other side? Were we on the verge of a *shtetl* Renaissance, the way the Europeans of four hundred years ago revived the Classical glories? True, the Europeans waited many centuries before embarking on this revival. But we are in the jet age, the time-sense is hopped up. Why cannot we revive what is dead only a few decades? But Mr. Swados was making no predictions, he saw the themes of these young writers as a curiosity, and let it go at that. (There is nothing unusual about writers choosing a historical period that interests them, but the oddity is that the youngsters bypassed their parents and chose the period of their grandparents. I repeat for emphasis: that is only one generation from the *shtetl*.) The speaker was making a sociological comment, not particularly passing a literary judgment (T. Solotaroff later blasted some of these nostalgic works in a telling review in COMMENTARY, but might not other novelists do the job better, the past is forever open, we only have to seize it with feeling and artfulness, and then who knows?). We did not have the sober sense that we were on the verge of this kind of revival. But it could happen. That made the matter puzzling.

7. *Problems*

In looking at the title of this symposium, I set down the following list:

Jewish writers who write in Yiddish about Jewish matters.

Jewish writers who write in Yiddish about non-Jewish matters.

Jewish writers who write in the language of their country (or any language) about Jewish matters in a Jewish style.

Jewish writers who write in the language of their country (or any language) about Jewish matters in a non-Jewish style.

Jewish writers who write in the language of their country about non-Jewish matters in a Jewish style.

Jewish writers who write in the language of their country (parenthesis taken for granted) about non-Jewish matters in a non-Jewish style.

Problems. Problems.

8. *Questions*

After the set pieces came the Question & Answer period. The questions came at a fairly rapid rate, interspersed by the long speeches, some of them rambling, the ex-cathedra comments and the soliloquies which sometimes turn out to be questions after all ("Wait, Mr. Chairman, I'm *getting* to the question"). Swados responded in a laconic manner. His answer on one occasion was "no." Was he deeply distracted, bored, or was this his everyday manner? Howe responded in a kind of virtuoso style, bore down heavily on a man who questioned his coupling of the cultural prospects of the Jews and of the South, the questioner seeing the South as full of reactionary, if not fascistic, forces. In these questions and answers, Singer was at his best; he carried the crowd with him by his enthusiasm for a cause, Cultural Renaissance. A man in the audience pointed out that he had a nephew who, without any particular Jewish background or upbringing, was doing very well indeed in the academic world, was forging a brilliant career for himself. "You have a nephew," said Singer, "I have a niece." The crowd roared. The comment had the overtones of one of those matchmaker jokes. . . . A questioner asked Singer whether his

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work lost in translation. "I have no complaints about my translators," he said. Then he added: "Sometimes translation hurts the author, in one case I know where it helped." Laughter at the infighting. . . . A young woman made a long, intelligent speech, drawing on an extensive knowledge of Jewish history, emphasizing and documenting the point that the end of East European *Yiddishkeit* did not mean the end of Jewish history, it was a chapter in a long story whose end had not yet come. She spoke eloquently, a groundswell of handclapping started up. Singer ran to the microphone. "Don't applaud yet." Was he not on the speaker's side? Had he said that the world from which he came was going to last forever? Only to raise your children as Jews, teach them their history, take them to synagogue, Talmud Torah. "Don't applaud yet." The applause rang out.

9. *Germany*

Germany had been overlooked, the discussion had centered on Poland/Russia. At least that was my orientation, though unquestionably other lands were involved—Rumania, Hungary, and all those countries destroyed and reborn, divided and absorbed, in two world wars were part of the Yiddish flowering. But I imagine that for most of us in this room, the Russian/Polish area was in the foreground—Minsk, Lodz, and all those *Gibernias*. But Germany had a different ring, a quality of exceptionalism. What kind of *Yiddishkeit* from Germany? I remember, as a boy, the hostility of the Russian toward the German Jews (the feeling mutual). The German Jew was considered to be arrogant, to hold himself aloof. He was Jewish, but not Yiddish. There was intense national hostility. Germany, the land of assimilationism. True, the three great Jews of the last hundred years—Marx, Freud, and Einstein—came from Germany, and *all* Jews were proud of them, including, even especially, the East European Jews. They were proud of all Jews who made their marks in the outside world; even Germans, who somehow lost their Germanness in the world's acclaim and became the more Jewish. It was questionable whether Marx, Freud, or Einstein knew a word of Yiddish. So what? They were Jews who had made their way in the Gentile world. Nevertheless, the Germans were not considered exactly Yiddish, and so it came *as no surprise* (only shock), that the scourge of Hitlerism, the mass exterminations, should have originated precisely in the country of the assimilationists. So in this discussion of Jews and literature, the Germans were included out. The name of Heine was not even mentioned. But Germany was in the mind and heart of the audience. Now and then (even parenthetically), the Six Million were mentioned, they were part of what was being said, an overpowering invisible presence.

A joke told by one of the pranksters in front of us (they were certainly a bunch of cards) brought the Six Million to my mind in a curious way:

> Someone asks a Jewish woman about her son.
> "My son. From him I have *tsores* and *nachis*."
> "Is that so?"
> "Yes, *tsores* is that he is a homosexual."
> "Is that so? And the *nachis*?"
> "The *nachis* is that he is going with a doctor."

Again, here was an old joke, not exactly a classic, but with a certain classic ring to it, in the curious economy, the wild unexpectedness of it. We grinned. Is there any subject from which the Jews will shy in the way of self-criticism, self-mockery, any subject that is sacred? Yes, the Six Million. I am an inveterate hearer of jokes, but on this subject there is a silence, as of the grave. *As of the grave* is a fine way to put it. There has been a peripheral joke:

> A distraught man is pounding the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, crying:
> "I want to be with my people, I want to be with my people."
> He carried on so violently that a crowd gathered, and an elderly man, of grave mien, approached him, and asked, in a kindly voice:
> "What is it, my son?" and one could see that he had in mind the charnelhouse of Europe.
> "I want to be with my people."
> "And where are your people, my child?"
> *"In Miami Beach!"*

Without doubt a vulgar joke, doesn't hit home, and then there is the apocryphal inscription on the entrance of one of the concentration camps:

> *"In the gate, out the chimney."*

But that too has a hollow ring. There is now a subject about which we Jews do not dare to joke. "It is not a laughing matter." There were even jokes about the Czarist pogroms (*also* a laughing matter):

> *"Buy your pogroms here. Names and numbers of all the slayers."*

And we know the story of the grandma who was locked in a room, when the Black Hundreds assaulted the house. "Who is in that room?" "Nobody," answers the daughter. The grandma cries out: "Becky, open the door. *A pogrom is a pogrom.*"

That old joke has come to be in bad taste. Yes, Germany has committed unbelievable crimes against the Jews. And it may even be responsible for the beginning of the end of our self-mockery, as the blood guilt for the Six Million sharpens, exacerbates the conscience of the world. And so Germany may be responsible for the beginning of the end of the Jewish joke, one of the most consummate of the miniature art forms, for these jokes, these stories, rank with the mas-

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terly work of Sholem Aleichem, of Mendele, of Peretz, of all the East European whizzes (for readers with little Hebrew and less Yiddish, these writers are to be found in translation in *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, edited by poet Eliezer Greenberg and critic Irving Howe). Better we should have had the Six Million and the jokes.

10. *Israel*

Israel, too, had been overlooked in the symposium, though for different reasons. It is my understanding that Yiddish is discouraged in Israel, and that leads me straight into a joke:

> A mother and a son are riding in a bus in Tel Aviv. The mother talks Yiddish, the child answers in Hebrew, and the mother says:
> "Talk Yiddish."
> She repeats this every time the boy answers in Hebrew, and finally a bystander (happens to be an American), asks the mother:
> "Why do you ask him to talk Yiddish?"
> *"I don't want him to forget that he's a Jew."*

It is a good joke. Despite Bialik, Agnon, it is a meaningful joke. We are more Jews than Hebrews. It is the power of the Vulgate, of Dante's Italian (when he wrote it) over the dying Latin. Is Hebrew dying? Not in Israel, but probably in America. As an American, as a Jew, as a writer, as an American Jewish writer, as a Jew who writes in English, as an American who writes in English about mostly non-Jewish matters, with I suppose a Jewish undercurrent, I know that I have forgotten my Hebrew (read without—mostly—understanding), but will never forget Yiddish, the tongue in which I spoke to my mother, and speak to her still, for the Lord who gives and takes, has taken, and took her some six weeks before this symposium on the *Writer as Jew*, which could also have been called the *Jew as Writer*. I learned Hebrew for my *bar-mitzvah*, and then my knowledge faded, but my Yiddish stays alive, I talk it to my father, my uncles and aunts, to myself, to my mother (*Oleha Ha'Shalom*, that is Hebrew), and hope she hears, the way I hear her, in her lovely Yiddish, ever so Americanized.

But in Israel Yiddish is discouraged, Hebrew is the language of the land, the children learn it, read it, speak it, write it, and so presumably it will become the language of the Jews in Israel, although the mama, East-European, says:

"I don't want him to forget that he's a Jew."

Yiddish is a young language (couldn't be more than a thousand years old), and maybe will die young. In that case the Renaissance of which Mr. Singer spoke will be in Hebrew, if there is to be a Renaissance. It will be an Israeli phenomenon (the Yiddish fights on), though some believe it is taking place in the West and that leads us to:

11. *America*

and not so much America, as the role of the Jewish writer in America (sounds like the title of a symposium). The situation of Mr. I. B. Singer is, if not unique, certainly unusual. It is my understanding that he was born in East Europe, spent roughly half his life there and the other half (again roughly) in America. That is all I know about his biography (except that his late brother, I. J. Singer, was a Yiddish writer, and that he, I. B. Singer, has a niece). I have read a number of his stories, which either take place in Europe, or if in America, have the East European tone (it was the same with Sholem Aleichem, whose style was surely fully formed by the time he came to America. He is said to have wheeled my baby carriage, I mean the carriage in which I spent time as a baby, or pushed it, or maybe just touched it, in the northwest reaches of Central Park, across from the Great Circle on 110th Street. The reader will excuse the irrelevancy, it is just that I wanted to get into the act). Then there are the *very* young writers mentioned by Swados—they write about their grandfathers' New York ghetto life. That's kind of odd. That leaves my generation, whose *fathers* were the immigrants. If we were to be touched by the grandfather complex (we don't write much about our fathers' ghetto life) we would be writing about the small-town life of East Europeans (we descendants of East Europeans would). But I know of no such work. Does such a work exist—written by an American-born Jew about the East European life of his grandfather, to say nothing of his father? I suppose such a work does exist—it is difficult to exclude subject possibilities. But the tendency of the American-born Jewish writer is to write about life in America, maybe Jewish life in America, but pretty much to avoid the Ghetto as subject. But now the generation behind us (or is it two generations?) begins to write about the ghetto. And if the American ghetto, why not the European ghetto? The great grandfather complex—will that be in the nature of the Renaissance? Our generation fought more to achieve an American style, or an international style, and it is probably too late for a Jewish style. But what about the generation behind the one that is behind us, our children's children? Will they go deeper into the Jewish past, when the history of the *shtetl* will be four times removed? And another question, Mr. Chairman, which relates to the remarks of Mr. Howe. Are there any Southern Jewish writers? If so, are they involved in a double decline?

Still talking of America, it is said by some that the Jewish cultural Renaissance is here, and a group of a half-dozen or so writers, all of whose names are no doubt familiar to my readers, is adduced in evidence. These are American Jews, writing in English, about subjects Jewish and non-Jewish, appealing to Jewish and non-Jewish

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readers. In my opinion these writers, some more accomplished than others, constitute a phenomenon rather than a Renaissance. They write mostly in the tradition of American letters, in an American idiom (in some cases with an admixture of Yiddishisms, even a Yiddish tone). The fact of this grouping is in part a reflex of the Hitlerian horrors—the Western world (or part of the Western world, or certain psychic layers in part of the Western world) *want* the Jews to succeed. These writers (good, bad, and indifferent) are considered as a group by the Christians as well as by the Jews. Under other circumstances they would be considered only on their merits as individual writers. The sense of Jewishness is more intense, but that is subsumed in the American tradition, the American language and style. We do not have a ghetto situation in America; there are memories of such a situation, mostly historical, in some cases personal, but those who exploit these memories are making an as-if situation. The unusually favorable situation of the Jews in America makes a Jewish Renaissance difficult. It is better, much better, a thousand times better, that way—good life is more important than the most dazzling parochial literature, than the most dazzling universal literature. Of course, you can't have one without the other. Maurice Samuel has written of "two thousand years of creative exile experience." That sense of exile is not so much alive in the third- and fourth-generation Jews in America. Disastrous circumstances will easily awaken it. Howe's optimism (the death of Yiddish culture, and of anti-Semitism, in a profoundly democratic society) is perhaps in order. But America is only one country. (In Soviet Russia today, Yiddish language and culture are under fire. The government is forcing an assimilation. That is altogether different from an assimilation freely arrived at, has an anti-assimilationist effect, reinforcing the Jews' sense of themselves as Jews. But even when the assimilation is not imposed, as was the situation, for example, in Germany in the hundred years before Nazism, the Jew can at any time be de-assimilated, to a 1/64th fraction.) Danger in one land spells the possibility of danger everywhere. So there is a constant wariness, an unease securely founded in the substance of world history.

12. *Future*

The Question & Answer period was over. Sometimes a foolish question was rewarded by a wise answer. Sometimes a wise question was depreciated by a foolish answer. It was getting late, wrist watches were being glanced at, furtively, openly, a certain restlessness developed. It was cold outside. The popular song (of another year) said it this way: *Baby, it's cold outside.* It was warm and pleasant in the room, but time to go. Oh, not immediately—there was the usual milling, people gathered round the speakers' platform to ask more questions, to shake hands, to straighten out one of the speakers, or just to hang around. Then there were coats to be picked up, and meetings with friends, or acquaintances, little groups at the exits, little groups outside in the street, waiting (for friends, or just waiting), discussing the highlights of the symposium, praising and criticizing the speakers. The ex-audience shivered, bundled up, looked for warmth in corners that did not exist, or existing, did not provide warmth. The crowd faded from the doorway. We were in the streets of an American city. Here Jewish kids were not picked up and slammed against the wall. No Yiddish was being spoken. The city opened up to us—so many places to go, even home. Seldom, if ever, since the Dispersion, have so many Jews had so much freedom, for so long a time, as in this land. We are suspicious, cautious, we look for the possibilities of trouble, anti-Semitism lurks everywhere, bad times will bring it out, there are various types of exclusion, Americans are not immune, there is even a small Nazi organization, nobody knows what the future will bring, situations change quickly, but the Jews have had it very good here for a very long time. That in itself is a cause for worry. How long can such good fortune last? The Jewish writers should be interested, *are* interested, in these matters. Are we living on sufferance, the world's guilt for the extermination of the Six Million? How is it possible not to worry? We move off. Where to? Smith's Bar & Grill? Luchow's?

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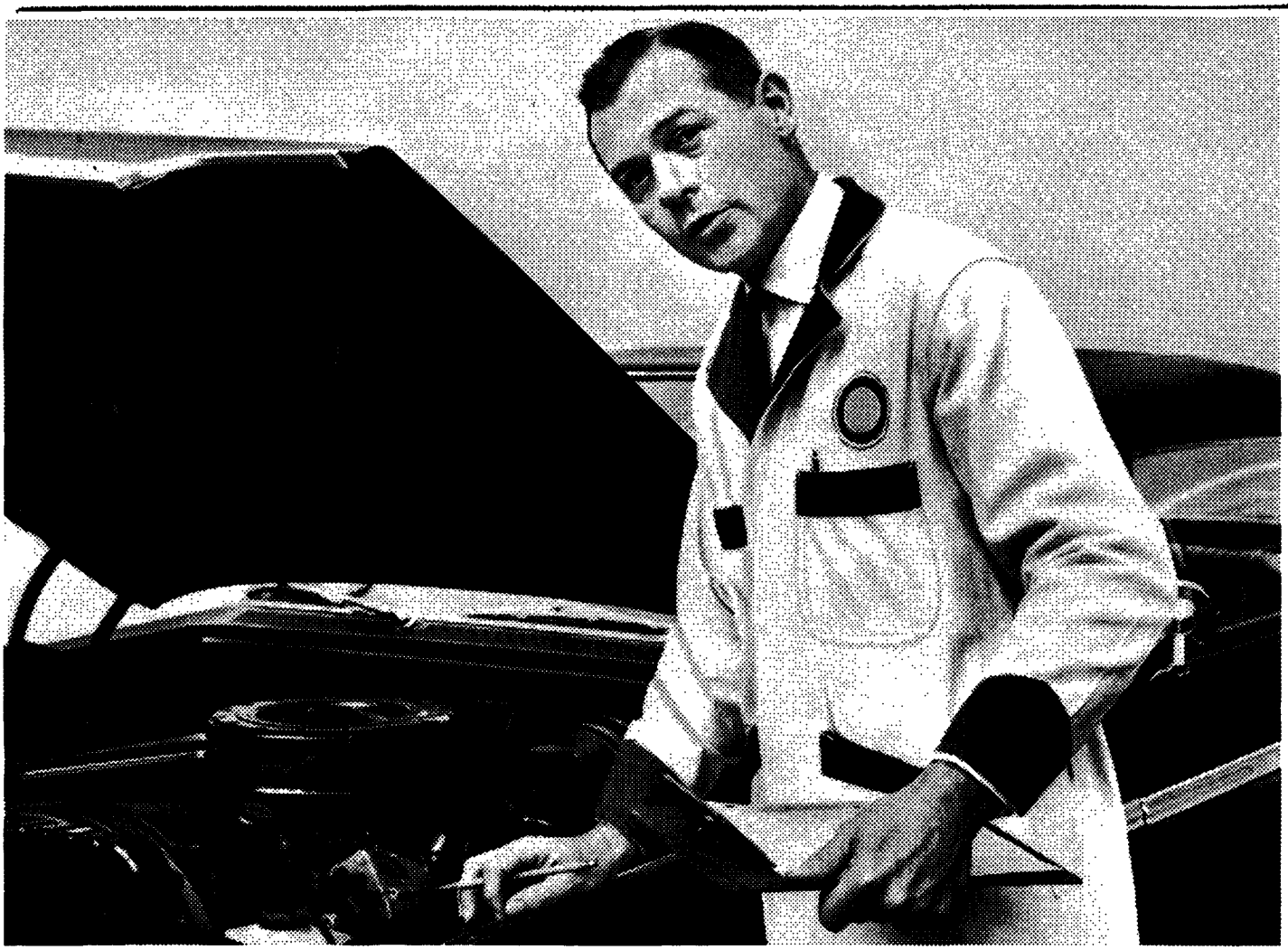

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HAYIM GREENBERG'S LEGACY

THE INNER EYE: SELECTED ESSAYS, VOLUME II. By HAYIM GREENBERG. Edited by SHLOMO KATZ. *Jewish Frontier Association. 317 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

THIS SECOND volume of Hayim Greenberg's essays in English (three volumes have also appeared in Yiddish), ranges in time from 1922 until 1952, the year before his death, and in subject from problems of Jewish identity and the related question of Zionism to reflections on religion, history, philosophy, and politics; and to reminiscences of writers and events in Russia, Germany, France, and America over a period of about forty years. Greenberg was born a Russian Jew, and was already a Zionist and Hebraist of note in pre-revolutionary Russia. He belonged to that great generation of Russian Jewish intellectuals who, while deeply rooted in Jewish knowledge and Jewish tradition, were at the same time full and free participants in modern Western culture and were also much involved in their native Russia. One cannot fail to miss, in reading these remarkable essays, the profound feeling for Russia, the deep sense of disillusion and sorrow at the failure of the Russian Revolution to put into practice the humane socialism that Greenberg and his contemporaries had believed in as young men. In 1925, on the death in the Soviet Union of the octogenarian Hebrew poet Yehudah Leib Levin (who wrote under the pen name of Yahalal), Greenberg wrote an article describing his encounter with Yahalal in Kiev in the late autumn of 1920, shortly after the Red Army had occupied the city. The old, sick, and half-starving poet had shouted to Greenberg his anger at the betrayal by the Bolsheviks of his socialist dreams—his Jewish socialist dreams:

> I never *became* a socialist because I was born one. All the socialist literature which I read in my youth only provided a name for what I thought before. I always thought that the world doesn't deserve to exist without socialism. . . . All my life I prayed for the Final Conflict which will usher in the redemption of mankind. . . . And let me tell you, when I became a lover of Zion, a Zionist if you wish, even then in my bed at night I dreamed that the Return to Zion will hasten the "End," that it will help socialism. And now the hoped for "End" is here—the end of socialism. . . . Go through the streets of Moscow and of Kiev, go and look and see if you will find a man doing justice there. . . . Go, and you will not find one. The country is in the hands of the wicked. This I understand. Let them do their evil. But let them not bear the sacred name of socialism on their unclean lips.

This is prophetic speech. As recalled and reproduced by Greenberg it also helps to recreate that Russian Jewish world of high cultural endeavor, of Zionist speech-making, Hebrew verse-writing, intense Jewish consciousness, and universalist political optimism which first nourished him and which enabled him, when much later he settled in America, to introduce into his articles, speeches, and conversation a larger human dimension than most Jewish publicists were even aware of. Greenberg did not sink into nostalgia and lamentation at the failure of this Russian Jewish vision. His alert intelligence, his remarkable breadth of reading, his perpetual curiosity, and continuous *testing* of general ideas by new examples, his passion for history both past and in the making, and above all his deep moral sensibility, combined to keep his gaze on the world remarkably luminous—to turn the commentator into the sage.

I say his "deep moral sensibility" advisedly, rather than "religious feeling." Even though Greenberg himself frequently uses the term "religious," his sense of moral values as having some significant relation to poetic feeling, combined with his belief that "true religion is agnostic when it is true to its own nature," leads him far from what is conventionally described as religious thinking. He did not believe that religion provided answers even to such questions as "the existence of God, free will, immortality, etc.," and he asserted that "religion is neither able nor called upon to explain the mystery of life." "The role of religion is althogether different: it arouses and cultivates a specific ethic-poetic orientation toward the world, life, and destiny, and it cultivates an attitude of confidence in the basis of existence and its intentions." It is an attitude, not a belief; and on that attitude a culture can rest; and on that culture a people can thrive. Without this attitude and this culture, survival, outside of the conditions of political and geographical separateness, is neither possible nor indeed desirable.

This is of course a gross oversimplification of Greenberg's arguments for Zionism, which are set out in the earliest of the essays in this collection ("The Meaning of Zionism," 1922). A minority outside ghetto walls, he argues, is inevitably threatened by social and other pressures of the majority. Ghetto Jews were never a minority; they formed their own closed society and lived in their own world. Thus they survived, though at a cost. (In an essay on Sabbatai Zevi, Greenberg explained messianism as "the absolute negation of the *galut* and all its manifestations, the revulsion against continued passive waiting for redemption, the stubborn refusal to be reconciled to the hobbled reality of Jewish life.") But a Jewish minority in a free society can only keep their identity if they keep their full religious culture (in Greenberg's sense of the word "religious," which, it must be em-

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phasized, is not the usual sense), and this becomes less and less possible as the process of what he calls "reciprocal imitation" goes on and "the depersonalization of the territorial minority" results. The minority will attempt to draw strength "from the reservoir of the hypnotic influences of its own past." But "however rich the past of a national minority, whatever force of resistance that past may give it, it offers no more than the possibility of stretching out over a greater or lesser period the process of its own denationalization, and in the last analysis this inherited store is never capable of equalling through its own power the vital fountain of mesmerizing forces daily imposing their influence on the national minority that finds itself in direct physical, material, spiritual, vocal, and visual contact with the territorial majority."

One might say that Greenberg begs some central questions by the use in this context of the word "national," and one might say also that his notion of minority cultures being absorbed into that of the majority ignores the possibility that the absorbed culture may change the complexion of the absorbing culture, or that the majority culture itself may consist of a multiple pattern of minorities making up a "cultural pluralism." Still, his point in general can surely be conceded, as we must concede the truth of what he wrote nearly thirty years later in discussing the future of American Jewry. In this essay he pleads for a Guide to the Non-Perplexed. The modern American Jew, he says, "is shockingly untroubled and finds himself, at least consciously, in no spiritual dilemma." He continues: "I am not therefore overwhelmed when I read that, statistically, synagogue attendance has increased here or there, or that new congregations are established. Among Jews, as also among some American Christians where Protestant family traditions persist, belonging to a congregation is conventionally approved as a sign of social solidity and respectability. Among Jews there operates the added incentive to express in some way one's belonging to the community, a measure of nostalgia and pious respect for parents and a dim fear of making the total break." He pleads for a revitalization of the "religious" impulse, as being necessary both for modern man in general and for Jewish survival in the Diaspora. But in the light of his diagnosis of the forces of assimilation in his essay on Zionism, this program would seem to offer little help. A *general* revival of an "ethic-poetic moral sense" without any specific theology or sense of historical tradition would surely make the separate position of the Jews in a non-Jewish society even more precarious.

Is THERE then something special about the kind of ethic-poetic orientation that the Jewish experience fits Jews to develop? Faith in the Jews as a chosen people, says Greenberg, is not central, and Maimonides was right to exclude this item from his thirteen principles. But the Jews, he goes on, have in a sense always played the part of 'conspirators' against the forces of darkness and uncleanness in the world." The habit of looking at themselves as conspirators in this sense—the conspiracy being part of Providence's plan leading to the "end of days"—is deep-seatedly Jewish, and ought to be reacquired, he argues. The Jews were not chosen: they chose. If they chose to be "conspirators" against what one might call the materialist secular culture of the majority, then—so the argument runs—that stamped their character and marked their contribution. By so choosing again they might, in spite of the almost irresistible cumulative forces of assimilation, survive even outside the ghetto in the *galut*. If they don't so choose, it doesn't really matter whether they survive or not.

Greenberg develops this thought further in his essay on "The Eternity of Israel" written in 1941. Should we, he asks, really trust the old Hebrew saying: *netzach Yisrael lo yeshaker*, "the eternity of Israel will not deceive." Many Jewish communities have disappeared in the past; whole generations assimilated and were lost to the Jewish people at different times all over Europe. Jewish survival is not automatic. The only thing that can help Jewish survival—and make it worthwhile—is "that special mentality which alone transforms a minority into a kind of exclusive club." Jews, to survive in the *galut*, must be different, must be "conspirators," must *choose* to challenge all the shallow, materialist assumptions which inevitably predominate in any large and flourishing society. This role of the Jews as the Eternal Protestant is in many ways attractive. Imagine the American Jew, because he is a Jew, saying "no" to all facile glorifications of the American Way of Life, to all self-flattering national formulas, to all the images of the good life put out by advertisers and public relations men. It would be a heroic way of life—and a life of martyrdom. The Jew as the Eternal Protestant is the Jew as eternal martyr.

But there is another side to Greenberg's thought which is illustrated at the very end of "The Eternity of Israel." He quotes a Jewish friend who argued that he should not worry about the continued existence of the Jews, for the continued hatred of the non-Jewish world will keep them alive. Greenberg concludes his essay:

> I did not answer this man. But if this is to be the face of *netzach Israel*, the eternity of Israel, then I am prepared to renounce it for myself and for my posterity and—without authorization—also for all Jews.

But this *will* be "the face [*sic;* did Greenberg or his translator really write "fate"?] of *netzach Yisrael*" if the Jew survives only as the perpetual conspirator, the Eternal Protestant. At this stage of human history do we need one people, scattered among the nations, to be a moral gadfly? Will *that* make the future of mankind any rosier and hasten the "end of days"? And if they are not morally justified in surviving by assuming any lesser role—and if, in any case the forces of assimilation will be too much for them—what do we really want our Jews outside Israel to be and do? Greenberg himself had no use for the imitative, half-assimilated, socially respectable, temple-going American Jews of our own time. Better, much better, he

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ithin five minutes after receiving RECIOUS RUBBISH I had decided was just the thing for my aesthetics urse.—Scott E. Crom, Asst. Prof. of ilosophy, Beloit College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which I omptly read, seems worth passing ound. Please send me 30 copies. hn Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, ayne Univ.

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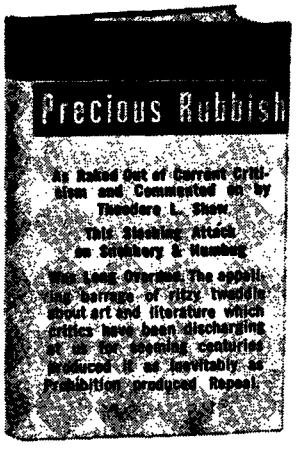
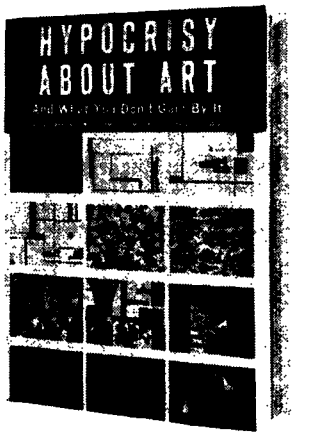


Shaw, in HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness.

At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in "Estimating Speeds of Tiring." To the literary gems he analyzes in Yojimbo fashion, he adds his own alternatives to such "immortal" paintings as the Lascaux Cave Paintings, Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," and Seurat's "La Grande Jatte." His chapter entitled "The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg" is far too delicious to miss.

A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brie hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of *satori*. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables.

Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College.



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felt, the genuinely old-fashioned Orthodox who observed every one of the *mitzvot,* prayed thrice daily, and lived in a self-made ghetto: he disagreed with them, he thought that their way of life was sterile, but he respected and even admired them.

The two questions: under what conditions *can* Jews survive in the *galut*?; and, under what conditions *should* Jews survive in the *galut*?—wind in and out of these fascinating essays. When we talk of the dangers of assimilation, we would do well to examine from what and to what the assimilator is moving. Jewishness is now so often a matter merely of a mixture of weak nostalgia and strong cliché. While Greenberg's essays brought me vividly and movingly back to that world of Jewish cultural diagnosis and speculation in which I myself was brought up, I confess I sometimes get weary of all this discussion about what Jewishness is and should be and I want to exclaim with Shelley:

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to the dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

A RECORD OF INJUSTICE

RACIAL CRISIS IN AMERICA. By LEWIS KILLIAN and CHARLES GRIGG. *Prentice-Hall. 144 pp. $4.50.*

RACE, THE HISTORY OF AN IDEA IN AMERICA. By THOMAS F. GOSSETT. *Southern Methodist University Press. 512 pp. $6.95.*

THE NEGRO CHURCH IN AMERICA. By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER. *Schocken Books. 92 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by JERVIS ANDERSON

ALTHOUGH THE Civil War has always been regarded as the most painful and enduring experience in American history, we are beginning to realize that its effects on the national life have been far less severe than those of the trauma of slavery which led to it. The wounds of Negro degradation and white bigotry went so deep and have healed so slowly that the damage to the relations between the North and the South that followed the War and Reconstruction seems slight in comparison. Note, for example, the very different spirit in which the Civil War centennial and the Emancipation centennial were recently celebrated. The former *was* celebrated, particularly in the South, the scene of most of the war's carnage, both military and social. But one can hardly say the same for the anniversary of the Emancipation, unless one regards as celebration the spectacle of Negroes demonstrating for their rights as free citizens amid police clubs, fire hoses, and guns.

Among the many recent books on race relations in America, few, if any, have had anything much more comforting to say to the white populace than what the Negroes themselves have been saying. The three books at hand were written by scholars, men dedicated to the virtues of reticence and the long view. Their tone is therefore quite different from that of the Negro militants shaking their fists in the face of the country while nothing more coherent escapes their throats than the word *Now.* However, Lewis Killian and Charles Grigg's study of our racial crisis, mainly as it is being experienced in the South, Thomas F. Gossett's historical account of the emergence of a racist ideology in the land of the free, and the late E. Franklin Frazier's analysis of the Negro Church all provide ample grounds for distress over the lasting and manifold damage that the nation has suffered from its "peculiar institution."

Written by two sociologists at Florida State University, *Racial Crisis in America* is concerned mainly with the problems of communication and cooperation among white and Negro community leaders in the South. Focusing upon one such bi-racial committee in a Southern community, Killian and Grigg discover not unexpectedly that seating twelve Negro and twelve white leaders around a table does not immediately alter the history of race relations in the South. The majority of white and Negro members were "reluctant to become actively engaged in ameliorative efforts." The Negro leaders "reflected a variety of attitudes from accommodating to militant," the white leaders, of "inactivity" and "business-as-usual"; only two of the white members confessed to receiving "new insights" into the problem. The chief emphasis of the committee ("communication and cooperation") also contributed heavily to its failure, by tending to "inhibit discussion" and to give way to "the rule of charity." In the authors' words: "the preservation of racial peace becomes the superordinate goal for which white and Negro members of the bi-racial committee can work. But this creates a serious dilemma for the Negro leader . . . [who] cannot simultaneously serve as a guardian of the peace of the community and at the same time threaten this peace by invoking the power of the Negro community."

The latter part of *Racial Conflict* is less restrained by sociological method and here the full burden of the authors' pessimism makes itself felt. They believe that the end of segregation will not necessarily usher in a progressive period of integration, that the prejudices it has bred may well lead instead to "an ordeal of hatred and conflict," one which "will rend American society irreparably or draw its racially separated parts together in some yet unforeseeable future."

At this point, Killian and Grigg seem to be writing as Southerners as well as sociologists. The temper of opinion in the North still favors a less apocalyptic perspective in the belief that racial problems, however severe they may be, will eventually yield to programs that are intelligent and sincere. The authors of these programs in the North are usually referred to as White Liberals—which, in the rhetoric of the civil rights movement, is becoming synonymous with "whited sepulchre." There are, of course, white liberals in the South too, and, as Killian and Grigg find, they have some of the same problems with Negro leaders as do their counterparts in the North. Thus: "the Negro leader is likely to demand more of the White Liberal than he is willing to give"; meanwhile, there are "pressures on the White

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Liberal to make haste slowly and avoid alienating himself from the White in-group."

Such comparisons, however, soon point up the contrast between the relatively clear-cut choices that lie before Southern white liberals and the much more complicated tangle of assumptions and interests that confronts the well-intentioned Northerner. In the South, according to Killian and Grigg, a white liberal is ". . . very simply, a white man who has rejected segregation and the categorical inferiority of Negroes as values." For the Northern liberal such pleasant moral postures have quite vanished. Indeed, at present, he is likely to be spending his periods of contemplation in a lonely wilderness where he must try to decide whether his attachment to the principles of individualism and to the strategy of reasonable limits is consistent any longer with his commitments to social equality and to the political and moral imperatives posed by the legacy of slavery. I write as a Negro, but I do not touch on this matter simply to score points off the current indecisiveness of Northern liberals. To my way of thinking, the commitments that emerge from a struggle with doubt and ambiguity can be more enduring than those produced by the cant of innocence. Negro militants might therefore do well to have a little more insight and faith in assisting their ally—particularly the one who is genuine but confused—in his struggle to resolve his conflicts of principle and to work through the really formidable questions of strategy.

THE QUESTIONS of strategy derive in good part from the fact that the problem of the Negro in America, as Killian and Grigg point out, is "the problem of being a black man in a white country." In *Race, The History of an Idea in America,* Thomas F. Gossett, an English professor at Trinity University in San Antonio, describes the historical climate in which racial prejudice took root and developed as a part of the American system of beliefs and attitudes. According to Gossett, the psyche of the nation was fixed as white almost from the moment the first Pilgrims set eyes upon the Indians. But the "whiteness" of the colonists was not all. The problem of race was soon extended and exacerbated by the religious and anthropological myths of Anglo-Saxon and Protestant superiority which the early owners of America fashioned into a virulent social ideology that was allowed to coexist with and compromise our political principles of freedom and egalitarianism.

Gossett reminds us that in 1786 Thomas Jefferson was still of the opinion that the Negro was "condemned to an inferior status." Gobineau's *The Inequality of the Races,* widely read by the educated classes of America during the 19th century, submitted that Negroes were "inherently gluttonous, sensual and stupid." Herbert Freeman, one of the famous professors of the Oxford School, wrote home from America in 1882 that "I feel a creep when I think that one of these black apes may (in theory) be President."

Samuel Gompers fought for the exclusion of the Chinese on the grounds that they were "a people without nerves and without digestion . . . and no standard of morals by which a Caucasian may judge them." (One wonders whether the labor movement has entirely repudiated Samuel Gompers's brand of egalitarianism and humanism.) Frederick Jackson Turner thought that the coming of the Italians, Poles, Jews, and Slovaks "was a loss to the social organism of the United States." John Burgess, a professor at Columbia, said it was "folly" and "wickedness" to attempt "to pollute the U.S. with non-Aryan elements." And from Woodrow Wilson came a sound of alarm "over the possible biological threat to the nation from the influx of inferior stocks of people." Gossett notes that "these examples of prejudice against immigrants, taken from the words of eminent men, could be matched and probably exceeded by popular nativist sentiment of the time." To say the least.

Gossett traces the influence of racist ideology on American domestic and foreign policy, on its hemispheric relations, on education, literature, and the other channels of public belief and opinion. He shows that its myths helped in the elimination of the Indians from the society, and justified and intensified the plight of the Negroes, just as it led to the oppression, sometimes subtle but sometimes quite overt, of virtually every other group that was not, at one and the same time, White, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant.

It will not, of course, make Negroes much happier to learn that the other alien groups in America were also subjected to intense bigotry. After all, none of these other groups were made slaves, and all of them are now being rapidly absorbed into our pluralist power structure. However, Gossett's book will help to enlighten Negroes as to how deep-seated in the racial imagination of the North as well as of the South the supremacist ideology and its myths actually are, and how much patient effort will be needed by Negro as well as white leaders to overcome their abiding effect, particularly as integration presses harder upon the legacy of white resistance to actual racial equality.

GIVEN THIS explosive ground of the civil rights movement, it is indeed fortunate that it has been guided by the moral leadership and strategy of men like Martin Luther King. However, the emergence of this group is no accident; neither is its doctrine of passive resistance nor the remarkable faith and ability in carrying it out that is found among Negroes. All can be seen to be partly the product of an institution that has powerfully influenced Negro life in America: the Negro Church. The third book at hand is a small but priceless study of the origin and development of this institution which the brilliant sociologist, E. Franklin Frazier, completed just before his death in 1962.

Frazier begins by showing how the Negroes adapted to their social and psychological needs a religion which had been imposed on them mainly in order to foster their acquiescence in slavery. For slavery to succeed with a minimum of resistance it was necessary, first of all, to alienate the slaves from their tribal psychology. The slave-masters did this by breaking up the "clan and kinship organizations" which the slaves took with them from Africa, and under which they had enjoyed their own forms of social co-

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hesion. To fill the vacuum, as well as to complete the psychological rout, so to speak, the slave-owners offered Christian instruction to the slaves. It is Frazier's view that the slaves' participation in religious services had the unforeseen effect of drawing them out of "their moral isolation in a white man's world." The slaves did not respond to Christianity with any great enthusiasm, until the Methodists and the Baptists started proselytizing their "fiery message of hope and salvation" with its "prospect of escape from . . . earthly woes." It was during this latter period that the slave preacher emerged as the first and lasting figure of community leadership. However, the freedom to exercise "his gifts" was not unlimited; neither was the measure of influence he exercised over his flock: they were only as much as his master was willing to concede.

After the Emancipation, and particularly after the bitter reverses that followed Reconstruction, the Church became the only center of community for an unenfranchised and despised group. Contrasting the Negroes with the European immigrant groups of this period, Frazier reminds us that they had "no historic traditions and language and sentiments to identify them, and in their social and moral isolation in American society," the Negro masses adapted their church community into "a nation within a nation."

It was in the Church that the first seeds of Negro protest were sown. However, as Frazier goes on to show, the followers of the traditional religion were often unwilling or unable to allow the Church to develop beyond the functions of providing social community and psychological solace. In the North, the Church did undergo a process of secularization, as Negroes attempted to abandon their folkways and to gain acceptance in the white society by becoming Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and so forth. Thus the new Negro churches came to provide much of the impetus for the rise of the Negro middle class; meanwhile, working-class Negroes resisted this trend and, preserving the older religious emotionalism, initiated the many cults that still do business in the storefront churches. But throughout the various branches of the Negro religion, the Church adapted itself once again—living with, rather than trying to change, the social facts of prejudice and separatism. As James Baldwin has remarked, "Until Montgomery, the Negro Church, which has always been the place where protest and condemnation could be most vividly articulated, also operated as a kind of sanctuary."

Nor, in Frazier's view, has Negro religion been an unmixed blessing. By its blind devotion to salvation, it inhibited its members' demands for redress of their grievances on earth. Further, it "cast a shadow over the entire intellectual life of Negroes" by its fearful and rigid control of community values. "It is only as a few Negro individuals have been able to escape from the stifling domination of the Church that they have been able to develop intellectually and in the field of art." These are hard words, uttered by perhaps the leading Negro intellectual that America has seen, as well as a determined fighter for Negro rights. What Frazier has shown us with unblinking honesty is the institution that the Negroes developed in the wilderness of white America and that has itself been still another aspect of the terrible legacy of slavery.

CONFLICTS & AFFINITIES

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR. By ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI and SAMUEL P. HUNTINGTON. *Viking. 461 pp. $7.50.*

A STRATEGY OF INTERDEPENDENCE: A PROGRAM FOR THE CONTROL OF CONFLICT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION. By VINCENT P. ROCK. *Scribner's. 399 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT V. DANIELS

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO or more a leading French statesman is supposed to have commented on relations with the nation that had been his country's hereditary enemy: "We and the English have fought for so long not because we fail to understand each other, but because we understand each other so well." In a later version it is the French and the Germans, but in any case the point is clear: similarity of systems and values and thinking is no guarantee of peace between two powerful countries, as numerous writers on Soviet-American relations nowadays presume or hope.

It is frequently supposed, on the basis of a sort of post-Marxian economic determinism, that two modern industrialized states like the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are bound to become more and more alike in politics as well as socially and economically, and to "converge" presumably toward some model of welfare-state liberalism and international concord. This theory has challenged two leading American political scientists, the one a specialist on American government and the other on the Communist bloc, to make a joint appraisal of political institutions and trends in the two countries to determine whether in fact the systems are growing more alike or merely exhibiting circumstantial parallels. The result is *Political Power: USA/USSR* by Samuel Huntington of Harvard (formerly Columbia) and Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia (formerly Harvard).

Brzezinski and Huntington have hit upon a stimulating method of political comparison, coupling their systematic treatment of ideas, controls, leadership, and policy-making, with an intriguing set of point-by-point parallel case studies. They compare Khrushchev's rise to power with John F. Kennedy's pursuit of the U.S. Presidency; probe the "ambivalence of power" where circumstances limit the leader, as in Soviet industrialization policy and the American race problem; weigh the Soviet problem of agricultural under-production against the opposite difficulty in the United States; and recount the corresponding civil-military contests when Truman removed General MacArthur in 1951 and Khrushchev fired Marshal Zhukov in 1957. Finally, the two authors compare certain foreign policy dilemmas—the parallel interventions into Hungary in 1956 and Cuba in 1961, and the efforts to exert control over obstreperous allies—China and

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France respectively. The method is graphic and human; it makes us feel how much in the fabric of Soviet life is like our own; and yet it underscores constantly the fundamental difference between the two systems, with operational superiority rarely failing to accrue to the United States.

The pervading virtue of the American political system, Brzezinski and Huntington constantly assert, is the "flexibility" and "resilience" inherent in a structure of power where government reflects society and society is a complex of competing interests. In this panegyric to pluralism, the American "instrumental state" appears as the opposite of the Soviet "ideological state," where government has created and shaped society according to plan, but cramps initiative and rules out any lesser form of organized group interest. This view of Russia is unassailably true; there is simply no ground for imagining that the Soviet power structure, however it may "liberalize" its practices, is becoming any less a matter of command from the top down. "For the two systems to converge," Brzezinski and Huntington conclude, "there would have to be . . . a revolutionary change of direction in the path of development of one of them."

ONE STRIKING indication of the flexibility and individual initiative possible in the American system is the frequent publication of personal policy statements and critiques by the improbable breed of philosopher-bureaucrats in the United States government itself. Among the more consequential of these efforts is *A Strategy of Interdependence* by Vincent Rock, a political scientist who has served in a variety of federal agencies and now works in the Institute for Defense Analyses. In this book Mr. Rock presents—unfortunately in rather cloudy and theoretical terms—an approach to U.S.-Soviet relations which he hopes will eventually compel both governments to recognize their mutual interest in peace and world order.

The most significant thing about Mr. Rock's book is that it could be written—no counterpart in the Soviet Union could dream of publishing such a personal overture to the enemy. And this latter fact is the reason why Rock's approach cannot possibly work. What he proposes is that individuals of "great courage and great balance," representing "cross-national interests" should develop "cross-national clusters of power" by engaging in various international enterprises of a non-critical sort. Rock singles out for illustrative emphasis the fields of scientific cooperation, trade, aid to developing areas, and cultural exchanges. By political pressure and positive experience this would supposedly bring both the American and Soviet governments to the point of a permanent "détente" where they would recognize their interdependence in the realm of arms and peace. (In an epilogue Rock suggests that his strategy has been the policy of the United States government since Kennedy's American University speech of June 1963 heralding the test-ban treaty.)

As one reads Rock against the background of the Brzezinski-Huntington analysis, it unfortunately becomes clear that his political presumptions are unrealistic. There can be no initiative like his in Russia. "Cross-national power clusters" are anathema to a totalitarian state. The last thing the Soviet leadership will tolerate—let alone heed—is a supra-national allegiance or interest on the part of any group in Soviet society. A good example of the Kremlin's reaction to any such possibility is the total repression of Zionism in Russia and the constant efforts to destroy the sense of ethnic and religious identity among Soviet Jews.

NOTHING is happening in Soviet politics to suggest any tolerance toward independent international loyalties among Soviet citizens. It cannot be emphasized enough that in any organized, formal, or officially sanctioned contact between American and Soviet individuals, the Russians are acting and speaking not for themselves, but as representatives of the government. There is, therefore, no way to get at the Soviet Union except through its government. The various specialized approaches stressed by Rock may indeed be practical and useful, but they can only be auxiliary to the central confrontation with the Soviet Union through the traditional means of diplomatic contact and power politics.

There is reason also to question whether the individual American in contact with the Russians is as much a private agent as some may think. In myriads of ways government in this country is taking responsibility for support or guidance in presumably non-governmental activities bearing on the national security or foreign relations, ranging from research grants and international conferences to the periodic Presidential behests that every private traveler abroad regard himself as a personal ambassador of the United States. This, of course, is just one aspect of the growing decisiveness of government in relation to society in the United States, a trend which Brzezinski and Huntington recognize only in passing.

GRANTED THAT A convergence of the United States and the USSR toward open-minded, peaceable welfare-state liberalism is not a likely prospect, it is nevertheless possible that some other, less auspicious kind of convergence between the two systems is already going on. It is more evident when we look at the organization of economic and social life below the level of government, law, and formal property rights. Both societies are urbanized and industrialized, though the Russians are somewhat behind quantitatively in packing their peasant masses into cities and tranquilizing them with consumer goods. Industrial relations on either side are complex, hierarchical, and anti-humanist, both contrary to Marx's pleas of a century ago, except that the Russians do not enjoy the pluralistic, if not always democratic, protection of an independent trade-union movement. Entertainment and thought are largely monopolized by the mass media, again without any pluralistic choice or escape for the Russian side. Soviet society, in fact, represents the ultimate logic of modern industrial (as opposed to commercial) organization, bereft of the essentially pre-industrial re-

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straints of private property and democratic individualism.

Sociologically speaking, Russia's movement is not toward more individualism, but to better organized professionalism and productivity, firmly bound to the service of the state (even if it is becoming better paid service). America's evolution toward a managerial society run by the professional salariat has been depicted by a whole library of writers ranging from Berle and Means through James Burnham and C. Wright Mills to William Whyte and David Bazelon. The American "military-industrial complex" discovered by the author of Eisenhower's farewell address is just one component of the organizational convergence among the super-powers, accentuated by twenty-five years of international war and tension.

Political freedom and pluralism still permit the American individual to rebel against all this bureaucracy and control, and rebel he does—though in the most ironically irrational fashion. Swept up by the Goldwater movement, this individual blinds himself to economic realities, hurls himself against the government that tries to countervail the private bureaucracies, and to top it off puts his faith in the American military establishment, which, with its fifty-billion dollar budget, is (after the Soviet and Chinese governments) the third largest socialist enterprise in the world.

Vincent Rock is correct in believing that the American and Russian systems may converge in certain respects. Brzezinski and Huntington are correct in discounting convergence of any beneficent sort. The Communist party bureaucracy in Soviet Russia—like their Chinese rivals—are not interested in reducing too far the international tension that justifies their power and their spirit of militaristic anti-foreignism. A similar commitment to international hostility characterizes those in the United States who would like to transcend our organized pluralism with a monolithic mass movement of radical nationalism. Coexistence will be no gainer from this kind of convergence.

LA VIE BOHÈME

BOHEMIAN VERSUS BOURGEOIS, FRENCH SOCIETY AND THE FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By CÉSAR GRAÑA. *Basic Books. 212 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by J. G. WEIGHTMAN

THERE HAVE not been many general studies of the vast problem of the alienation of the artist from society, although the theme has been endlessly commented on, in an unsystematic way, as one of the cultural commonplaces of the last century and a half. Mr. Colin Wilson's *The Outsider* was more of a stimulating rag-bag than an organized book; Albert Camus's *L'homme révolté* remains a major document, written by an artist who was trying to move convincingly from alienation to integration; Jean-Paul Sartre's *Qu'est-ce que la littérature* is full of interesting suggestions but, of course, contains no built-in explanation of its own strongly emotional assumptions. Dr. Graña has now come along to take a more coolly academic view, and he relates the whole question to the attitudes of certain French writers of the 19th century. He divides his book into three parts: "The Social World Of Modern French Letters," which sketches in the political and social background of 19th-century France; "Three Literary Critics of Bourgeois Society"; and "The Heritage of Alienation: Productivity, Social Efficiency, and Intellectual Gloom." His three major exemplars in the middle section are Stendhal, Baudelaire, and Flaubert; all three, although of bourgeois origin, were violent enemies of the "bourgeois," and their different personalities had a tremendous effect on subsequent writers and artists. It was Stendhal who helped to make the artistic cult of the self enjoyable and who popularized in France the Shakespearean phrase "the happy few" to refer to those superior souls who really understand what the artist is doing; Baudelaire gave the prestige of sophistication to the Romantic idea of the uniqueness of the poet; Flaubert firmly placed the alienated artist's ideal in art, whether or not there was any public to appreciate that art.

It is understandable that Dr. Graña should have appealed to French history, because the relevant issues are more clearly defined in France than elsewhere. The appearances, at least, of patronage, feudalism, and many degrees of social inequality continued up to 1789; thereafter, all the upper part of society seemed to be swept away to allow the predominance of the bourgeoisie, which had been quietly strengthening its position throughout the 18th century in the shadow of the absolute monarchy. Dr. Graña quotes Flaubert as saying that the great revolution of our time was the conquest of modern society by the spirit of the middle class. Actually, in England, the aristocratic upper-middle-class oligarchy survived much longer, and perhaps even now is not quite dead; America was a new country in which the bourgeois tradition had not had time to solidify; Germany and Italy were too fragmented to present a very definite pattern. In France, the numerous middle class, based on private property and supported by Catholic dogma or confident rationalism, was eminently prudent, commonsensical, and—according to the artists who constantly attacked it—philistine. It could be considered as an oppressive class, since it exploited the lower orders, but it did not redeem its oppressiveness by imaginative extravagance, quixoticism, suicidal brilliance, or any other of those qualities for which aristocracies have been remarkable. Therefore, it produced successive generations of alienated sons for whom art was, to some extent, a passionate search for "something else": Italian passion, Spanish honor, English aristocratic dandyism, Oriental magnificence, ideal beauty, mystic communion with the infinite, or absolute personal freedom.

However, a paradoxical aspect of the bourgeois rebel which Dr. Graña does not emphasize, perhaps because he is not primarily a French specialist, is that the modest wealth of the family background is a pre-condition—some-

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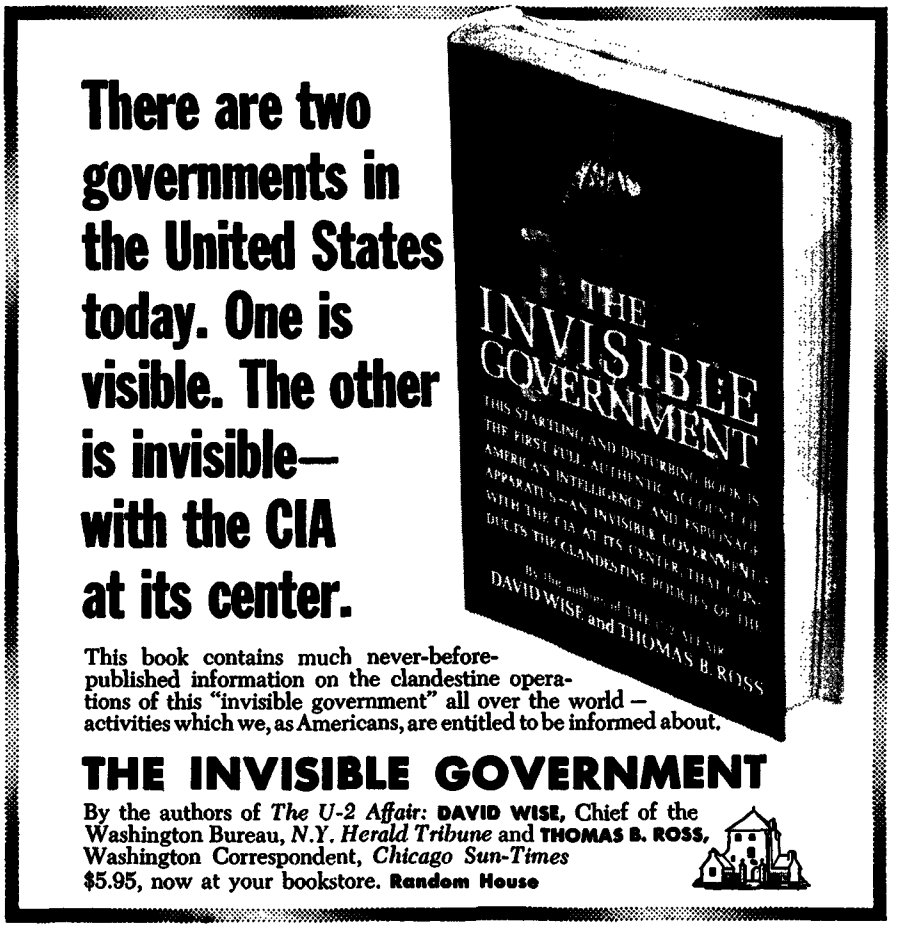
times even a permanent condition —of the rebellion against it. It is quite extraordinary to what extent the French anti-bourgeois remain bourgeois. Stendhal said that the first task of the superior soul was to see that it had an adequate income, and the statement was not entirely a joke. It never seems to have crossed Baudelaire's mind that he should actually fend for himself; he had the typical wealthy child's attitude that money should be there when he wanted it. Flaubert used his comfortable bourgeois seclusion to work away at the artistic condemnation of the class to which he belonged. This contradiction has continued into the 20th century: Gide, one of the last great bourgeois rebels, might never have found the energy to write or to cultivate his non-conformism if he had not been the complete *rentier*. Perhaps the contradiction is more general still: we may wonder, for instance, if William Burroughs would have been able to plumb the drug-addict's hell in Tangier, if he had not been receiving a monthly check from America. The bum who calls regularly at the American Express is like the English ex-public-school rebel who never touches his deposit account or the French left-wing intellectual who has a portfolio of stocks and shares.

But granted the importance of the bourgeois-bohemian contrast in 19th-century France for the general establishment of the psychological pattern, I would be tempted to widen the question and to say that what happened in France was a local manifestation of a much broader phenomenon, and here I part company to some extent with Dr. Graña. He says, in passing, that the alienated spirit occurs before the 19th century, and he instances Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau*, a portrait of the unregenerate, disgruntled bohemian in the middle of the 18th century. Now Rameau's nephew, while he can be interpreted, according to Lionel Trilling's suggestion, as the bohemian Id beneath Diderot's bourgeois Ego, is also quite firmly in the picaresque tradition, and that is another vast trend, stretching at least from Lazarillo de Tormès, in the middle of the 16th century, to Figaro, on the eve of the Revolution, and then again to various bohemian-picaresque types in the 20th century. It is true that the picaresque hero is not always, nor even most often, an artist, although he may carry a guitar and try his hand at different artistic pursuits. As far as one can tell, he first emerges in Spain as a displaced person, dislodged from his setting by the economic upheavals which accompanied the decline of the Empire. He gradually caught on as a type all over Europe, which suggests that there was something universal about him, and, from my reading, he appears to divide up into three major categories: the bastard, who was by definition in a social limbo; the younger son, or chevalier, who had to make his own way, since he would inherit neither the title nor the family estates (an interesting sub-division of this second category is formed by the English Empire-builders); and the bright lower-class boy, who fought his way up through the Church, or by trade, or by near-criminality.

This last point reminds us that the picaresque itself goes back into the literature of roguery, the tradition of the clever slave, and so on. When we move forward to the modern period, we may find any of these features combining with the bohemian-bourgeois tension. For instance, Baudelaire thought of himself as an honorary bastard, because he had a stepfather; so does Sartre, for the same reason. Gide uses the concept of bastardy to create two anti-bourgeois heroes, Lafcadio and Bernard, and attributes to them *actes gratuits* which may be considered as manifestations of purified criminality. The whole issue takes on a metaphysical tinge, of course, since the father that all bastards are annoyed with because of their unsatisfactory status is not, in the last resort, their natural or their putative father, but God the Father, whose untidy universe allows such messiness. Thus social resentment is projected onto the whole of creation, as Sartre rather naïvely shows in the character of Goetz, the bastard hero of *Le Diable et le*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Bon Dieu. Even legitimate sons at the point at which they instinctively rebel against parental authority, may look upon their fathers as being honorary stepfathers, and in this case too there may be confusion between the bourgeois paterfamilias and the Great Genitor. The consequences vary; sometimes the son sees the world as a free domain, in opposition to the paternal prison, or he may consider it just as a larger house, in which he is a "stranger" in the Camusian sense, or in which he is a Luciferian naughty boy with an urge to break things, whether they be virginities, as in the case of Don Juan, or social institutions, as in the case of the bomb-throwing anarchist.

This being so, it is not always easy to tell who the bourgeois is that the bohemian is annoyed with. Is he God or Man? Is he the bourgeois within the bohemian himself? Is he the upper-class type for whom the bohemian has a sneaking admiration, as in *Look Back in Anger* or in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, because that type has a certain elegant assurance about the universe? (If so, the bourgeois is recovering something of the prestige of the aristocrat.) He may sometimes be another form of artist or art appreciator: the bohemian scholarship-boy picaresque hero of *Lucky Jim*, cannot stand madrigals or Mozart; Henry Miller, in the *Tropic of Cancer*, guys a classical concert; Joyce Cary, in *The Horse's Mouth*, lambasts civilized people entertaining an artist.

PERHAPS WE have to conclude that each strong bohemian character works out his own pattern of what is bourgeois ("square") and bohemian ("hip"). Dr. Graña, referring to Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* and to Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself*, suggests that, on the whole, "hip" characteristics are masculine, nonproductive, aristocratic, and affirmative, whereas the "square" ones are feminine, thrifty, non-aristocratic, and passive. But it may be that he does not sufficiently explore the fact that the same characteristics can be "hip" or "square" according to fashion and circumstances. Even male homosexuality itself seems to be a "masculine" trait in some situations and a "feminine" one in others. On the whole, the bourgeois tends to be stolidly male, through sheer lack of imagination, whereas the bohemian has both genders, through richness of vitality, deliberate perversity, or impatience with being any one thing in particular. Perhaps the fundamental difference between them is that the bourgeois believes in a limited, optimum set of quasi-permanent conventions, whereas the bohemian demonstrates the relativity of conventions by creating his own. But here again the problem is complicated by the bohemian's recurrent tendency to settle for a conventional set of anti-conventions. For instance, the T-shirt and blue jeans may very soon appear as quaintly out of date as the cloak, the broad-brimmed hat, and the *lavallière* tie.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

DAVID DAICHES, *the well-known literary critic, is professor of English and American Studies at the University of Sussex.*

JERVIS ANDERSON, *a native of Jamaica, now living in New York, is making his first appearance in* COMMENTARY.

ROBERT V. DANIELS, *a frequent contributor, teaches history at the University of Vermont.*

J. G. WEIGHTMAN *is a lecturer in French literature at King's College, London.*

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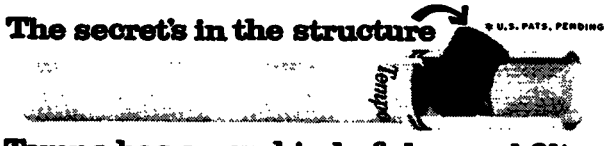

Tempo has a new kind of charcoal filter for a taste too good to miss!

THE FIRST BONDED CHARCOAL FILTER* – An exclusive process* firmly joins together hundreds and hundreds of activated charcoal granules in a new kind of filter . . . for a taste too good to miss. Tempo has a white ESTRON® filter, too.

A STATEMENT FROM THE MAKERS OF TEMPO – No health claim is made for Tempo . . . only the promise of an easy draw and smoother taste than you have ever before experienced.

Tempo is a product of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, America's largest manufacturer of filter cigarettes.

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Switch to Tempo...you'll stay for the flavor!

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This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.

George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

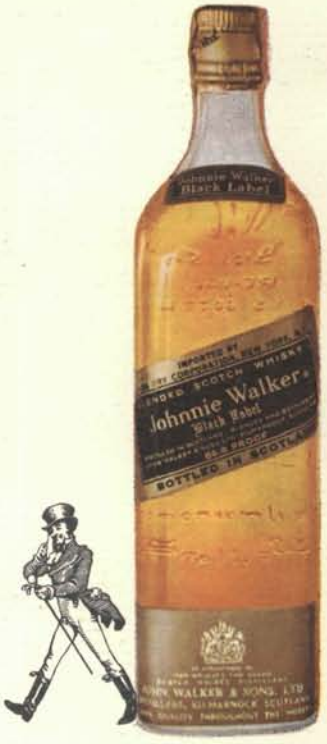
Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thomson's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
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